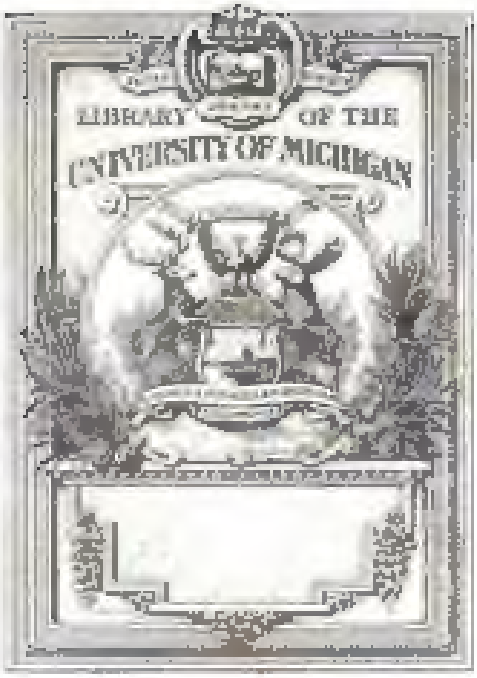
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

		PAGE
BARNES, MONSIGNOR	Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels—II. St. Mark . . Oct.	72
BLACK, CHARLES E. D.	Tibet: The Treaty and Trade . . Nov.	82
BROOKS, SYDNEY	The Presidential Election . . . Nov.	28
COURTNEY, LEONARD	The Decline of Parliament . . . Dec.	13
CUMMING, A. N.	The Free Kirk and the "Wee" Kirk . Oct.	5
DOBBIE, I.	Rhodesia and the Charter . . . Dec.	94
EGERTON OF TATTON, THE EARL	The Medals of the Italian Renaissance Dec.	33
ELWIN, THE LATE REV. WHITWELL	Thackeray in Search of a Profession . Oct.	88
FELLOWS, ALFRED	The Law of Husband and Wife . . Dec.	146
FISHER, W. J	Liberal Clubs and the Liberal Party . Dec.	127
HUGHES, REGINALD	Mountaineering Accidents . . Dec.	137
JERROLD, LAURENCE	Russia, England, and M. Prudhomme Dec.	1
KHALIL SAADEH	Sultan Murad V. . . . . Nov.	44
LEGGE, F.	The Secret of the Templars . . Nov.	93
LOW, A. MAURICE	The Coming Radical Party in America Oct.	106
MANSON, JOHN	The Salvation Army . . . . Nov.	56
MARGOLIOUTH, PROFESSOR D. S.	The Autobiography of Zubair Pasha . Oct.	136
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, M.P.	Sir William Harcourt . . . Nov.	15
MOLESWORTH, MAJOR P. B., R.E.	The Markings on Mars . . . Oct.	46
NEWBOLT, HENRY	Epistle to Colonel Francis Edward Younghusband . . . . Oct.	1
OUSPENSKY, GLEB	"Concerning One Old Woman" . Nov.	106
PARKER, E. H.	The Bear's Paw and the Dragon's Claw . . . . . Oct.	27
PEARSON, NORMAN	Evil . . . . . Nov.	143

143185

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

		PAGE
QUAIL, JESSE	The Postmaster-General as Debt-Collector	Oct. 61
ROBERTS, J. SLINGSBY	Elizabethan Crime-Plays	Dec. 79
ROSS, JANET	A High-Born Adventuress	Oct. 154
ROUND, J. HORACE	The Bayeux Tapestry	Dec. 109
RUSSELL, T. O.	The Revival of Gaelic in Ireland	Nov. 123
SHEE, G. F.	The Organisation of National Resources	Dec. 22
TATHAM, F. S.	How Englishmen are Destroying England	Oct. 146
TEASDALE-BUCKELL, G. T.	Instinct in the Making	Nov. 134
WARD, WILFRID	Church and State in France	Dec. 54
WYLLY, LT.-COL. H. C., C.B.	The Soldiers of the Sirkar	Oct. 118
X	Japanese Barbarism	Nov. 1

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Accidents, Mountaineering	Reginald Hughes	Dec.	137
America, The Coming Radical Party in	A. Maurice Low	Oct.	106
Autobiography of Zubair Pasha, The	Professor D. S. Margoliouth	Oct.	186
Barbarism, Japanese	X.	Nov.	1
Bayeux Tapestry	J. Horace Round	Dec.	109
Bear's Paw and the Dragon's Claw, The	E. H. Parker	Oct.	27
Church and State in France	Wilfrid Ward	Dec.	54
"Concerning One Old Woman"	Gleb Ouspensky	Nov.	106
Crime-Plays, Elizabethan	J. Slingsby Roberts	Dec.	79
Decline of Parliament, The	Leonard Courtney	Dec.	13
Elizabethan Crime-Plays	J. Slingsby Roberts	Dec.	79
England, How Englishmen are Destroying	F. S. Tatham	Oct.	146
England, Russia, and M. Prudhomme	Laurence Jerrold	Dec.	1
Epistle to Colonel Francis Edward Younghusband	Henry Newbolt	Oct.	1
Evil	Norman Pearson	Nov.	143
France, Church and State in	Wilfrid Ward	Dec.	54
Free Kirk and the "Wee" Kirk, The	A. N. Cumming	Oct.	5
Gaelic in Ireland, The Revival of	T. O. Russell	Nov.	123
Harcourt, Sir William	Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P.	Nov.	13
High-born Adventuress, A	Janet Ross	Oct.	154
How Englishmen are Destroying England	F. S. Tatham	Oct.	146
Husband and Wife, The Law of	Alfred Fellows	Dec.	146
Instinct in the Making	G. T. Teasdale-Buckell	Nov.	134
Japanese Barbarism	X.	Nov.	1
Law of Husband and Wife, The	Alfred Fellows	Dec.	146
Liberal Clubs and the Liberal Party	W. J. Fisher	Dec.	127

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
Markings on Mars, The	Major P. B. Molesworth, R.E.	Oct.	46
Medals of the Italian Renaissance, The	The Earl Egerton of Tatton	Dec.	33
Mountaineering Accidents	Reginald Hughes	Dec.	137
Murad V., Sultan	Khalil Saadeh	Nov.	44
On the Line		Oct. 154, Nov. 157, Dec.	158
Organisation of National Resources, The	G. F. Shee	Dec.	22
Parliament, The Decline of	Leonard Courtney	Dec.	13
Postmaster-General as Debt-Collector, The	Jesse Quail	Oct.	61
Presidential Election, The	Sydney Brooks	Nov.	28
Prudhomme, M., Russia, England and	Laurence Jerrold	Dec.	1
Radical Party in America, The Coming	A. Maurice Low	Oct.	106
Revival of Gaelic in Ireland, The	T. O. Russell	Nov.	123
Rhodesia and the Charter	I. Dobbie	Dec.	94
Russia, England, and M. Prudhomme	Laurence Jerrold	Dec.	1
Salvation Army, The	John Manson	Nov.	56
Secret of the Templars, The	F. Legge	Nov.	93
St. Mark: Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels—II.	Monsignor Barnes	Oct.	72
Soldiers of the Sirkar, The	Lt.-Col. H. C. Wylly, C.B.	Oct.	118
Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels—II. St. Mark	Monsignor Barnes	Oct.	72
Sultan Murad V.	Khalil Saadeh	Nov.	44
Templars, The Secret of the	F. Legge	Nov.	93
Thackeray in Search of a Profession	The late Rev. Whitwell Elwin	Oct.	88
Tibet: The Treaty and Trade	Charles E. D. Black	Nov.	82
"Wee" Kirk, The Free Kirk and the	A. N. Cumming	Oct.	15
Younghusband, Epistle to Colonel Francis Edward	Henry Newbolt	Oct.	1
Zubair Pasha, The Autobiography of	Professor D. S. Margoliouth	Oct.	136

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

OCTOBER 1904

	Page
EPISTLE TO COLONEL FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND ——HENRY NEWBOLT	1
THE FREE KIRK AND THE "WEE" KIRK——A. N. CUMMING	5
THE BEAR'S PAW AND THE DRAGON'S CLAW——E. H. PARKER	27
THE MARKINGS ON MARS——Major P. B. MOLESWORTH, R.E.	46
THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AS DEBT-COLLECTOR——JESSE QUAIL	61
SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS—II. ST. MARK (*continued*)——Monsignor BARNES	72
THACKERAY IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION——The Late Rev. WHITWELL ELWIN	88
THE COMING RADICAL PARTY IN AMERICA——A. MAURICE LOW	106
THE SOLDIERS OF THE SIRKAR——Lieut.-Col. H. C. WYLLY, C.B.	118
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ZUBAIR PASHA——Professor D. S. MARGOLIOUTH	136
HOW ENGLISHMEN ARE DESTROYING ENGLAND——F. S. TATHAM (*Member of the Natal Parliament*)	146
A HIGH-BORN ADVENTURESS——JANET ROSS	154
ON THE LINE	165

No. 49. XVII. 1.—October, 1904.

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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (SEPTEMBER).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Last Year and Next

On the Line

CHURCH v. STATE: THE REAL FRENCH VIEW—LAURENCE JERROLD

GERMAN DREAMS AND THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND—R. B. MARSTON

THE CASE OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA—GODFREY PHILLIMORE

WAR UNDER WATER—L. G. CARR LAUGHTON

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT—ALICE RAVENHILL

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS—I. ST. MARK—Monsignor BARNES

THE ROMANCE OF COINAGE (*Illustrated*)—THEODORE A. COOK

CAPTAIN MARRYAT AS A NOVELIST—The Earl of IDDESLEIGH

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN—PEPITA DE SAN CARLOS

THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE—The Late Rev. WHITWELL ELWIN

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EPISTLE

TO COLONEL FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND

ACROSS the Western World, the Arabian Sea,
The Hundred Kingdoms and the Rivers Three,
Beyond the rampart of Himálayan snows,
And up the road that only Rumour knows,
Unchecked, old friend, from Devon to Thibet,
Friendship and Memory dog your footsteps yet.

Let not the scornful ask me what avails
So small a pack to follow mighty trails:
Long since I saw what difference must be
Between a stream like you, a ditch like me.
This drains a garden and a homely field
Which scarce at times a living current yield;
The other from the high lands of his birth
Plunges through rocks and spurns the pastoral earth,
Then settling silent to his deeper course
Draws in his fellows to augment his force,
Becomes a name, and broadening as he goes,
Gives power and purity where'er he flows,
Till great enough for any commerce grown
He links all nations while he serves his own.

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Soldier, explorer, statesman, what in truth
Have you in common with homekeeping youth?
"Youth" comes your answer like an echo faint;
And youth it was that made us first acquaint.
Do you remember when the Downs were white
With the March dust from highways glaring bright,
How you and I, like yachts that toss the foam,
From Penpole Fields came stride and stride for home?
One grimly leading, one intent to pass,
Mile after mile we measured road and grass,
Twin silent shadows, till the hour was done,
The shadows parted, and the stouter won.
Since then I know one thing beyond appeal—
How runs from stem to stern a trim-built keel.

Another day—but that's not mine to tell,
The man in front does not observe so well;
Though, spite of all these five-and-twenty years,
As clear as life our schoolday scene appears.
The guarded course, the barriers and the rope;
The runners, stripped of all but shivering hope;
The starter's good grey head; the sudden hush;
The stern white line; the half-unconscious rush;
The deadly bend, the pivot of our fate;
The rope again; the long green level straight;
The lane of heads, the cheering half-unheard,
The dying spurt, the tape, the judge's word.

You, too, I doubt not, from your Lama's hall
Can see the Stand above the worn old wall,
Where then they clamoured as our race we sped,
Where now they number our heroic dead.[1]

[1] In the school quadrangle at Clifton, the site from which, upon occasion, the grand stand used to overlook the close, is now occupied by the Memorial to those Cliftonians who fell in the South African War.

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As clear as life you, too, can hear the sound
Of voices once for all by "lock-up" bound,
And see the flash of eyes still nobly bright
But in the "Bigside scrimmage" lost to sight.

Old loves, old rivalries, old happy times,
These well may move your memory and my rhymes;
These are the Past; but there is that, my friend,
Between us two, that has nor time nor end.
Though wide apart the lines our fate has traced
Since those far shadows of our boyhood raced,
In the dim region all men must explore—
The mind's Thibet, where none has gone before—
Rounding some shoulder of the lonely trail
We met once more, and raised a lusty hail.

"Forward!" cried one, "for us no beaten track,
No city continuing, no turning back:
The past we love not for its being past,
But for its hope and ardour forward cast:
The victories of our youth we count for gain
Only because they steeled our hearts to pain,
And hold no longer even Clifton great
Save as she schooled our wills to serve the State.
Nay, England's self, whose thousand-year-old name
Burns in our blood like ever-smouldering flame,
Whose Titan shoulders as the world are wide
And her great pulses like the Ocean tide,
Lives but to bear the hopes we shall not see—
Dear mortal Mother of the race to be."

Thereto you answered, "Forward! in God's name:
I own no lesser law, no narrower claim.

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Our free-born Reason well might think it scorn
To toil for those who may be never born,
But for some Cause not wholly out of ken,
Some all-directing Will that works with men,
Some Universal under which may fall
The minor premiss of our effort small;
In Whose unending purpose, though we cease,
We find our impulse and our only peace."

So passed our greeting, till we turned once more,
I to my desk and you to rule Indore.
To meet again—ah! when? Yet once we met,
And to one dawn our faces still are set.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

EXETER, *Sept.* 10, 1904.

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THE FREE KIRK AND THE "WEE" KIRK

THE remarkable decision of the House of Lords in the case of *The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland* v. *Overtoun and Others*, delivered upon August 1, has been received in England with more of surprise than appreciation. All that the general public knows is that the overwhelming majority of one Dissenting body in Scotland, which carried out a union with another, has been declared on that ground to have violated the trusts on which it held its property, and has been ordered to make restitution of that property to a small protesting minority. In consequence, buildings and funds, which are estimated at anything between one and ten millions sterling, are now to be handed over to a body of twenty-seven ministers, representing one hundred and three congregations, for the most part living in the Highlands, and with no great knowledge of the world or experience of affairs. As to the reasons for this ecclesiastical upturn, the average Englishman does not concern himself. It used to be said that it required the intellect of a Dean Stanley to understand the Church controversies of Scotland. Certainly the Dean took eccentric views as the result of his understanding. He was wont to say that, taken man for man, the Scots clergy were superior to the English, and yet he was so little converted from his native Erastianism as to declare that, in his opinion, a man would preach and exercise his ministerial functions all

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the better for the knowledge that he was a servant of the State and drew a salary in that capacity. Therefore, it is perhaps questionable if Dean Stanley ever really understood what was meant by "spiritual independence." It is probable that he as little appreciated the Evangelical fervour of the Free Church as the missionary zeal of the United Presbyterians, which for two-thirds of a century have produced such extraordinary results, financial and otherwise, and which seemed to have suitably fused in the United Free Church. It is rather to the High Church party that the spirit of the Free Church has been congenial. We cannot forget that Pusey said of its founders: "'These men are right, if they are the Church."

HISTORICAL

The difficulty with the Church of Scotland, at all events since the Second Reformation, has always been the question of lay patronage. Strangely enough this did not arise directly out of either John Knox's Confession of Faith, or that of Westminster which was substituted for it in 1647, the First or the Second Book of Discipline, which laid down the constitution of the Church, or the Book of Common Order which settles its service. In 1689, after the struggle under Charles II., the Confession was ratified and the Church established, the Creed, be it noticed, being thus established before the Church. After the Revolution Settlement, a statute of 1689 confirmed what had taken place, and the Presbyterian Church was finally declared to be the Established Church of Scotland. In the same year private patronage in the Church was abolished, the right of nominating ministers being vested in the heritors and elders, with the approval of the congregation and collation of the Presbytery. But in 1712 came the unfortunate statute of Queen Anne, reimposing private patronage which has been the "fons et origo mali" ever since.

The General Assembly protested, but in practice gave the right of election to the heritors and elders alone, thus ignoring the congregations. This led to the secession of Ebenezer

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Erskine, who founded the Church of the Secession in 1788. Similarly, in 1752, Thomas Erskine founded "the Relief Church." In 1747, the Secession Church divided into Burghers and Anti-Burghers on the question of the oath to be taken by burgesses. These again branched off into Old and New Light Burghers and Old and New Light Anti-Burghers.[1] In 1820 the burgesses' oaths were abolished, and the New Light Burghers and Anti-Burghers united to form the "United Secession Church," which again, in 1847 (four years after the Disruption), joined with the "Relief Church" in forming the United Presbyterian Church, which is now the junior partner in the United Free Church.[2]

THE DISRUPTION

Meanwhile, the issue as to patronage had developed. In 1834 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland passed the Veto Act, prohibiting Presbyteries from inducting a presentee to whom the congregation objected. Several cases were brought to trial in the Law Courts, and in the *Auchterarder* case it was held that a Presbytery which obeyed the Act was acting illegally, since the Veto Act itself was *ultra vires*. On this followed the "Ten Years Conflict," which did not end until, in 1843, one third of the General Assembly seceded and formed the Free Church. As time went on this body drifted further and further away from the Established Church, and approximated to the United Presbyterian Church. But various attempts at union were frustrated. In the early seventies it was decided that no barrier of principle stood in the way,[3] and the Union would probably have taken place but for Dr. Begg,

[1] Something of this, at all events, ought to be known to English readers through Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful "Auld Licht Idylls."

[2] According to Lord Beaconsfield, in "Lothair," the United Presbyterian Church was really founded by emissaries of the Pope, sent from Rome to Scotland for that purpose.

[3] The Mutual Eligibility Act was passed, allowing the ministers of each denomination to take livings in the other.

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the great leader of the Constitutional party in the Free Church, who, for reasons which will appear hereafter, dared the majority to take the final step, and warned them that they would do so at the risk of losing their entire property. Thus early were they warned, and the view then taken has been justified in the result.

But during all this time the Established Church had not been idle. In the year 1874, Mr. Disraeli's Government was induced to abolish lay patronage in Scotland, in the hope that such a step would lead to Presbyterian reunion. Only a few of the Free Church came back, and the result was rather to drive the majority of that body into the arms of the United Presbyterians. After prolonged negotiations, the Union was finally agreed to in October 1900 by a majority of 642 to 27 in the Free Church Assembly, and unanimously in the United Presbyterian Synod. As the *Scotsman* has recently observed, the union was purely a business transaction. It was thought that the two Churches in combination would be better able to compete with the Established Church for the ecclesiastical favour of Scotland. In combination its membership amounted to 495,800, as against 661,629 of the Established Church, communicants only being reckoned.

But the minority of twenty-seven in the Free Church Assembly of 1900 was not done with. They objected to the union between the two Churches, holding that the application of the funds and property, congregational or non-congregational, of the Free Church to the purposes of the United Free Church constituted a breach of the trusts on which the funds of the Free Church had been subscribed from 1843 on. By joining the United Presbyterians, the majority had departed from a fundamental principle of the Free Church with regard to the Establishment of Religion, and had also abandoned the doctrine of Predestination, as set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith.

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THE ACTION

The action was originally brought[1] in the Scottish Court of Session by the minority, still claiming to be the Free Church of Scotland, against the surviving trustees of that Church who had gone over to the United Free Church and taken the property with them.

It asked for a declaration that the pursuers lawfully represented the Free Church of Scotland, and were entitled to the beneficiary use of all its property. In the alternative, it was claimed that the pursuers had not, by declining to join the United Free Church, lost their claim to a proportionate share in the funds; that these ought not to be handed over to the United Free Church; and, finally, that the defendants ought not to be molested by the pursuers, or excluded from their enjoyment of their proper share.

Such was the general issue raised in the dreadfully long-winded pleadings. There was a second action of a test character brought to determine the ownership of a particular church at Aultbea, held under what is called the "Model Trust Deed"[2] of the Free Church. The peculiarity of this deed is that the church and buildings are conveyed on the trust that they are to be used as a place of religious worship by a congregation of the Free Church of Scotland, "or of any United Body of Christians composed of them, and of such other body or bodies of Christians as the said Free Church of Scotland may at any time hereafter associate with themselves under the aforesaid name of the Free Church of Scotland, or under whatever name or designation they may assume."

It is not necessary to enter at length into the judgments delivered in this case by the Scottish Court of Session. Lord Low, the Lord Ordinary, or Judge of First Instance, held that the Union with the United Presbyterian Church

[1] The Union was "consummated" in October 1900, and the action was brought in the following December

[2] This was drawn up in 1844, the year after the Disruption.

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did not involve the giving up by the Free Church of any doctrine or principle which formed an essential or fundamental part of her creed or her constitution, but only involved the modification of views which the Church had held under different circumstances in regard to the application of the doctrine of the Confession as to the duty of the State—a modification which it appears, to me, it was entirely within the power of the General Assembly to make.

In the second place, his lordship held that, under the provision in the Model Trust Deed set out above, it was not necessary to have absolute unanimity amongst its members. The minority being, therefore, not the Free Church, had separated themselves from the Free Church, and had consequently no right whatsoever to participate in its property.

As regards the case of the particular church at Aultbea, the same conclusion was arrived at, the case having been exactly contemplated by the Model Trust Deed.

The judgment thus given was affirmed in the Second Division of the Inner House, or Court of Appeal, for Scotland, in July 1902. I do not think it necessary to deal with those judgments at length, and that out of no disrespect to the judges who delivered them, although it is notorious that some extremely disparaging remarks have been made by others in this connection. My reason is rather that every consideration of moment in the earlier judgments, and a good many others, is resumed, traversed, and I think refuted, by the judgments subsequently delivered in the House of Lords. Suffice it to say, that the judgments went on the lines that the Establishment principle was not a fundamental doctrine of the Free Church, and that under the Barrier Act such changes as had been made were legitimate. The Barrier Act had been passed by the General Assembly of the Established Church as long ago as 1697, and "taken over," as it were, by the Free Church when it seceded in 1843. It provided that innovations in "doctrine, worship, discipline, and government" could only be effected after being submitted by the General Assembly to the various Presbyteries, and the consent of the latter bodies obtained. Lord Young added his opinion that "any

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two or more dissenting churches may lawfully unite so as to form themselves into one church, and that nothing more is necessary to their union than their own consent"; and further that there is, in my opinion, no rule of law to prevent a dissenting Church from abandoning a religious doctrine or principle, however fundamental or essential, or from returning to it again with or without qualification or modification. *Whether or not a property title is such that a forfeiture of property will follow such abandonment or return is another matter.*

It was the whole matter, as the Scottish judges were soon to see. Lord Trayner, the third judge, regarded the difference between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church on the subject of Predestination as "not concerning a matter of faith, but of polity." So, in effect, his lordship adds, was the principle of Establishment. It was a "principle of polity" and not *de fide*. In practice, the Free Church was a voluntary body. If she once believed in the Establishment principle, she had a right to abandon it. The Barrier Act "conferred" on the Established Church a certain legislative power.

The judgment of the Lord Ordinary was accordingly confirmed.[1] Up to this point, therefore, the case had been heard by four judges—all Scotsmen. And all four had decided in favour of the majority of the Free Church.

THE APPEAL

As I have said, it is undesirable to make derogatory remarks about the Scotch decision. But it will at least strike the observer that the judgments delivered in the House of Lords are infinitely more thorough-going than those in the Courts below. From a volume containing a report of the whole proceedings,[2] it appears that, while the two judgments of Lord

[1] Lord Low decided merely the question of relevancy, whether the action would lie. The Second Division decided it as if on a "concluded proof" and "assoilzied," or absolved the defendants, that is, found in their favour on all points.

[2] *The Free Church of Scotland Appeals*, 1903–4: by R. L. Orr, M.A., LL.B., Advocate: Macniven and Wallace. London: Hodder and Stoughton. For documents relating to the Free Church position, *see* "Contendings of the

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Low occupy jointly ten pages of print, the judgments of the Inner House are responsible for fourteen. The "opinions" of the House of Lords, on the other hand, occupy fifty-seven pages in all. It is, moreover, certain that no one who really desires to understand the real issues involved in the case can afford to dispense with a perusal of the latter.

The remarkable fact is that, but for the lamented death of one of Scotland's representatives in the Final Court of Appeal, these judgments would probably have been delivered in a different form, and would certainly have had another conclusion.

The appeal against the decision of the Court of Session was first argued in the House of Lords during eight sittings in November and December 1903. The tribunal then consisted of six judges—the Lord Chancellor, Lord Macnaghten, Lord Davey, Lord Robertson, Lord Shand, and Lord Lindley. Before judgment could be delivered Lord Shand unfortunately died. It is believed that he sided with Lords Macnaghten and Lindley in favour of the United Free Church. Had he lived to deliver his judgment, the judges would have been equally divided, in which case the decision of the Court of Session would have stood. It was open to the Lord Chancellor to have decided the matter in spite of Lord Shand's death, in which case the judges would have been three to two in favour of the appeal. As it was, the head of the judiciary decided that a re-hearing should take place, though it is well known that one at least of the law lords protested strongly against such a course being taken, and refused to alter by one jot or tittle the judgment which he had prepared after the first hearing. The Lord Chancellor, however, took the obviously right course. Scottish opinion would not have been satisfied with what must have represented a scratch or casual decision. In room of Lord Shand, two additional law lords—Lord James of Hereford and the Lord Chief Justice of England—were

Church of Scotland and the Free Church of Scotland." William Nimmo & Co., Leith.

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brought in. The President of the Scottish Court of Session, Lord Kinross, was also invited. But, as he occupied the unique position of having given opinions in favour of both sides when at the Bar, the latest, in 1900, being that the Union might legally take place, his lordship thought better of it, and the country lost what must have been an interesting pronouncement. At the best, or worst, his presence would not have affected the final result.

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE

The opinion delivered by the Lord Chancellor is one of extraordinary virility and independence for a man of seventy-nine. No one can form a true judgment on this great Free Church case without reading it. The question, as he put it, was whether the Free Church, by uniting with the United Presbyterians, had maintained her identity or lost it? Had she changed her views, and if so, had she a right to change them? The law on the case is quite clear. There had been many disputes as to the property belonging to religious bodies, and the Courts are fairly unanimous that the identity of such a body depends on the unity of its doctrine. What were the views held, and what did the founders think important? are the questions to be answered. On this head there is a leading case, which has been affirmed and applied, not only in England but also in Scotland and Ireland. In the case of *Craigdallie v. Aikman*,[1] Lord Eldon said:

> With respect to the doctrine of the English law on this subject, if property was given in trust for A. B. C., &c., forming a congregation for religious worship; if the instrument provided for the case of a schism, then the Court would act upon it; but if there was no such provision in the instrument, and the congregation happened to divide, he did not find that the law of England would execute the trust for a religious society, at the expense of a forfeiture of their property by the *cestui que* trusts, for adhering to the opinions and principles in which the congregation had originally united. He found no case which authorised him to say that the Court would enforce such a trust, not for

[1] 1 Dow 16.

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those who adhered to the original principles of the society, but merely with a reference to the majority.

The principles thus laid down were adopted for Scotland by Lord Moncrieff in the case of *Craigie v. Marshall* (the *Kirkintilloch* case),[1] and also for Ireland in the case of *Dill v. Watson*.[2] The principle of these decisions is thus stated by the Lord Chancellor: "No question of the majority of persons can affect the question, but the original purposes of the trust must be the guide."

THE ESTABLISHMENT PRINCIPLE.

The issue thus becomes one of fact. The Free Church minority asserts that the majority, by uniting with the United Presbyterians, has altered its fundamental contract as regards both the principle of Establishment and the acceptance of the Confession of Faith. What are the facts? The Free Church is alleged to have held, as one of its essential principles, that it is the duty of the civil magistrate to maintain and support an establishment of religion in accordance with God's Word. It also claimed to be the Church of Scotland, freed merely from the control of the Civil Courts in matters spiritual.[3] Therefore, at the Disruption, it stood midway between the Established Church and the two Voluntary bodies, the Secession Church and the Relief Church, to which reference has been made.

The proof of this is to be found in the original "Claim,

[1] 12 Young, Tennent, Fraser, and Murray, 560.

[2] 2 Jones' Reports, 91. Court of Exchequer, Ireland, 1836.

[3] Lord Robertson's statement of this claim deserves to be quoted, since it has a literary touch which is somewhat unusual in our judicial pronouncements. "Her theory was, that she was, amid right-hand and left-hand defections, the Church of Scotland, the Church of the first and the second Reformations, the burning bush never consumed. With all Presbyterians, this is a noble claim to allegiance; nor was it the less inspiring in 1843, because the Church had been (as some held unjustly) deprived of the benefits of Establishment, and her loyalty to the principles of National religion was proving itself to be of the sort that is true, although it be not shone upon."

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Declaration, and Protest," resolved on by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1842, and adopted by the Free Church in its protest of 1843, made on leaving the Established Church, in which it was declared that the Claim, Declaration, and Protest of 1842, together with the Act of Separation and Deed of Demission, must be "holden as setting forth the true constitution of the Church." In accord therewith, and further explaining them, are Acts of Assembly of 1846 and 1857, with questions and formula thereby sanctioned. These recognise as an essential principle of the Free Church the assertion of the duty of the State to "maintain and support an Establishment of religion in accordance with God's Word," and, as an essential standard of her belief, the Westminster Confession. Even more important, in the Lord Chancellor's view, is the fact that the great opening address, entitled the "Affectionate Remonstrance," delivered by Dr. Chalmers after the Disruption, was circulated by the Free Church for the purpose of obtaining financial support. In order to show how entirely this differs from the principles of the United Presbyterian Church, which has throughout maintained Voluntaryism, short extracts from the two may be printed side by side.

Dr. Chalmer's Address.

The Voluntaries mistake us, if they conceive us to be Voluntaries. We hold by the duty of Government to give of their resources and their means for the maintenance of a Gospel ministry in the land. . . . In a word, we hold that every part and every function of a commonwealth should be leavened with Christianity; and that every functionary, from the highest to the lowest, should, in their respective spheres, do all that in them lies to countenance and uphold it. That is to say, though we quit the Establishment, we go out on the Establishment principle—we quit a

View of the United Presbyterian Church (before the Union) as affirmed at the Meeting of Synod on May 7, 1897.

It is not competent to the civil magistrate to give legislative sanction to any creed in the way of setting up a civil establishment of religion, nor is it either his province to provide for the expense of the ministration of religion out of the national resources. It is Jesus Christ, as sole King and Head of His Church, who has enjoined upon His people to provide for maintaining and extending it by free-will offerings; that this being the ordinance of Christ, it excludes State aid for these purposes, and that adherence to

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vitiated Establishment, but would rejoice in returning to a pure one. To express it otherwise—we are the advocates for a national recognition and national support of religion, and we are not Voluntaries.

it is the true safeguard of the Church's independence.

It is obvious that there is no identity of religious belief here.

PREDESTINATION *v.* A FREE GOSPEL

The second great issue is that of the attitude held by the two uniting Churches towards the Confession of Faith, and in particular towards the doctrine of Predestination set forth in the former. Up to the year 1892, every minister of the Free Church had to declare on being admitted to the Ministry as follows: "I do sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith approven by General Assemblies of this Church to be the truths of God; and I do own the same to be the Confession of my faith." In the basis of Union of the United Presbyterian Church, on the other hand, adopted at its constitution in 1847, it was ordained (Head 2): "That the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Catechisms contained the 'Authorized Exhibition of the sense in which we understand the Holy Scriptures.'" In May 1879, the Synod of this Church passed a Declaratory Act, by which the Confession was in future only to be regarded as the "Authorized Exhibition of the sense in which the Holy Scriptures were understood," when qualified by the explanations contained in the said Declaratory Act. It was to meet this modification and to pave the way for future union that the Free Church in 1892 passed its own Declaratory Act. The extent to which this in turn modified the creed of the Free Church may be seen by placing in juxtaposition the original statement of the Confession of Faith, and that of the Declaratory Act on the subject of Predestination.

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The Confession of Faith. Chap III. Of God's Eternal Decree.

III. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated into everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. IV. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Act declaratory anent Confession of Faith, made 26th May, 1892

That this Church also holds that all who hear the Gospel are warranted and required to believe to the saving of their souls; and that in the case of such as do not believe, but perish in their sins, the issue is due to their own rejection of the Gospel call. That this Church does not teach, and does not regard the Confession as teaching, the foreordination of men to death irrespective of their own sin.

It may be news to many that the fantastic view expressed in the first quotation is still held by the majority of the Scottish people: still more, that, as a consequence of the decision under consideration, the Scottish churches apparently cannot divest themselves of it. But that the two views, which are known respectively as the Calvinist and the Arminian view, are as incompatible as "Aye" and "No," the plain man cannot have a doubt. Mr. Haldane, K.C., argued in the House of Lords that the two doctrines were not incompatible, and that the supposed difference between them arose from the "pictorial conception" which we are wont to form of things But the Lord Chancellor replied that the question was not what we moderns think on the subject, but what was thought at the time, and he had little difficulty in showing that Calvinists and Arminians regarded each other as heretics, and treated each other accordingly.[1]

THE TERMS OF AGREEMENT

Whatever may be the views of lawyers as to the compatibility of these doctrines, the two Churches obviously held that they differed. For the Declaration of the United Free Church runs as follows:

[1] It is but fair to add that only the Lord Chancellor and Lord Davey took this view, the other members of the majority deciding the case on the Establishment principle alone.

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The various matters of agreement between the Churches with a view to Union are accepted and enacted without prejudice to the inherent liberty of the United Church, as a Church of Christ, to determine and regulate its own constitution and laws as duty may require, in dependence on the grace of God and under the guidance of His Word. Thirdly. As this Union takes place on the footing of maintaining the liberty of judgment and action heretofore recognised in either of the Churches uniting, so, in particular, it is hereby declared that members of both Churches, and also of all Churches which in time past have united with either one of them, shall have full right, as soon as they see cause, to assert and maintain the views of truth and duty which they had liberty to maintain in the said Churches.

Neither body departed from its own peculiar views. "What was done," in the language of Lord Robertson, "was simply to drop the subject and unite."

THE RIGHT TO CHANGE

One more quotation from the Lord Chancellor's judgment must be given. For it has been represented that he denies to a Dissenting Church any power to develop or change her doctrine. His exact words are as follows, and may for convenience be set out in two sections:

My Lords, apart from some mysterious and subtle meaning to be attached to the word "church," and understanding it to mean an associated body of Christian believers, I do not suppose that anybody

(1) will dispute the right of any man, or any collection of men, to change their religious beliefs according to their own conscience; but

(2) when men subscribe money for a particular object and leave it behind them for the promotion of that object, their successors have no right to change the object endowed.

To this the weighty words of Lord Davey may be added:

I appreciate and, if I may properly say so, I sympathise with the effort made by men of great intelligence and sound learning to escape from the fetters forged by an earlier generation. But, sitting on Appeal from a Court of Law, I am not at liberty to take any such matter into consideration.

The question in each case is, what were the religious tenets and principles which formed the bond of union of the association for whose benefit the trust was formed.

The judgments henceforth concern themselves rather with

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the *right* to change, than with the *fact* of change. It is not seriously contested, except, perhaps, by Lord Macnaghten, that the Free Church did, for the sake of uniting with the United Presbyterian Church, depart from her original and fundamental principles. The issue is simply whether she had a right to do so. And the opinions upon this question vary from that of Lord Macnaghten, who

> cannot form a conception of a National Church, untrammelled and unfettered by connection with the State, which does not at least possess powers of revising and amending the formula of subscription required of its own office-bearers, and the power of pronouncing authoritatively that some latitude of opinion is permissible to its members in regard to matters which, according to the common apprehension of mankind, are not matters of faith;

and who held that a Church in such a position would be "a dead branch, and not a living Church," to that of the Lord Chancellor, who holds that

> there is nothing in calling an associated body a Church that exempts it from the legal obligations of insisting that money given for one purpose shall not be devoted to another. Any other view, it appears to me, would be fatal to the existence of every Nonconformist body throughout the country.

In the first place, the question has been raised whether there really was a trust binding the Free Church at all. It is obvious that the effect of the House of Lords' decision is to declare that the Claim, Declaration, and Protest (which were ordered to be recorded by every Presbytery as the ground and warrant of their proceedings), taken together with the subsequent acts of the Free Church Assembly, do form a declared public trust on the basis of which money has been subscribed from time to time by the public, which there is no power to alter. Lord Low, in the first judgment, declares that

> the Union did not involve the giving up by the Free Church of any doctrine or principle which formed an essential or fundamental part of her creed or her constitution, but only involved the modification of views which the Church had held under different circumstances in regard to the application of the doctrine of the Confession as to the duty of the State—a modification which, it appears to me, it was entirely within the power of the General Assembly to make.

Or, as the *Glasgow Herald* of August 8 puts it:

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The alleged "trusters" (who were, in fact, givers to a free corporation which itself constituted and could lawfully modify its trust) were not, as a rule, concerned to prevent their gifts from being utilised for such purposes as they were put to in 1900.

In the House of Lords judgments only two of the law lords support this view. One is Lord Macnaghten, whose declaration that he cannot conceive of a National Church without the power to alter its doctrines, has been already quoted. It is a proposition proceeding from an amiable mind, but appears to be destitute of legal authority. This is shown by the further statement that in this case the Establishment principle is a "very small question indeed." Much more subtle and convincing is the argument of Lord Lindley. He endeavours to prove that the power of change always existed. It is given, he alleges, in the "Second Book of Discipline," in respect of abrogating and abolishing "all statutes or ordinances concerning ecclesiastical matters that are found noisome and unprofitable, and agree not with the time or are abused by the people." The Confession itself disclaims infallibility and bases itself on Scripture. The power of change, of course, must be used *bonâ fide*, and not for the purpose of destroying the Church. The Barrier Act of 1697 points to very great powers as existing in the General Assembly. The Model Trust Deed of 1844 actually contemplates union with other churches like the United Presbyterians. The Declaratory Act was within the powers of the General Assembly. Similarly, the Union of 1900, carried in accordance with the Barrier Act, did not, in the opinion of Lord Lindley, constitute or involve any breach of trust. In other words, the learned lord apparently holds the view that spiritual independence does not mean what one of the Free Church leaders has recently defined it to mean, the mere power of contracting out of the common law of the land, but involves a right on the part of the United Free Church to do exactly what it likes without giving redress to anybody. In a word, it is not the headship of Christ that is in issue, so much as the headship of Principal Rainy.

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THE REPLY.

It is perhaps sufficient to answer with Lord Robertson that this claim, which was put in its crudest form by Lord Young,[1] is in flat contradiction to the decision in the *Craigdallie* case, which, as we have seen, was adopted by the judges both of Scotland and Ireland. All the judges seem to admit that, if the Free Church had retained a power of doctrinal change in or by her original constitution, the question could never have been argued against her. But, failing such a reservation (which will no doubt be added in the future), her advocates were driven to rely on that vague inherent right to make changes in doctrine, to which Lord Macnaghten referred? How far does that power go? The Dean of Faculty, when arguing the case for the United Free Church, was apparently prepared to admit that the power would cover the abandonment of the Confession of Faith altogether, or even, as Lord Trayner seems to hold, the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, or, in fine, the adoption of the Roman Catholic Faith. When this was being stated in argument at the bar of the House of Lords, a bystander observed: "I wonder if the Free Kirk people really know what these men are being paid to say on their behalf?" The very exact analysis to which both Lord Davey and Lord Robertson subjected these arguments, led them to the conclusion that "neither by inherent right, nor by usage, nor by contract, has the General Assembly of the Free Church any such right as has been claimed." The Barrier Act did not "confer" any power, as one of the Scotch judges said. It was merely regulatory of the powers then existing, and was designed to prevent such innovations as those in whose favour it is now cited. As for the Model Trust Deed, the property held under it belonging to the congregations is subject to a "general over-riding trust"

[1] "There is nothing to prevent a Dissenting Church from abandoning a religious doctrine, however essential and fundamental, and that an *ex facie* absolute property title cannot be limited by reference, not expressed, to the essential doctrines and fundamental principles in the Constitution of the Church.'

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in favour of the Free Church, and no union which is illegal on the part of the Free Church can be justified merely by the terms of the Model Trust Deed. It was on this basis that the House of Lords accordingly held that the United Free Church has no right or title to the property formerly belonging to the Free Church.

THE TWO THEORIES.

The fact is, that this particular litigation has brought into prominence the divergence between two entirely different views as to Nonconformist bodies. These may be defined as the static and the dynamic theory respectively. According to the one view, when any question as to the right to property arises, the Courts will have regard to the original intentions of the donors, and will not allow members of the Church, who have departed from the doctrines of the founders, to divert the trust funds to the support of other doctrines. Still less will they permit the majority, who desire change, to monopolise the funds and to exclude from their enjoyment a minority of members which has remained true to the original principles of the foundation. This is the view of Lord Eldon in the *Craigdallie* case; and in the form given to it by the present Lord Chancellor, viz., that "a majority of beneficiaries cannot alter the character of a trust," it is the foundation of the judgment just given by the House of Lords. On the other hand, there is the opposite doctrine, which I have ventured to call the dynamic theory, that every Church is a living and growing organism, with power to expand and contract, to develop or modify its doctrines, and, finally, to apply even such funds as it owes to pious founders in the past to such new or different purposes as the majority for the time being approves. Undoubtedly the Scottish Free Church is a developing body of the latter kind, and for years it has been the subject of a struggle between the Conservative and the Liberal elements. The Free Church has resembled a lobster casting its shell, but the new shell has been irritating and obtruding itself before the old was quite cast off. Forced to fight its way in the world

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and to progress by means of that magnificent generosity to which its finances bear witness, it is little wonder if the principle of Establishment fell into the background, or that the Free Church should have practically become a Voluntary body. Similarly, as regards doctrine, though a semblance of formal unity has been maintained, no candid judge can deny that the doctrinal attitude of such men as Dr. Robertson Smith, Dr. Marcus Dods, or Dr. George Adam Smith is at all events entirely different from that of the Disruption heroes. Principal Rainy, who has guided the Free Church for so long, and who was the real "consummator" of the Union with the Free Church, has in the course of his skilful career been called at one time Jesuit, at another time Sophist. It is curious how close a parallel can be drawn between both his intellect and career and those of Mr. Gladstone. Both of them had enthusiastic followers and bitter enemies, and the policy of each has ended in a grand fiasco. Yet Principal Rainy has now at last declared himself. Since the judgment of the House of Lords, he has stated that "the idea of a Church held absolutely and for ever by the faith of men who died two hundred or two hundred and fifty years ago—good men, no doubt—that idea is simply to be denounced as thoroughly *ungodly*."

That saying represents, no doubt, the mental attitude of the Free Church majority. No further comment need be made than to place side by side with it an extract from a prayer (!), delivered on the same day, at the meeting of the Free Church (minority) Assembly by the Moderator, the Rev. Murdo Macqueen, of Kiltearn, as reported in the *Scotsman* of August 10: "We thank Thee that the counsel of Achitophel [1] has been turned to foolishness." Poor Dr. Rainy!

[1] "Of these the dire Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit.
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace."

Absalom and Achitophel (*Dryden*), Part I. 150–5.

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THE FUTURE

The hardship of the position at present occupied by the United Free Church is twofold. The greater part of their accumulated funds do not date from the time of the Disruption, as the law lords seem to think. In the first ten years after 1843, only £18,000 was raised, and the bulk of the funds was given in the period after 1872, in which year the Free Church Presbyteries decided that there was no barrier in principle to union with the United Presbyterians. Yet all such gifts are now held to have been stamped with the original trust of the Free Church. In the second place, both branches of the United Free Church have been admirably managed from a business point of view. If the judgment of the House of Lords is carried out in its entirety, the twenty-seven ministers of the remnant Free Church must find great practical and financial difficulty in administering the various schemes and institutions which will be legally theirs. No doubt they represent a growing body. They have already over a hundred congregations, and the stand which they have made for principle will probably bring many waverers over to their side. Still, they have only at present one minister, as opposed to fifty-five of the majority, in Edinburgh, and two out of twice that number in Glasgow. How could they, in these circumstances, undertake to manage and finance funds, missions, and colleges, practically at a month's notice? Recognising the true position, the Law and Advisory Committee of the Free Church has been given full powers by that body to meet with a similar committee of the United Free Church, the latter being composed of business men, with only one clergyman upon it. The only limiting conditions on which the Free Church insists are its own right and duty to administer as much of the property as it efficiently can; and, secondly, to see that there is no deviation from the underlying trusts on which the property is held. Therefore, as regards congregational property, the Free Church will

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resume both churches and manses where it has congregations of its own, but will allow the United Free Church to continue to occupy the remainder, at all events, until June 30 next, as tenants on sufferance,[1] on the honourable understanding that the premises shall not be used for dogmatic teaching contrary to the judgment of the House of Lords, nor for attacks upon that judgment itself. Similarly they propose to conduct the foreign missions by trustees, whose duty will be to see that a "simple gospel" is taught, and that no dogmatic teaching is given of the kind to which the controversy relates. When the United Free Church protested that even these conditions would tie their hands and deprive them of their theological freedom, the reply was given that the indications set out above were not to be regarded as conditions precedent to a meeting. A conference was therefore arranged for the last days in September, which was to be of a perfectly free and open character. Sir Edward Fry had, before this stage was reached, begged the Rainy party to accept the conditions, pointing out that there was surely enough Christian doctrine to occupy them for a year without referring to controversial matters. The Archbishop of Canterbury had also offered his services as mediator, and Lord Rosebery is believed to be not unwilling to act in a similar capacity. Should the conference result in a general agreement, the details might be referred to arbitration, and the result embodied in an application to the Courts. or even in a private Act of Parliament.[2] Only in the last case would the Government interfere. They do not, it is stated, contemplate legislation of their own. Common sense dictates a friendly and businesslike settlement of this kind. But the Free Church are in the position of "dominus litis," while Dr.

[1] Three hundred of the churches are said not to be held under the Model Trust Deed at all.

[2] The *Times* has referred to the case of Lady Hewley's Charities. Money left by a Trinitarian fell into Unitarian hands, and this was held to be in breach of trust. To prevent consequent hardships, the *Dissenters' Chapels Act* was passed in 1844 by the Government of the day.

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Rainy and his friends must, if possible, recover some of the Free Church funds. Their recently declared intention not to act upon the test cases, but to insist that separate actions shall be brought for the possession of every individual church and manse is not likely to facilitate an amicable settlement. They have, moreover, offended many of their congregations, since it is alleged that these were never consulted about the Union, which was carried through entirely by the ministers themselves. Consequently, a great subscription to place the despoiled Church in its original financial position is impossible, even if Scotland had the money to spare. Times are bad and people unwilling. The Emergency Fund has fallen comparatively flat. Therefore, from the financial aspect, the Free Church have a very powerful lever in their hands, with which it will be possible, at least with some chance of success, to tackle the problem of Presbyterian reunion in Scotland on an Establishment basis. There is every reason to believe that it is their intention so to use it, and, if possible, to preserve and crystallise the ancient Calvinistic orthodoxy of Scotland.

A. N. Cumming.

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THE BEAR'S PAW AND THE DRAGON'S CLAW

IT is a well-known fact that Russia, under the name of "Oros," was a dependency of the Mongol hordes who dominated from the Danube to the China seas (1220–1368). During the latter half of this period Russian bodyguards were much affected by the Mongol Emperors at Peking: these guards were mostly war captives, or complimentary gifts sent as tribute from the nominally vassal princely kinsmen in the West. Between the disappearance from China of the Mongol Tartars and the conquest of the Manchu Tartars there reigned for three centuries a purely native Chinese dynasty (1368–1643). The records of this period contain not one single mention of the word Russia, a forgotten country, hopelessly isolated from China by the independent Mongol khanates, whose one aim was to try and recover the plains of the Flowery Land which their ancestors had lost. Towards the end of this period, it is true, the Czar endeavoured to re-open relations with China, and Russian adventurers were even sighted to the west of Peking by the Portuguese traveller Pinto and the Jesuit missionaries; but Chinese records know nothing of these alleged facts.

The Manchus heard of the Oros two or three years before they achieved the conquest of Peking and became Emperors of China. They themselves had only just awaked to the notion of Tungusic unity, and, in their determined efforts to weld into

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one military engine all the Tungusic tribes (of which "Manchu" was but one), they came into collision with the Cossack pioneers following in the wake of Yermak and the Russian trading guilds. The place of collision was Yaksa or Albazin, a Tungusic hunting tribe's stronghold, almost exactly at the apex of the great northerly bend of the River Amur, below the junction of its tributaries the Argun and the Shilka. "Yaksa" is the name of a rivulet, and it was the Tungusic practice to name the leading town on each river after the river itself. "Albazin" is taken from the name Albazi, the Tungusic prince from whom Pojarkhoff and Khabaroff (1643–1651) took the town: in the course of their extensions, the Manchus from Ninguta had captured it—possibly from the Russians—in 1640; but they do not actually mention the Russians until 1652, when news was brought to Peking of Khabaroff's victory over the Ninguta forces. The "White Khan of the Oros," as the Czar is called, in imitation of the Mongol appellation, sent several missions during the next few years; but owing to this or that defect in form none of them were received; at least, until 1660, when, in consideration of Russia's hopeless ignorance, the Emperor, whilst declining to give audience himself or to send a return mission, was graciously pleased to order the "acceptance of tribute and the bestowal of presents and of a banquet" in his name. These respective missions include those of Baikoff, Perpilyeff, and Yarykin; and meanwhile Stepanoff was giving practical effect to the wishes of the Czar Alexis by exploring the Sungari River, where in June 1658 he ultimately lost his life at the hands of the Manchus. Albazin was destroyed in the following year; the junction of the Sungari with the Amur was cleared of Russians; and Chinese influence was now fully established among the hunting tribes.

It must be remembered that the petty Manchu race, having first consolidated itself on a formidable military basis, had now imposed the "pigtail" upon conquered China, and that "Manchu" and "Chinese" from this time become politically the same thing. But the Manchu dynasty of China and the

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Romanoff dynasty of Russia both developed their imperial careers at the same period, and each consequently had an equal moral right to extensions on the virgin Amur soil. There being no prominent Manchu towns or settlements in the contested region, which was practically the northernmost of what we now call the "Three Manchurian Provinces" (Tsitsihar), the Manchu conquerors were obliged to withdraw to Ninguta and Kirin, in order to recruit after each victory, just as the Russians were able to draw fresh supplies from their unassailable bases at Nertchinsk and Irkutsk. This "No Man's Land" of Tsitsihar had always been nature's barrier between the Turkish and Tungusic races; and, the Turko-Mongol races having now become weak and divided, Russia was viewed by the Manchus as a fresh-blooded tribe allied to the Kipchak and Kirghiz groups of the Far West, simply renewing a contest for supremacy which had been going on intermittently for 1800 years. Tchernigoffski rebuilt Albazin in 1665; in 1669, after a two years siege, the Russians were forced to surrender: in 1672 two more unsuccessful missions were sent to China by the Czar, apparently those under Milovaioff and Kavyakoff. In 1676 the young Emperor K'ang-hi, who was now beginning to take the administration out of his Regents' hands, showed a more kindly disposition to the envoy Nicholas Spafari, who, like his predecessors above enumerated, was still firm on the question of *kotow* or prostration. The Mongol Superintendency, or Foreign Colonial Board, were instructed to define the issues as follows:

If your master desires friendly relations with China, let him send back our renegade Gantimur and despatch a further special envoy to conform with our customs: you will then be allowed to trade.

Gantimur,[1] it must be explained, was a Tungusic military chieftain who had accepted Christianity and entered the Russian service.

[1] Forty years later one of the friendly hospodars of Moldavia was named Gantimur, but I cannot say if this fact has any significance, or is a mere coincidence.

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In 1683 the Emperor came to the conclusion that the conquest of Albazin ought to be permanent, so he at once drew up a careful scheme of attack with a flotilla of boats, and with European guns made under the guidance of the Jesuit Verbiest: the organisation bases were Kirin and Ninguta; various Mongol and Tungusic tribes were made to supply cattle and grain at convenient sub-bases. The name Nipchu now first appears in the Chinese documents; but it is not Nertchinsk, as usually supposed; it seems to be identical with a little station called Nertchinskoi, on the River Argun. During this year the Emperor utilised for messages the services of two captive or renegade Russians, named Ivan and Michael, in order to state his terms to the Siberian authorities, and thus endeavour to secure a peaceful settlement. Through them he learnt of the arrival of a new Russian chief, named Alexis Tolbuzin: it was reported that he was awaiting, some little distance off, further instructions from the White Khan in reply to Chinese remonstrances, and that meanwhile he was doing his best to restrain the Russian pioneers from committing further outrages upon the sable-hunting tribes. As no decision had arrived from the Czar by the summer of 1685, when the Manchu preparations for a vigorous attack were complete, the grand assault contemplated was actually delivered; Albazin was taken; Tolbuzin surrendered; and the various Mongol and Tungusic individuals found serving there under Russian compulsion were restored to their respective homes. The Emperor had magnanimously ordered that in the event of success all the surrendered Russians were to be allowed to return to their nearest town, *i.e.*, to Nertchinsk or to Irkutsk; but a priest named Vassily Leontyeff and about twenty-five others accepted the Chinese alternative offer of a settlement in Mukden or Peking.

This generous treatment appears to have been lost upon the rough Cossack adventurers, for the very next year news came to Peking that

Ivan, chief of Nipchu, had instructed Alexis to re-occupy Albazin, and to throw into the fortress 500 men, furnished with ample supplies. Moreover, no replies

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from the ruler of Russia have come to the various orders sent to him through Nicholas and Alexis.

The Emperor goes on to explain to his subjects what and where Russia was, and how the "Dutch Envoy" had suggested obtaining a reply by sea. As there was certainly no Dutch Envoy then at Peking, it seems clear that the reference must be to Verbiest. The same generals who had effected the *coup* of 1685 were promptly sent to invest Albazin once more; but just at the critical moment a messenger named Nicephorus Wenyukoff arrived from Russia, saying that a special envoy from the White Khan was now on his way to arrange matters; that the Chinese letters had been found undecipherable at the Russian Court, and that the grievances about Gantimur and the sable-hunters had only just been verbally explained by Nicholas Spafari. The Chinese Emperor's orders to raise the siege did not arrive, or at least take effect, until Alexis Tolbuzin had been killed, which seems to have been in July 1686 (28th day, 5th moon); and the person actually in charge when the Chinese withdrew a little in the tenth moon was Beuthen, a German exile, who had done Tolbuzin's engineering for him, and who was probably the only competent commander left alive. The year 1687 was taken up with desultory local negotiations, and in the autumn the Chinese withdrew altogether to Ninguta.

The special mission sent by China to meet the Czar's envoy, Feodor Golovin, included in its staff the Jesuits Pereira (the Superior at Peking), and Gerbillon, who had arrived as a freshman from Europe in March 1688, a few days before Verbiest died. Their progress was delayed for nearly a year owing to a fierce war which was then raging between two rival Mongol States. Ultimately they reached Nipchu at the end of July 1689, and on the 27th of August was signed what is usually called the "Treaty of Nertchinsk." Under its provisions both sides of the River Amur are ceded to the Chinese, from the junction of that river with the Shilka and the Argun right down to the sea. The River Argun itself forms the

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Russo-Chinese frontier on the right bank of the Amur, and on the left bank the Shilka is the dividing line up to the point where a small river called the Gorbitsa enters it, after which the Gorbitsa becomes the frontier. The Gorbitsa takes its rise in what the treaty styles the "Stony Hing-an Range," and this range, which extends eastward to the Amur mouth, is the northern boundary, all the tributaries of the Amur even on the left bank of course falling to China. In May 1690 a Manchu officer, named Langtan, who from 1682 onwards had under various exalted Commissioners been practically the guiding spirit in Russian affairs, proceeded to the junction of the Shilka and the Argun, and there set up a stone recording this agreement in the Chinese, Manchu, Latin, Russian, and Mongol languages.

The eventful year 1689 coincides with the assumption of complete administrative independence by Peter the Great, who in this year shook off the intriguing influences of his elder sister Sophia. Peter had already surrounded himself with Dutch, Scotch, Danish, and German instructors, and amongst these was the Schleswig-Holsteiner Ysbrands Ides, nominated envoy to the Court of China, who, leaving Moscow on March 14, 1692, reached Peking on November 5, 1693. Gerbillon, assisted by two Portuguese Jesuits, again acted as go-between, and it is generally understood that Ides consented to *kotow* at his audience (November 15), and to sit or squat crossed-legged in Manchu style at the banquet given in his honour (November 19). On account of the too independent wording of Peter's letter it was returned, as were also the presents brought by Ides; no concessions of any kind were made; but as Ides' well-known account of his mission was published under the Czar's command, it is impossible to say exactly how far Peter glossed over his humiliations and failures. In the 10th moon of 1693, however, the Emperor of China thus prophetically speaks of the White Khan's "memorial" and "tribute envoy." He says:

The Russians are of robust material, but they have a biased, persistent character,

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and very unaccommodating ideas of right and wrong. It appears their country, the frontiers of which are just beyond Turfan, is 20,000 *li* (6000 miles) in extent. Many will think it a glorious thing for us thus to receive the tribute of distant foreign vassals, but personally I very much fear all this business may contain the seeds of trouble for our sons and grandsons. Still, if China keeps strong and true to herself, foreign complications are not likely to arise.

The above-mentioned Mongol war which had detained Pereira in 1688 was between the Eleuths (otherwise called Kalmucks) in the west towards Ili, and the Kalkas in the east towards Urga and Manchuria. The Emperor K'ang-hi at last found it necessary to intervene: he "personally conducted" an expedition to the River Tola, where the Kalmuck ruler Galdan was signally defeated in 1695. It was much feared that he might fly to Russia, but luckily for China a nephew of Galdan, hostile to his interests, had married the daughter of Ayuki Khan of the Turguts, and Russia refused to grant asylum.

Bell of Antermony has left us a very graphic account of the Kalmuck empire of those days; but, of course, the Chinese records are more specific. There were four allied branches, of which the Tufgut branch occupied the province now called Tarbagatai. Galdan, unable to reach Tibet—the only remaining refuge open to him—committed suicide in 1697. His ambitious nephew, who name was Arabtan, secured Chinese sympathy by surrendering the corpse, in reward for which China recognised as Kalmuck territory everything west of the Altaï Mountains. But Arabtan's domineering ways did not suit Ayuki, who promptly migrated with 50,000 tents to Russia. Meanwhile Arabtan annexed Ayuki's son, Sanchab, with 15,000 tents, and endeavoured to secure a monopoly of all Kalmuck intercourse with Tibet. This action ultimately led to the conquest of Tibet by Arabtan and China successively. The presence of Kalmucks in Russia is signalised as early as 1705, when Peter employed them in preparing the site of his new capital, St. Petersburg. Ayuki, from his encampment on the banks of the Volga, still kept up a correspondence with China: he sent a mission in 1711, and in 1712 a Manchu,

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named Tulishen, was despatched to him, *viâ* Russia, by K'ang-hi in order to try and secure his co-operation against the Kalmucks of Ili. Excellent accounts of Tulishen's mission have been published in European languages: he was well received at Tobolsk by Prince Gagarin, Governor-General of Siberia, and would have probably been equally well received by the Czar had not Peter then been too busy with his Swedish wars; but he sent back with Tulishen in 1715 a dozen priests, headed by one Hilarion, who was to take the place of the recently deceased Vassily Leontyeff (mentioned above), as spiritual director to the Russian colony, or "Albazin bodyguards," at Peking. Between 1705 and 1715 there were at least three Russian trading missions to China, but the members were so riotous and drunken that it had become necessary to check, and at last even totally prohibit, this commerce; at least at Peking.

Partly on this account, and partly because K'ang-hi in his old age had asked for some "inspiriting medicines," a mission under the Swedish engineer, Laurence Lange, was despatched by Peter in 1715: it was accompanied by an English surgeon, and reached Peking on November 11, 1716. Peter made a return request for a porcelain stove, and his ambassadors were as usual handed over to the care of the Jesuits. In 1719 took place the well-known mission of Ismailoff, accompanied by the Scotch doctor Bell, whose interesting narrative is the standard Western authority on the Kalmuck empire, then at its prime, and on contemporary life at Peking. Ismailoff who, like Lange, seemed to have yielded the point of the *kotow*, or obeisance, to the Emperor, left Peking on March 2, 1721, after a stay of three months; but Lange was allowed to remain there as Consul, and arrangements were made for the formal establishment of an Orthodox Church. The old Emperor had become rather hostile to Roman Catholicism just before his death, partly owing to the dispute with the Popes touching ancestor worship and the meaning of "God," or "Heaven," and partly because one of his sons had been

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intriguing with the missionaries. The Jesuits naturally endeavoured to work the Russians to their own advantage, and even applied for the good offices of Peter and of the Roman Emperor Charles VI. The Pope's legate Mezzobarba arrived in Peking in 1721; but the Emperor was firm, resisted all influences, and made no concessions. It was in 1721, too, that Peter the Great (as he was now already officially called) had an interview with Ayuki Khan on the banks of the Volga. Peter was then on his way to punish the Usbeg Powers of the Caspian, and had called upon Ayuki to furnish a contingent of warriors. He heard meanwhile of Arabtan's strong position in Ili, and the following year despatched Unkoffsky on a mission to him: his headquarters were found to be near the Khorgos River, west of Kuldja. Thus it comes that the Russian Kalmucks, or Turguts, and the Chinese Kalmucks, or Dzungars, formed a "double-barrelled" buffer between the two great empires. But north and east of the Kalmucks there were the Uriangkai, Buriat, and Kalka Mongols, subject to China, upon all of whom, in the absence of any powerful buffer State, Russia showed a steady tendency to encroach. Peter died, however, in 1725, and it was left to his relict, Catherine, to despatch Count Vladislavitch in 1726 in order to try and arrange this difficult question. By the autumn of 1727 the matter was settled with the co-operation of Tulishen and Lange, and with the full approval of the Buriats and other Mongol princes interested. About this part of the frontier, *i.e.*, from the River Argun in the East, past Urga and Kiachta, to the Upper Yenisei River in the West, there has never since been any dispute; stones were set down in suitable places by Chinese deputies acting in conjunction with Ivan Ivanovitch, one of the Count's staff. A trading site was selected at Kiachta, and the Russian hotel at Peking was repaired for the adequate reception of Consul, students, and other recognised Russian residents. Tulishen went on a special mission to Russia in 1727; and Lange, who had made four journeys in all from Russia to Peking, seems to have

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remained there until about 1740. Relations with Russia were thus placed on an excellent basis by the stern but just Emperor Yung-chêng (1722–1735).

Meanwhile, after Arabtan's death, the Kalmuck Empire of Ili had become so arrogant under its new ambitious ruler, Amursana, that in 1755 the extremely capable Emperor K'ien-lung determined to crush it once for all. This campaign brought him into immediate contact with the Kirghiz (always termed Kazaks by the Chinese, and by the Russians inaccurately styled Kirghiz-Kazaks). The chief, Abul-ai (the Abul-khair of the Russians), who had hitherto paid tribute to the Dzungars, was now obliged to trim between Russia and China until it could be made manifest to him on which side of the fence it would pay him best to jump. After Amursana's defeat by the Chinese he escaped to the Russians, who refused to surrender him. A powerful Chinese force demonstrated with such show of vigour on the Russo-Kirghiz frontier that Abul-khair saw his best account in endeavouring to capture Amursana for China. Meanwhile, the Emperor directed the Peking Board to address a formal reclamation to the Russian Senate (founded by Peter in 1711). After a good deal of fencing on the part of the Russians, Amursana at last himself solved the difficulty by conveniently dying of small-pox at Tobolsk; this was in 1757, and shortly afterwards his dead body was carried, under orders from the Senate, for exhibition to the Chinese agents at Selinghinsk or Kiachta. Meanwhile, yet another Kalmuck chief, named Shereng, had escaped to Russia: Shereng had murdered a Chinese military officer who was trying to prevent Amursana's escape to Russia by way of the Irtish valley. In this case Russia positively declined to surrender the man, and as a reprisal the Chinese Emperor, therefore, stopped all trade at Kiachta. On the other hand, the Russians put in a claim to the whole three "divisions," or *yuz*, of the Kirghiz race. Whether the grapes were sour, or he really wished to be magnanimous, the Emperor K'ien-lung addressed a communication to Abul-khair and his two divisional

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colleagues stating that they were quite at liberty to please themselves,

and in this sense we have replied to the Russian claim, reminding them, however, that when we conquered the Dzungars, we always treated the Kazaks with kindness, not endeavouring to extort oaths of allegiance and tribute, but leaving them freedom to choose.

An attempt of the Russians to open a new trade with China through the Kirghiz, as their agents, was stopped promptly; but in 1768 thirteen articles were drawn up, under which the old trade was reopened at Kiachta.

The Russians literally "caught a Tartar" when they gave asylum to Shereng. Finding that the Chinese conquest of Ili had left those pastures vacant, in 1770 he managed secretly to persuade the 100,000 Russian Kalmucks encamped on the Volga to migrate *en masse* back to their ancestral home. The task was all the easier in that Ubasi Khan (great-grandson of Ayuki) was dissatisfied with the inquisitorial and exacting demands of the Russian administration, and found that his Buddhist subjects did not take kindly to Christian principles. With the greatest possible privacy the whole horde accordingly packed up its traps and suddenly quitted the Volga (which the Chinese call the "Echil") towards the end of 1770. After over six months' trying journey by way of the Kirghiz steppes and Lake Balkash, about half of them succeeded in reaching Ili, whence the astounding and totally unexpected event was reported to K'ien-lung at his summer hunting-box north of Peking. At first there were some suspicions that treachery was at work, and every preparation was made to massacre the whole immigrant nation should it transpire that some Russian or Kalmuck trick was being tried. But the robust common sense of the Emperor had convinced him from the first that the event arose from genuine dissatisfaction with Russian methods; and therefore, whilst taking these precautionary steps, the Chinese monarch behaved with extreme generosity, setting apart broad pastures, ordering up 200,000 animals of all kinds for the use of the destitute refugees, and making

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liberal grants to them of tea, grain, skins, and cloth. In his delight at being able to hoist the Russians with their own petard, the Emperor even forgave Shereng his murder, and looked forward with eagerness to the pleasure of refusing to surrender him, and of thus paying Russia back in her own coin should she complain of deserters being harboured.

China reached the *acme* of her prestige in Tartarian wilds towards the end of the eighteenth century, and after this great event the Russians hid their diminished heads: they kept quiet during the remainder of K'ien-lung's reign. In 1796 his successor, Kia-k'ing, announced his intention of maintaining the *status quo* "if Russia would also keep quiet." Early in 1806 some Russian trading ships appeared at Canton, and although on this occasion no objection was made locally, the Viceroy and the Hoppo were both censured by the Emperor for allowing it: "Kiachta is their proper sphere." I presume, though I do not know for certain, that these ships must have been the same as those which, in the autumn of 1806, committed various outrages upon the coasts of Sagalien and the Kurile Islands, in revenge for the refusal of the Japanese to permit Russian trade; the commanders were Davidoff and Khvostoff. In 1806, and again in 1809, the Kalka authorities at Urga seem to have rather summarily rejected advances made by the Russian "Gubernator"; and the Emperor, who was personally quite prepared to receive a mission "behaving with proper form" at Peking, had to chide them for their arrogance; but no mission appears to have really got through to the capital. In 1818 there were some trade squabbles between certain Russian Andijans and the Kazak ruler Khanbar: the Military Governor (or "Tartar-General" as he is generally called) duly settled the affair; but even in this case the Emperor had to warn his lieutenant not to be so harsh in his zeal for China's interests. The same thing occurred in 1824: "If the Kazaks ask us for any favour, treat them kindly; if their relations with Russia and their allegiance to us are doubtful, steer clear of them."

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After this Russia is scarcely heard of for a generation, but of course she woke up to the advantages obtainable through our first war with China. In 1848 some of her trading ships came to Shanghai, but were sent away on the ground that the land trade only was Russia's prerogative: the persuasive influence of the British Consul was sought as a reinforcement in order to convince the Russians of their presumption. Promptly next year followed some encroachments on the Kirghiz frontier: it appears that both Chinese and Russians were in the habit of levying taxes on Kirghiz horses, and the Senate, having been invited to explain Russia's trespasses, pleaded that trade at Kiachta was now insufficient "in view of growing populations"; the Chinese Government was invited to sanction the opening of Ili, Tarbagatai, and Kashgar. The imperial kinsman Yi-shan (or Yik-shan, as it is pronounced in Canton) was in local charge, and he reported that the Russian request might be granted so far as the two first-named places were concerned, but that it would be highly imprudent to give way on the question of Kashgar, for the simple reason that

> the Chinese subject population between Ili and Kashgar consisted of Kazaks (Kirghiz) and Buruts (Kara-Kirghiz), and that Russia, who always collected horse-taxes and imposed stage-post duties upon her Tartar tribes, would be certain to do so in the case of the same tribes belonging to China, when allowed passage through their country, and would then perhaps advance a step further by claiming *all* the Kirghiz as hers.

In this particular case the Russians hastened, with suspicious promptitude, to direct their Kirghiz "Sultan" to restore a number of horses and camels to China on the ground that "the Kirghiz being our subjects, of course we are responsible." Further inquiry elicited the fact that no such robbery or restoration had taken place, and the shrewd Emperor, whilst warning Yik-shan not to "let out" the exact knowledge he possessed, managed to work this sentence into his reply to the Senate: "China does not notice any robberies of cattle beyond her own frontiers, but will herself punish any thefts which may take place within her own dominions." Subsequently the

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whole question of the Ili and Tarbagatai trade was regulated by the Treaty of Kuldja (1851, Article XIII.).

The Chinese Intelligence Department soon after this reported that the Russian Gubernator had transferred his permanent headquarters to Kiachta, and in the summer of 1852 movements of Russian troops to the eastwards were observed across the Amur. The timid and contemptible Emperor Hien-fêng was now on the throne, and these mysterious movements of Muravieff caused him great uneasiness; but "don't on any account alarm Russian susceptibilities" was all he could say. It is well known that in 1851–2 the energetic Governor-General of Eastern Siberia in question had made an investigation of the Pacific Coast, and had ordered Nevelsky to take possession of the Amur embouchure: moreover, the surveys of Colonel Achte showed clearly that the Chinese administration had never extended across the Amur, and that the territory between it and the "Stony Hing-an watershed," surrendered by the Treaty of Nipchu, had never been actively colonised or officially occupied in any way. Of course the Chinese knew nothing of Muravieff's activity; but in the autumn of 1853 the Tartar-General of Tsitsihar sent the following introductory "poser" to Pekin: "The Gubernator has sent to inquire how it is that there are no stones at the Gorbitsa boundary, or near the Pacific Coast." The Colonial Office duly hunted the matter up, and found, to the Emperor's horror, that there were no records of any. Officers were at once sent to examine the mountains north and south of the Gorbitsa River and to report how the frontiers had been marked in 1689; also to discover whether China really ought to have had other boundary stones near the coast. Whilst the Chinese, with their usual apathy, were doing this work on paper, Muravieff had obtained from Nicholas I. a decree authorising him to open negotiations for a new frontier (1854). He sailed from the Shilka down the whole Amur to Mariinsk, and in 1855 took the river into the formal occupation of Russia. Hence his sobriquet "Muravieff Amurski." The

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excuse given by the Russians when asked the meaning of their war-ships sailing on the Amur was: "We are going to forestall England, and take possession of the islands." (The Crimean War was responsible for this.) The Chinese now took steps (1857) to colonise and defend their Tsitsihar province; but it was too late, the Allied War was upon them. In the spring of 1858 Canton was in the occupation of the British and French forces, and the Chinese were only too glad to utilise the Russian men-of-war at Shanghai and Tientsin to endeavour by moral suasion to stave off the Allies. As a reward for her services as honest broker, Russia obtained her Treaty of Aigun (May 16), stipulating that the whole of the left bank of the Amur, from the Shilka junction to the sea, should belong to Russia, provided that the hunting tribes of Manchu and Tungusic race living on the left bank, from the River Zea to the village of Khormoltchin, should for ever remain unmolested under Chinese protection. (This stipulation was faithfully observed until the "Boxer" war of 1900, when, according to Leo Deutsch, who was present, most of them perished during the massacres beginning with Blagoveschtschensk.) The right bank from the Shilka junction to the Usuri junction was to belong to China; but below the Usuri junction Russian and Chinese rights were to be "combined, as now," until a delimitation should have taken place. Another article of the treaty provided for trading on the Amur, Sungari, and Usuri rivers, but in Chinese and Russian craft only. Besides all this, the Russians obtained their Treaty of Tientsin a fortnight earlier than England and France, and even five days (June 18) before America, whose services had also been called in to coax over the obdurate Allies. There had meanwhile been some trouble at Tarbagatai, where the Russian factory had been burnt down; an agreement was come to, under which compensation by instalments, partly in tea, should be paid to Russia for this "regrettable incident."

Yik-shan was China's evil genius during this troubled

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period, and it appears from the Emperor's repeated decrees on the subject that it was he who was chiefly responsible for "lending" the left bank of the Amur to Russia; he had been given full power to arrange the Aigun Treaty with Count Poutiatine, but even the timid Emperor turned when he perceived that the Russians were surveying the Usuri up to Lake Hanka, building a town on the right bank just below the Usuri junction with the Amur (Khabaroffsk), and forcing their way up the Suifên River to Hun-ch'un (near Vladivostock). The wretched monarch says piteously:

> Let Mu-li-fei-yo-fu (Muravieff) be clearly instructed by the Sansing authorities that it was kind enough of us in all conscience to lend the left bank; but that Kirin is the province whence we derive our ginseng and pearls, so that we cannot admit his countrymen there; also tell him that Lake Hanka nowhere touches the Russian frontier, so that they may not survey it.

In the summer of 1859 some "Russian ships, manned by Chinese crews calling themselves English," were reported off Shan-hai Kwan. In other words, the British and French were now again at war with China, owing to the treacherous attack upon the ratifiers of the treaty at the Taku forts. Count Ignatieff at Peking was invited by Prince Kung to explain this further threatened encroachment: that supple diplomat hastened to explain that "under no circumstances could a Russian ship ever fly the British flag," and he at once sent specimens of the flags of all nations for the elucidation of the Shan-hai Kwan authorities. Count Ignatieff availed himself of the opportunity given by the Emperor's flight from Peking in October to clinch the Treaty of Aigun by the Treaty of Peking (November 1860), under which the "combined rights" below the Usuri junction became the sole rights of Russia (as they stood until the "Boxer" wars). In return for this complaisancy, the Russian Government voluntarily sent to China a present of 2000 muskets and six guns, by way of Kiachta, in charge of an expert or instructor.

No sooner was the Manchuria question thus cravenly disposed of, than the Kazak and Tarbagatai difficulties cropped

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up again. The Kirghiz "Sultan," Altan Shala, with his heir, had now repudiated the Chinese khanship and gone definitely over to Russia. It had been agreed that Commissioners should meet to delimitate the Tarbagatai frontier during the 4th moon of the 12th year (1862); but as the Emperor died during his eleventh year (August 21, 1861), the Treaty of Tchuguchak (another name for Tarbagatai) was not concluded until 1864, though on February 20, 1862, the abortive so-called "Land Trade Treaty" was really signed by some one. Perhaps this abandoned convention only refers to Kiachta and Urga, from which place Kiachta is distant about 220 miles. Shortly after the Emperor's death, the Russians took advantage of the musket and gun transaction to attempt an illicit commerce with Urga; they also caused alarm by their persistent endeavours to rent houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Saint's palace. (This Saint is the "Cheptsun-damba," whose friend Dordji has mixed him up with present Tibetan difficulties. He showed a truculent demeanour towards every thing English when Mr. Hawes visited the place this year.) This action led Prince Kung and the Regents to issue the following decree:

> The Russians themselves proposed to give us these guns and muskets: we never asked for them: if their Consul at Urga exhibits any shiftiness about the balance due, it will be more dignified for us to drop the matter altogether.

Later on the Russians offered their assistance against the Taiping rebels, and a detachment of them fought alongside of the British and French under the brave American adventurer Ward, notably at the battle of Wang-kia Sz (April 8, 1862). Notwithstanding these civilities, the Chinese Government was kept in a state of perpetual tension by Russian aggressions, real or fancied. For instance, there were trespasses over the frontier at or near Hurun Pir and the upper waters of the Argun; robberies of grass, fodder, &c.; surreptitious erection of unauthorised extra frontier stones at Barluk and other points north and south of Tarbagatai City; annexation by

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Russia of Dzaisang Nor and Temud Nor, although old marks existed which proved that the Emperor K'ien-lung had included them within Chinese bounds; trespassings upon Ili territory; using the Kirghiz and Kara-Kirghiz as catspaws in order to extend the Russian frontiers at the expense of China; and so on. The Chinese were able to prove to their own satisfaction that Altan Shala and his son Tchakal Ahmed had up to 1855–6 accepted their Khanships from China. On the other hand, the Russians claimed that Abul-khair went over to them in 1788, and that his descendants were Sultans under Russia; they accommodatingly added, however, that these Sultans were at liberty to call themselves Khans when they visited China. China, therefore, made Chotan, a second son of Altan Shala, Khan over her own Kazaks, and ignored the father. A civil war broke out in Kokand whilst all this was going on. The ruler was assassinated, and his successor Shah Murad was constrained to surrender the throne to one Khudayar; but the Kipchak-Burut party opposed Khudayar with another aspirant named Shah Rukh, and one of the Mussulman rebels against China supported this last competing interest. Although Kokand was admittedly beyond the Chinese sphere, yet these incidents caused great uneasiness on account of the suspicion that they were all being engineered by Russia to the future injury of China.

The great Mussulman rebellion in north-west China was now bursting into flame. It is comparatively fresh within the memories of the present generation how the Andijan Yakub Beg succeeded in establishing a powerful empire in Kashgaria; how Russia, fearful for her Ili-Tarbagatai interests, "temporarily" took over the Kuldja province; how the great Chinese general Tso Tsung-t'ang reconquered Kashgaria in 1877; how the Russians cajoled Chunghou at Livadia in 1879; and how they were at last constrained in 1880 to surrender (with certain deductions) the province to China. Until the breaking out of the Japan-China war in 1894 the Russians remained remarkably quiet. The "defeat" of the French in Tonquin, the rise

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of the new navy, Chinese activity in Corea, &c., had given them a wholesale dread of China's "resources." Alarmed for the future of her Siberian railway, which had meanwhile been sanctioned, and was progressing in a normal way, she then developed fresh activities with the Cassini Convention. The "Boxer" wars led to her "temporary" occupation of Newchwang and Manchuria. The fears of Japan, on the other hand, were now seriously aroused, and we are consequently in the throes of a devastating war, the political end of which it is impossible to foresee. A rapid survey of the above sketch will show, however, that on the whole Russia's "record" with China has been a peaceful one, and, as human affairs go, not at all a wicked one—at least, up to the deplorable and fatal moment when it was decided to break public faith and to try and fill the pockets of certain high-placed speculators at the expense of Corea and Japan.

E. H. Parker.

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THE MARKINGS ON MARS

A PLEA FOR MODERATE VIEWS

MUCH attention has of late years been paid by astronomers, both amateur and professional, to the planet Mars. It has been carefully triangulated and charted, and much information has been gained as to the markings on its surface. Increased knowledge showed many analogies, and several points of resemblance, between Mars and the Earth, and these naturally led to surmises and theories as to the habitability of Mars.

Up to this point it was merely an object of study to the astronomer, but the suggestion of life on its surface at once widened the field. Novelists saw the possibilities of the new idea, and general interest was at once aroused.

One consequence has been the formation of two great parties holding widely divergent views. The first party claims that we have distinct evidence in the visible markings on Mars of the work of sentient beings, possibly of even a higher order of intelligence than man. They have built up most plausible theories of vast systems of irrigation and cultivation rendered necessary by the failure of the water-supply—systems to which the irrigation works of Egypt and India are insignificant trifles. The extremists of the party, piloted by some of the more sensational papers, have even gone so far as to imagine giant schemes of communication by signal with the Earth, and to picture the Martian Teslas and Marconis anxiously

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waiting at their instruments for an answering "Hello!" from our irresponsive planet.

For a little while this party held the field almost unchallenged; but of late years a second school of thought has arisen, and has laid most irreverent hands on all these cherished views. They have carried out experiments, from the results of which they contend that the details, on which so large a superstructure of theory has been built, are themselves non-existent, and are merely due to effects of contrast, fatigue of the eye, defects in focus, or some such mundane cause.

The views of this school have been ably expressed by the Rev. Edmund Ledger, who, after an exhaustive review[1] of the evidence, draws the following conclusion:

> It is, I think, probable that the so-called canals (with the exception, perhaps, of a few of the darkest and most prominent seen with telescopic power) may not really exist on Mars, and also that the apparent doubling seen in many of them may be still more delusive.

The tendency seems to be for all who are interested in the subject to join one or other of these rival camps, without considering the possibility that the truth may really lie somewhere between the two extremes. In avoiding the Scylla of credulity it seems that we are in some danger of falling into the Charybdis of scepticism, and there are many strong arguments in favour of more moderate views.

In the first place, it is as well for us to have a clear idea of the scale (so to speak) on which we are working.

Under the most favourable conditions, at his nearest approach, Mars presents to us a disc subtending roughly thirty seconds of arc; while its real diameter, according to Lowell, measures just over 4200 miles.

The apparent diameter of the moon is 31′ 8″ on the average, and its true diameter nearly 2200 miles, or just about half that of Mars.

Their respective distances at these times are roughly 35,000,000 miles and 239,000 miles.

[1] "*Nineteenth Century and After.*" May 1908.

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Assuming, therefore, that we study Mars with a power of 500 diameters—a power which can only be employed under very favourable conditions of atmosphere—the disc under these conditions would appear roughly seven times as large as that of the moon to the naked eye; but the details on his surface would only appear as large, but not nearly so distinct, as those on the moon when studied with an opera-glass magnifying 8½ diameters. Now try the experiment on the moon with such an opera-glass, and, having done so, endeavour to conceive what our knowledge of the lunar surface would be under these circumstances. If 8½ diameters were the maximum power we could employ on the moon, we should certainly be able to tell that the surface was rugged and uneven; but any pronouncement as to the existence of life (as we know it), air, or water upon it would be the height of folly under such conditions. Yet, on equally flimsy evidence, mountains of theory have been built up as to human intelligence and artificial works on Mars. We must also bear in mind that the most favourable conditions with Mars only occur for a very short time once in fifteen years. Once in two years, for a short time, less favourable conditions occur, but in these the maximum apparent diameter of Mars varies from the 30″ quoted above down to half that amount.

I should like here to say a few words on the size of telescope which can be usefully employed on Mars. It is an apparent paradox that the largest telescopes in the world have failed to detect some of the more delicate details on Mars at a time when they could readily be seen in instruments of more modest dimensions. At first sight the obvious explanation would seem to be that the detail is non-existent, and due to some illusion. But there is another aspect to the question. Mars is an object which, to use a telescopic phrase, "stands high powers well." But in studying it, or any other celestial object, a certain ratio between "power" and "light" is necessary. Now, with any telescope we can obtain practically any magnifying power we like by the employment of

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different eye-pieces; but the "light-gathering power" remains unchanged, as it depends entirely on the aperture of the telescope; and the image gets fainter with every increase of magnifying power. In my experience with a 12½-inch reflector, I have found that a power of 450 gives the best results as regards brightness of image with Mars. With a lower power the image is too bright, and with a higher power too faint, for the delicate details to be seen at their best.

Comparing my 12½-inch with the great Lick 36-inch refractor, the "light-gathering power" of the latter is approximately nine times as great; therefore, to obtain equally bright images with the two telescopes, we must employ a power of 450 on the 12½-inch, and a power three times as great, viz., 1350, on the 36-inch. At this point another factor comes in. All riflemen are well acquainted with what is called in Bisley parlance "mirage"—*i.e.*, unsteadiness of the image of the target, due to heated air-waves rising from the ground. These air-waves are present in our atmosphere in a greater or less degree, even on the finest nights. In using a power of 450, not only is the image of the planet magnified 450 times, but every tremor of the air is magnified to the same extent. Even on a perfect night, 600 or 800 is about the highest power which can be used effectively on Mars, owing to the presence of these air-waves. But with the Lick 36-inch, even this high power would be too low to reduce the glare sufficiently to enable the delicate detail to be seen well. The image, in consequence, would probably be inferior, as regards detection of delicate detail, to that obtained with the smaller aperture and lower power.

The next point to consider is the character of the markings which have been seen on Mars. These may be roughly divided into: Obvious details which can be seen with low telescopic power; and delicate details which require high powers and fine air.

The obvious details are: (1) The polar cap; (2) The brighter areas or "continents"; (3) The darker areas; the

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"maria" or "seas." The more delicate details are: (4) The so-called "canals" and "lakes."

Of the obvious details there can be no doubt. They have been recognised by all observers of Mars from the earliest days, and both parties are agreed as to their reality. The rigid division of the planet into light and dark areas has always seemed to me to be a mistake, which has given rise to many false impressions. I shall return to this point later on.

En passant, I may mention that certain variations appear to take place in the "maria," dependent on the Martian seasons. These variations synchronise with the increase and diminution of the polar caps. They appear to be connected phenomena, but it is hard to say whether it is a case of *post hoc* or *propter hoc*.

For many years what I have called the "obvious detail" was all that was recognised on Mars. In 1877, however, Schiaparelli discovered several delicate lines and streaks crossing the continental regions. He recovered these two years later, and added to their number at every subsequent opposition, until the whole planet was covered with a regular network. On referring back, some of the larger ones were found to be indicated in earlier drawings by Herschel, Dawes, Secchi, and others.

The announcement of their discovery was received with frank incredulity at first, especially in England; but they were seen later by numerous observers. The evidence in their favour grew stronger every year, and was, until quite lately, held to be overwhelming.

Schiaparelli, when he discovered them, christened them "canali," or channels. This has been anglicised into "canals," a rather unfortunate description, which has given rise to many false impressions as to their size and breadth. They were at first thought to be confined to the "continents," but in the last decade Lowell, Douglass, Cerulli, and others have traced them across the "maria" as well.

The descriptions of the perfect straightness and extreme

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narrowness of these lines gave the first suggestion of their artificial character, and Lowell in 1892[1] elaborated a theory which attributes these lines to vegetation, springing up along a colossal network of irrigation channels. His arguments are plausible and carefully worked out, but their value is greatly diminished by his evident bias in favour of life on Mars.

The same suspicious geometrical arrangement set others thinking whether there might not be some simpler explanation of the canals; while the doubling of several of them was so inexplicable a feature that many thoughtful men refused to admit its actual reality. Green, and later Maunder and Kempthorne, suggested that some at least of the canals might not be lines at all, but merely the edges of slightly shaded areas.

In 1896 Antoniadi,[2] De Boë,[3] and Moreux[4] brought forward the theory that the gemination of the canals was caused by slight errors of focus, and reproduced most of the phenomena of double canals with experimental discs. Stanley Williams,[5] however, showed that this explanation was by no means final; and the theory was later abandoned by Antoniadi.[6]

In 1902 very suggestive experiments were carried out by Lane,[7] Maunder,[8] and others. In these a sketch of Mars was made on a large disc, showing the main outlines of the "maria," but no canals. These discs were placed some distance away, and copied by boys who had no knowledge of what they were expected to see, and no previous idea of canals. On nearly all these drawings canals were shown, generally almost identical in position with those drawn on the charts of

[1] Percival Lowell, "Mars." 1894.
[2] *Journal B.A.A.*, vol. viii. 176. *Memoirs B.A.A.*, vol. vi. 102.
[3] Flammarion, "La Planète Mars," 588.
[4] *Journal B.A.A.*, vol. viii. 240.
[5] *Journal B.A.A.*, vol. xi. 113.
[6] *Memoirs B.A.A.*, vol. ix. 106.
[7] *Knowledge*, Dec. 1902.
[8] *Monthly Notices R.A.S.*, lxiii. 488.

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Schiaparelli and Lowell. Hitherto the strongest argument in favour of the canals had been the general agreement of the drawings of independent observers, yet in these experiments there was the same unanimity among all the sketchers in the position of details which were non-existent on the copy.

Antoniadi, later still, has by experiments with artificial discs reproduced a great many of the well-known phenomena on Mars, and believes them to be due to contrast, accentuated by fatigue of the eye, strained with long gazing.

From this recapitulation it is evident that a very strong case has been made out against the reality of the canals.

Let us now regard the question from the point of view of the observer. As I have already stated, a certain amount of misconception has been introduced by the rigid division of the disc into light and dark areas; the "continents," and the "maria" or "seas." This is to a great extent the fault of the nomenclature. As a matter of fact, there is no definite boundary between the two. On Mars there is every shade from the most brilliant whites down to sombre grey-greens and grey-blues, which appear almost black at times. Every gradation of tone is present, and in hardly any case have we to deal with broad masses of uniform tint. Under perfect definition the "continents" are seen to be shaded, mottled, and variegated to a marvellous extent; and the "maria" are streaked, splashed, and shaded with faint stipplings till all idea of uniform tone is lost. No one who has not seen Mars with an adequate aperture under perfect definition in really good air can have any conception of the "great gulf fixed" between what we should normally regard as first-class definition and what I may call perfect definition. Under the latter conditions the detail visible is bewildering in its complexity, and I think that half an hour's observation would convince even the most sceptical of the objective reality of the majority of the canals.

With perfect definition one great salient fact is impressed upon the observer; and that is, that the nature of the detail in

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the "continents" and "maria" is identical. We have the same vein-like streaks in the "maria" with slightly darker diffuse knots at their intersections, in prolongation of similar streaks in the lighter areas. The only difference is in the tone of the groundwork on which these details are seen. There is no hardness anywhere, but all the detail is extremely soft and delicate.

Nearly all the objections to the canals have been based on their extreme narrowness, straightness and regularity. There is a general impression that all the Martian canals are perfectly straight, narrow to the point of invisibility, and absolutely uniform throughout their length.

I quote Lowell's description of them [1]:

> A network of fine straight dark lines. . . . The lines are as fine as they are straight. As a rule they are of scarcely any perceptible breadth, seeming on the average . . . about thirty miles across. Some are a little broader than this; some a trifle finer, possibly not above fifteen miles across. Speaking generally, the lines are all of comparable width. They are practically nearer one dimension than two.

I cannot protest too strongly against this being regarded as in any way a fair description of the appearance of the canals. As a matter of fact, they are of all sizes; the larger members being practically indistinguishable from the smaller "maria." As in the case of the "maria" and "continents," there is no demarcation-line. The canals range from these large coarse markings by infinitesimal gradations down to the most delicate streaks, practically at the limit of vision.

Schiaparelli, their discoverer, is not nearly so emphatic as Lowell on the line-like appearance of the canals, but appears to regard them as streaks or shades rather than lines.

Denning [2] (1886) writes:

> The most delicate and complex details of the planet appear to my eye under the best conditions as extremely faint linear shades, with evident gradations

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[1] Lowell, "Mars," 131–132.

[2] Flammarion, "La Planète Mars," 389.

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in tone; and irregularities, which produce here and there ruptures and condensations.

Meares,[1] speaking of the aspect of the planet in fine air at Calcutta, says:

I was surprised to find that few of the canals seen appeared as a sharp hard line as usually represented.

Antoniadi[2]

fully corroborates Captain Molesworth's and Mr. Meares' statements on the broadish and diffuse appearance of the linear markings (which is a corollary of their indistinctness); for out of some fifty-five of these streaks seen in 1894 and 1896, only the Laestrygon was found during both oppositions as an exceedingly fine black line.

Phillips[3] (1898) writes:

Such canals as I have certainly seen have been very broad and diffused, reminding one forcibly of Mr. Mee's "amorphous smudges."

Both in 1896 and 1898, in the reports on my own observations, I specially mentioned the streaky appearance of the canals. Perhaps I may be permitted to quote from my report for 1900–1[4]:

What has struck me most during this apparition is that almost all the canals appear as *streaks*, and not as *lines*. This "streaky" aspect cannot be ascribed to the imperfect seeing of a narrow black line. Curiously enough, I have found their appearance more "streaky" with the 19½-inch than I did with the 9¼-inch. This cannot be explained by any defect in the larger instrument, which defines most exquisitely; while the clock driving and the stability of the mounting give it an enormous advantage over the altazimuth stand of the smaller telescope. Some few canals, very few, are straight and line-like; but the great majority are diffuse with all powers, even when seen under perfect definition in the most favourable circumstances. . . . After careful consideration, I am inclined to believe with Signor Cerulli, that the canals are not true continuous lines at all. I think that an increase of power (if attainable) would show many of them as chains of discontinuous irregular markings; giving the idea of straight hard lines by their combined impression. . . . Under the best conditions I have seen not only this canal ("*Eumenides*"), but others of the larger canals . . . . very "spotty," as if consisting of a chain of lakes. "Chaos" this year was

[1] *Memoirs B.A.A.*, vi. 63.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.* ix. 68.
[4] *Ibid.* xi. 89.

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repeatedly seen almost disconnected in this way. "Agathodæmon" in 1896 was another example.

To my eye the canals are far more like streaks made with a crayon or stump on rough paper than hard ink lines ruled with a pen.

It is evident, therefore, that to many eyes the canals are by no means so regular and hard as they are generally represented to be.

Let us now return to the experiments of Lane and Maunder with artificial discs. It has been generally assumed from these experiments that, under certain conditions, "canals" will be drawn in positions where there is absolutely nothing to suggest them on the copy. This is the case with Lane's experiments, in which the "canals" drawn were due either to a kind of contrast effect, or to the suggestion given by the mere shape of what may be termed the "coast lines" of Mars.[1] In Maunder's experiments, on the other hand, wherever a "canal" was drawn there was in every instance *something* on the copy to predispose the eye to see a "canal" there. Maunder is most emphatic on this point:

> In no single case, out of considerably more than 200 drawings, did we find a "canal" drawn which seemed to owe its origin entirely to the shape of the neighbouring "oceans" or dark markings. Whenever the bright regions, the "continents," in the diagram were left absolutely free from detail of any kind, then the copyists all, without exception, left it free also. We had not a single instance which could be taken as confirming Mr. Lane's result—at least in the form in which he has expressed it. . . . If Mr. Lane's effects were never secured with an entirely blank "continent," it was astonishing to see how effectively three or four dots, absolutely invisible at the distances occupied, would suffice to make those effects plain. Nor was it at all necessary that the dots should be put in a straight line where the canal ought to run. They might wander from it a good deal on either side, if only the mean line between them ran in the right direction.[2]

In other words, the detail is there, but the eye of the observer cannot appreciate it, and consequently translates it in an erroneous form.

[1] *Knowledge*, November 1902, p. 250.

[2] *Ibid.* November 1903, pp. 249–250.

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I believe that this is the real explanation of the "canal" system. It is the integration of markings far too small to be separately defined.

In the paper in *Knowledge*, already cited, Maunder also writes:

The general distribution of the true markings on the planet must approximate to that shown on the charts of Schiaparelli and Lowell, and the details, if not straight lines in their ultimate conceivable resolution, are at least straight lines to the eye. [1]

In Antoniadi's experiments the principal phenomena he ascribes to contrast are:

(1) The "canals" in the dark areas.

(2) The darker edgings to the "maria."

(3) The brighter edgings to the "continents."

(4) The interior lighter streaks in the "maria," and the doubling of the "canals" and "lakes."

In the discussion on the reality of the "canals," observations of Mercury, Venus, and the satellites of Jupiter have been adduced to show that illusory canal-like markings have been seen on them as well as on Mars. Acting on this precedent, I propose to put the planet Jupiter, the largest and most important member of our planetary family, into the witness-box to give evidence on this question of contrast.

On Jupiter we have very similar phenomena, but none of the disciples of the optical theory have ever, to my knowledge, claimed them as illusions. We can parallel the supposed contrast phenomena on Mars, which I have already detailed, by the following analogous phenomena on Jupiter:

(1) The oblique darker streaks in the dark belts.

(2) The dark spots along the edges of the equatorial belts.

(3) The brilliant white spots in the edges of the equatorial zone.

(4) The white rifts in the equatorial belts, and the fainter double belts.

All these phenomena on Jupiter are unquestionably real.

[1] *Knowledge*, November 1909, p. 250.

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Their motions have been observed, and their rotation periods calculated; and they are even shown on some of the very imperfect photographs which have been made of the planet.

In this case we have an image sufficiently large for the eye to appreciate the irregularities of the delicate details, while with Mars the image is so small that only a general impression is caught by the eye, which naturally interprets this impression in its simplest form.

Are we, however, justified in claiming that certain appearances on one planet are purely illusory, when we have almost identical phenomena on another and larger planet which are demonstrably real?

I do not mean to argue that illusion plays no part whatever in what we see, or think we see, on Mars; but I am certain that many of the phenomena which are often ascribed to illusion or contrast have a real existence.

M. Antoniadi claims that all these contrast phenomena are produced by a tired eye, overstrained by long gazing. If we are to press this theory to its logical conclusion, we should have, in the case of Mars, a planet bereft of all *nuances* of light and shade; both "maria" and "continents" being broad masses of uniform tone, unrelieved by any shading or detail. First impressions would be more reliable than those based on continuous study; and no prolonged gazing could be indulged in, as it would tend to strain the eye and produce illusion.

The doubling of the "canals" is certainly difficult to explain. We cannot, however, shirk the responsibility by assuming that it is impossible, simply because we cannot explain it.

Most observers of Mars have recognised that the "maria," especially the narrower and straighter ones, are liable to the formation of central whiter streaks, and they are a most striking feature in all the charts of Mars. Maunder, in 1892, recognised the strong analogy between these streaks in the "maria" and the doubling of the "canals"[1]:

> It cannot escape notice how similar the appearance, say, of the "Mare

[1] *Memoirs B.A.A.*, ii. 197.

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Sirenum," or of the "Sinus Sabæus," when bisected by these islands, is to that of the double "Ganges" or "Cyclops." Can there be any reasonable doubt that the two phenomena are really of the same order?

Any explanation which will satisfactorily account for the one should also account for the other; just as, on the moon, any explanation of the larger ring plains and circular "maria," should also account for the smaller rings.

All those who have seen the double canals agree that the geminations are only seen under the finest conditions of definition. Undoubtedly a double image can be produced by variations of focus or unsteady definition. But these false doublings are always accompanied by a general indistinctness of outline and blurring of detail; and, to the experienced observer, the deception is so patent that it ceases to be a deception at all.

Another weak point in the optical explanation of the double canals is this: If the "canals" themselves are optical delusions, how is it possible by any error of focus, strain of the eye, or effect of contrast to obtain a double image of a line which is non-existent?

The hard narrow "spider's web" form in which the detail on Mars appears in the drawings of some observers is probably simply due to "personal equation" in the observer himself. Any one who has examined a collection of astronomical drawings by different hands cannot fail to be struck with the different methods in which the same details are rendered by different observers. One will represent a feature by a combination of hard black lines and circular spots, while a second shows the same feature with faint diffuse streaks and irregular masses of shade. From the delicacy of its markings, Mars, almost more than any other celestial object, is peculiarly liable to these variations in interpretation or misrepresentations of detail.

If we once admit that these hard, straight, uniform lines are not a fair representation of the soft and delicate detail on Mars, it seems to me that many of the objections to the reality of these markings fall to the ground.

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What, then, is the meaning of the minor detail? Is it real or is it an illusion? Is it a gigantic system of expansion cracks on an enormous scale; or is it merely a deception, due in some way to the instrument or the eye of the observer?

The best answer is, I think, contained in an extract from a recent letter of Mr. Maunder. Referring to his experiments with drawings of Mars, he writes:

> If on the "continents" (or in the seas for that matter) a few minute markings are introduced, much too minute to be seen individually, these will be inevitably translated into "canals" by nearly every observer. It is simply a matter of experiment to make the sketchers bring up any particular "canal," or any particular combination of them.

This translation by the observer of markings, too small to be seen individually, into canal-like lines is, in my opinion, the key to most of these mysterious phenomena on Mars. It is a rational explanation which fits in with the facts, and satisfies both observation and experiment. The detail is there, but is so minute that the eye cannot appreciate it truly, and often interprets it into hard linear forms which are unfair representations of its true nature.

If we accept this explanation, we may sum up generally the present state of our knowledge of Mars as follows:

(1) The markings on the surface of the planet are more or less permanent, but subject to minor changes.

(2) Their intensity probably depends in some way on the Martian seasons.

(3) The structure of the delicate detail is the same all over the planet, both in the light and dark areas, the only difference being in the varying tone of the "background."

(4) This detail is "the integration of markings far too small to be separately defined."

(5) The evidence at present available is insufficient to enable us to form any valid conclusions as to the condition or habitability of the surface of Mars.

Even with our limited knowledge of Mars, we can see enough to show us that we are dealing with a world absolutely

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different from our own. Admitting the same primary composition of the two, they must have passed through very dissimilar experiences and must have developed on very different lines. Supposing, for the sake of argument, Mars to be inhabited, its organisms must be absolutely different to ours, with different existences and different needs. Its primal forms of life must have been of a distinct type from any on the earth, and must since have been perfected by methods of evolution of which we can form no conception.

P. B. Molesworth.

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THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AS DEBT-COLLECTOR

MR. HERBERT SPENCER laid down the principle that "It is in the very nature of things that an agency employed for two purposes must fulfil both imperfectly; partly because while fulfilling the one it cannot be fulfilling the other, and partly because its adaptation to both ends implies incomplete fitness to either." Macaulay said much the same thing, adding a superabundance of illustrations drawn from railway companies, banks, clubs, and joint stock companies of various kinds, in pointing out the desirability of States confining their machinery to the ends of civil government and not also undertaking spiritual duties. We have enlarged our conception of the State considerably since Macaulay's day, and it becomes more difficult than ever to draw a hard and fast line around the province of government. But Herbert Spencer's principle—that is, the principle of division of labour—is none the less a sound one. He used it as an argument against thrusting upon the State paternal duties for which that political organisation was not fitted. It may be applied specifically and *a fortiori* to the Post Office. That Department was instituted primarily for the conveyance and delivery of letters, and as far as the developments of the postal service follow the lines of the original design it has worked with fair success. In the course of two centuries and a half, during which the Post Office has enjoyed its letter

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carrying monopoly, its machinery has become adapted to its work, which it is able to perform on the whole to the moderate satisfaction of its clients. Yet, much as our single successful example of State Socialism is vaunted, the Post Office by no means discharges all its duties well. It has been slow to adopt improvements and to increase the facilities which the public required. Each important postal reform, which the progress of the times has called for, has required much discussion, pressure and agitation before the Postmaster-General of the day would take it up. Even the letter-carrying business is not conducted as well as it might be were the spur of competition applied. Mr. Henniker Heaton has shown that the Post Office to this day persistently overcharges the public for the services it discharges, and that it maintains anomalies and stupidities worthy only of the wise men of Gotham. Not many years since he wrote, "This very Department, that trifles with hundreds of thousands of pounds, refuses to allow a local postmaster in my constituency to expend 1*s.* 6*d.* in mending a lock of a door, but insists on despatching an officer from the Board of Works to the scene at a cost of £3 10*s.*" The red-tape methods of St. Martin's le Grand are still incurring unnecessary expenditure of this kind.

Let us, however, give all credit to the Post Office for the degree of efficiency and despatch with which it does its letter-carrying.

Outside this special business of letter-carrying many supplementary services, more or less foreign to its end and design, have been thrust upon the Post Office. These it cannot, by any straining of language, be said to do well. What with parcels, telegraphs, telephones, money orders, banking, insurance, annuities, and other business, the Department has become a veritable "Jack of all trades and master of none." It is overwhelmed with supererogatory work, which it performs inefficiently and indifferently.

As an illustration of its muddling, take the telegraphs. After thirty-four years of monopoly and steady growth of the

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business, the Post Office has not yet succeeded in making the telegraphs pay. Last year there was the enormous "net" deficit on their working of £983,681, in the previous year £601,711, and in 1901 £651,881. It is sometimes urged, by way of apology for this loss, that it is a result of the initial blunder of paying too heavy a capital sum for the telegraph lines which were purchased. But the above deficits, though described as "net," do not include interest on capital. If this be added, last year the loss was £1,282,541, in 1902 £892,365, and in 1901 nearly a million. Foreign and submarine telegraph companies manage to conduct their business at a profit, and yet offer facilities to the public which compare favourably with those provided by the British Government. The inland telegraph service is by no means efficiently worked. None knows this better than the journalist who has to deal with telegraphic "flimsy" of the speeches of our leading statesmen. When there is much political oratory in progress, the trouble and inconvenience occasioned by the slovenly work of inefficient and ill-paid Post Office operators give rise to much profanity in newspaper offices, for which the Postmaster-General will one day assuredly be called to account. The telephone system, again, under Post Office meddling has become a terrible muddle. Not until a private company had made some progress in establishing telephones did the Postmaster-General take any notice of this modern invention. But when private enterprise had succeeded in instituting telephonic exchanges on business lines the Postmaster-General interfered and claimed the telephone as a Post Office monopoly. Although a *modus vivendi* on a royalty basis was subsequently arrived at, the National Telephone Company has had to contend against Post Office obstruction ever since, in consequence of which the telephone is not used in this country to anything like the extent that it is abroad, and its facilities cannot be provided at so low a cost. At present the Post Office is in the position of not being able to make up its mind whether to buy out the company's interest or not. And now, too, it is adopting the

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same dog-in-the-manger attitude towards wireless telegraphy, which, by the Act passed last session, has been placed under the Postmaster-General's embargo. The establishment of any wireless telegraphy station or installation is forbidden, even for experimental purposes, except under licence from the Postal authorities.

The Post Office Savings Bank, again, is another extraneous branch of activity of the letter-carrying department. It has been successful in attracting the savings of the humbler classes, but it does not give facilities equal to those of the Trustee Savings Banks, or even the Penny Banks, which are private enterprises. And yet the Post Office Savings Bank has shown a deficit for several years; last year's amounted to £107,403. Post Office Assurance and Annuities, still more foreign branches of business into which the Department has adventured, have been dismal failures. The Post Office cannot offer anything like the advantages of ordinary or industrial insurance companies, while the amount of business it transacts is insignificant compared with that of the larger offices, and is decreasing yearly. Only 722 life insurances," says the Postmaster-General's Forty-ninth Report, "were taken out in 1902, the sum insured being £34,646. The corresponding figures for 1901 were 920 and £44,296." Last year there was another decrease; the insurances numbered but 592, for sums amounting to only £31,413. These are about equal to the figures of one of the smaller private offices.

The latest addition which the Postmaster-General has been asked to make to the multifarious and heterogeneous services which he, with variable success, performs for the British public, is that of small debt collector for tradesmen who supply goods by Parcel Post. What is called the "Cash on Delivery" or "value payable" system of "shopping by post" has received the qualified approval of Lord Stanley, and only the absence of any clear public demand for it, and the opposition of small shopkeepers, deter him from giving it experimental trial. In his Fiftieth Report the Postmaster-General states that

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deputations have waited upon him or his predecessor from both advocates and opponents of the "C.O.D." system. As the system is in operation in India and some other countries however, he is "by no means satisfied that the apprehensions expressed by retail traders in this country afford sufficient cause for withholding a convenience from the community at large." This is not a definite promise to introduce the system, but an intimation that he is willing to do so if the "community at large" demand it. But this demand the community at large has neither made nor shown any inclination to make. Certain advertising associations and large "universal providing" firms which lay themselves out for Parcel Post business have petitioned for it, a few chambers of commerce have, without consideration, passed perfunctory resolutions in its favour at the request of interested parties, and two or three newspapers of Socialistic proclivities have vainly endeavoured to work up agitations for it. But the general public is unresponsive, and has given no signs of any wide-spread desire to see the Post Office turned into a small debt-collecting agency.

On the other side, the Grocers' Federation sent a deputation to the Postmaster-General to ask him to hold his hand, and many retail traders' associations in provincial towns have petitioned against the scheme. It is significant that Mr. Henniker Heaton, the stalwart Post Office reformer, although at one time favourable to the "C.O.D." system, has dropped his advocacy of it, because he found his constituents strongly opposed to it.

In one of his deliverances on the subject (*Nineteenth Century* for December 1903) Mr. Henniker Heaton admitted that the present proposal had received the "determined and not altogether unreasonable opposition of an important section of the commercial population." The principal objections of country tradesmen to the scheme are that it would "enable trade to be done from Paris, Berlin, and London over the heads of the ordinary traders of our provincial cities and towns," and that it would open a wider door to fraudulent advertising. Small

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provincial shopkeepers very naturally view with alarm an official contrivance which would take trade out of their hands, by giving special facilities to the large advertising firms of London and the great towns to supply the small tradesmen's own local customers direct. Their fears on this head are not wholly imaginary. Already the supply of goods per Parcel Post by large firms in London and Paris has become a great business, from which many small tradesmen in provincial towns have suffered very seriously, even to the extent of being driven by it into the Bankruptcy Court. The bitter cry of poor shopkeepers, ruined by these advertising firms, is heard throughout the land. The practical utility of the Parcel Post to the many may be held to vindicate it against objections urged on the ground of the harm it has so far done to the comparatively few. But such a plea can scarce be advanced for making the Post Office debt-collector-in-chief for the traders whom it has helped to thrive at the cost of their brother tradesmen. It is hardly the place of a public department thus to act as agent of one class to the detriment of another.

The advertising of goods supplied by post has also undoubtedly led, as the retail traders assert, to the spread of a certain class of fraud for which the "C.O.D." system would offer increased facilities. The artful advertising of flashy but trumpery goods for sale by post—goods of the "cheap and nasty" order—has developed in late years to an enormous extent, to the prejudice both of the credulous customer and the honest trader. The "C.O.D." system would lead to the unsuspecting public being further beguiled by advertising sharpers. Why should the Post Office be made both the dumping and debt-collecting agency of this fraternity? If it is not the duty of the department to protect the public against fraudulent advertisers, still less is it the duty of the department to assist these in carrying on their nefarious business, by freeing them from the risk of bad debts, as it would do in insisting upon cash on delivery when their wares are taken by the postman to their customers' doors. And a public department

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cannot discriminate or become a respecter of persons. As with the Parcel Post, so with the Value Payable Post: once it is instituted, the Post Office must be debt-collector for the evil and the good, financial agent for the fraudulent and the honest.

But there are other objections to the proposal besides those based on the economic ruin it would help to bring upon a large and deserving class of the community. It is questionable whether to impose upon the Post Office the task of collecting the invoice value of goods supplied by post will confer any advantage on the public commensurate with the general inconvenience it may cause. Mr. Henniker Heaton, before his constituents induced him to give up the scheme, seemed to think its smooth working a very simple and easy matter. He wrote: "On a book or other article being ordered, say by post-card, the purchase is brought to the writer's door by the letter-carrier, who receives the price, which is remitted by the department to the sender." On paper, truly, the process is "as easy as winking." But has the hon. member for Canterbury ever had any experience of collecting tradesmen's debts? If he had, he would probably not have written so airily of this new service which it is proposed to require from the letter-carrier. How many of the purchasers will be ready to pay for their parcels at once, without examining the goods? Not a very considerable proportion, probably. How long will the letter-carrier be permitted to wait on the door-step for payment, meantime keeping others waiting for their letters and parcels? What will happen when payment is refused? What, when the letter-carrier finds the lady of the house "not at home," and is asked to leave the parcel and call again for payment? What, if the parcel is opened and he is told that the goods are not according to order? What, when the purchaser says the price charged is not that agreed upon, and insists upon making a reduction from the bill? These are but common every-day incidents in the experience of tradesmen. But, of course, they are all "in the day's work" of their assistants, and they adapt

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themselves accordingly. But with the postman it would be otherwise, and there would be complications. The frequent delays occasioned by these hitches, and the confusion and friction caused by the local post offices having parcels left on their hands because the consignees reject them or refuse to pay, may be "better imagined than described." The probability is that the public would lose more by the disturbance of its postal business and the delay in delivery of its correspondence than it would gain in the increased facility for shopping by post.

Under existing circumstances postal delays are the occasion of much loss and inconvenience to business men. What will they be with the added difficulties this system would introduce into the delivery organisation? Every Christmas-time at present, without money to collect, but merely with extra packages to deliver, the Post Office arrangements literally "go to pieces." It often takes two or three days then to convey a letter from one London postal division to another, and a parcel has been known to occupy a week in working its way through the glut at St. Martin's-le-Grand from a south to a north London suburb. The Post Office does fairly well at ordinary times, but it cannot bear the strain of unusual pressure, and the service collapses under it. What, then, may we expect, at times when there is an extra influx of business, if, in addition to delivery of many parcels, the overburdened letter-carriers have to collect the bills for them? The "C.O.D." system would, to use a simile of Mr. John Morley's, be like thrusting an iron rod into a complicated piece of machinery in motion. The various railway companies, common carriers, and parcels delivery agencies are generally enterprising and alive to their opportunities. Under the healthy stimulus of competition, which the Post Office lacks, they have in some respects given the public better facilities than the Post Office. For instance, they carry parcels for certain distances at lower rates than the Post Office, and they will collect parcels from the senders, which the Post Office does not do. Yet they have

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never attempted any cash on delivery service on their own account, knowing well the risks and difficulties that would attend the business. They find it trouble enough to have to collect their own charges for carriage of parcels not prepaid, let alone acting as the supplier's agents for the collection of the value of his goods. The Postmaster-General may be quite sure that were the "Cash on delivery" plan considered practicable by business men in this country, some of these enterprising companies would have tried it before this. For what they doubtless consider very good reasons some of the common carriers decline to act as debt-collectors for their clients.

The employees of the Post Office have been for years in a state of revolt, and at the present time there is active discontent among several branches, owing to their unredressed grievances and illiberal treatment. The work is hard and ill-paid, and even the moderate recommendations towards improvement recently made by the Bradford Committee have been rejected by the Postmaster-General. Not very long since the secretary of a postman's union described the Ministerial head of their department as a "taskmaster worse than the vilest East End sweater." Making allowance for the exaggeration of language to which trade union officials are prone, this expression of opinion discloses a spirit of mutiny which is the measure of the failure of the Postmaster-General as an employer of labour.

The position of the letter-carriers is a particularly hard one. They are only paid the wages of unskilled labour, and yet their responsibility in regard to the valuable property often entrusted to their care is heavy. So is their work physically. Since the delivery of parcels has been added to the labours of the letter-carriers, and the weight carried at letter rates has been increased, it has been no uncommon thing to see the unfortunate postman staggering under burdens grievous to be borne. He needs now to be something more than a "light porter." And yet to the labours this under-paid and over-worked class discharge, it is now proposed to add that of collection of small debts, for which surely they are scarcely qualified. Their "rounds" will then be

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indefinitely prolonged, for at many doors they will have to wait long for payment for the parcels they deliver.

To make a State department a debt-collecting agency for private traders would impose upon it a *rôle* going beyond all theories of the manifold functions which may properly be performed by that institution. Even Socialists draw the line at debt-collecting: they would have the State ignore private contracts altogether. Surely we have not yet obtained all the postal reforms the utility of which is evident, that we need overburden the service with a task the utility of which is doubtful. This might, at least, stand over until the more urgent and useful measures in Mr. Henniker Heaton's programme have been achieved. When, for instance is the Postmaster-General going to remove the anomalies in the conveyance of printed matter? When is the absurd distinction between "news" papers and periodicals which are not newspapers to be abolished? Under that distinction a registered newspaper is carried for a halfpenny, even if it weighs over a pound, as the "special" numbers of certain journals do; whereas other periodicals, of a higher character from an educational point of view, but which cannot be registered as newspapers, are charged a penny for every 4 oz. and their postage would be over 4*d.* if weighing a pound. Other countries have abolished this anomaly, here it is still retained, and both publishers of periodicals and the reading public are placed at a disadvantage by it. And when is the Post Office going to reduce its systematic overcharges for letters? Sir Rowland Hill estimated the cost of carrying letters in his day at one thirty-sixth of a penny each. If we put the average cost of conveyance, in view of the increased weight of letter packages, at one-sixth of a penny per packet, it shows an excessive over-charge in current postal rates. The Post Office was not intended to be a revenue-earning department. But by reason of its present high charges, it is able, after defraying the heavy and unaccountable loss on the telegraphs, to show a profit of between three and four millions per annum. It might

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easily reduce the letter rate to one halfpenny the ounce, and would probably soon recoup any shrinkage in its profits so caused. The vogue of the pictorial post-card, which travels for a halfpenny, has largely increased the revenue of the Post Office, the amount derived from the postage of cards and halfpenny packets, other than newspapers, last year, being nearly three millions. Further, there are many glaring shortcomings and misdoings in the working of the Department, which Mr. Henniker Heaton has frequently pointed out, still waiting to be remedied. A Royal Commission on the laches and blunders of Post Office administration would probably result in disclosures of inefficiency as discreditable as those which the Royal Commission on the Boer War revealed in the conduct of that much mismanaged military enterprise. When more urgent and useful postal reforms, which need not here be particularised, are carried out, and the service generally is raised to a higher level of efficiency, it will be time to consider seriously the propriety of making the Post Office a debt-collecting agency for traders who deliver their goods by post. Meantime the case for the "C.O.D." is "not proven."

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SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS

II. ST. MARK—(*continued*)

THE examination of the traditional accounts of the origin of St. Mark's Gospel, which we made in the last article, yielded a very clear and simple result. The separate items of the evidence proved to be fragmentary, but always resting on a basis of truth. No one of the Fathers was possessed of the whole story, but each has handed down to us that portion of it which he had received, and out of these separate portions the whole story can be reconstructed. Taken one by one, the fragments seem contradictory. Sometimes they have been made more so, because two separate portions of the whole story have come to the knowledge of one of the Fathers, and have been by him combined into a single statement which in that form is inaccurate. Only when we get the whole mass of evidence together and sort it out afresh into its component atoms, does it become clear that there is a possible solution which violates no probability, and at the same time allows its full weight and force to each one of the many statements which have come down to us. The resulting story has a certain probability of its own, for it is unlikely that traditions at first sight so discordant could be combined into a single plausible narrative of this kind, which itself should not more or less closely conform to the truth. But still it remains a

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conjecture only, even if a plausible one, unless on further examination it proves to fit in with other facts, and to throw a new light on existing difficulties. Our next task, therefore, is to test the story we have so far arrived at, and which we adopt for the present as a working hypothesis only. There are several tests which are open to us, and from among them we choose the three which seem to be most important and to give the best hopes of an effective result. We can test it, first, by the internal evidence of the texts of the three Synoptic Gospels, in their relations one with another; secondly, by the text of St. Mark's Gospel alone, seeing how far it seems probable that it should have sprung from such an origin; and thirdly, by contemporary and subsequent literature, if we can find anything in it that bears upon the point.

But, before we go on to make this inquiry, we may well pause a moment to notice the singular coincidence, if it be a coincidence, that the instruction given by St. Peter to Cornelius, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (x. 34–43), is, as has been often noticed by commentators, a kind of *précis* of St. Mark's Gospel. It is quite possible, if our hypothesis is well founded in fact, that St. Luke when he wrote this passage had St. Mark's Gospel in its early form before him, and knew it to be the record of St. Peter's preaching and to have been given to Cornelius. In that case the coincidence is very simply explained.

In a comparison of the texts of what we may call the Marcan portions of the Synoptic Gospels there is one phenomenon which at once forces itself upon our notice. It is that St. Luke is much shorter than either St. Matthew or St. Mark, and that this brevity results not from a more compendious way of relating the same matter, but from the fact that many sections of the narrative, as given by the other two Evangelists, are entirely absent from the pages of St. Luke.

This is an important point, and it is one which has not received at all adequate consideration hitherto. For it is not merely small scraps of discourse or of narrative which are

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omitted, but, in one case, a consecutive portion extending over nearly two chapters (Mark vi. 45–viii. 26 = Matthew xiv. 22–xvi. 11). The passages omitted in this section are by no means unimportant, but include our Lord walking on the sea, the healing of the Syro-Phœnician's daughter, and the feeding of the four thousand, besides a great deal of detailed teaching on the attitude to be preserved by our Lord's disciples towards such questions as ceremonial defilement and the special doctrines of the Pharisees. It is hardly conceivable that St. Luke should have deliberately declined to include all this important matter in his Gospel if he found it in that one of his sources which he treats throughout with the greatest respect, and which, indeed, provides the backbone of his narrative. It is still more difficult to believe that he would have omitted it if it came to him, as we must suppose it did, on direct Apostolic authority, as the preaching of Peter written down, practically from his lips, by the hand of St. Mark. There is a real difficulty here, and one which, as we have already said, has not hitherto been adequately considered.

But all difficulty disappears at once if we may accept the ideas arrived at in the last article as to the history of St. Mark's Gospel. If the authority on which St. Luke relies is the Cæsarean or original edition of St. Mark, while that which is incorporated in St. Matthew is the second or Alexandrian edition, these omissions are clearly seen not to be omissions at all, but to be due to the fact that the two editions were not identical, but differed one from the other. St. Luke has not got these portions of the story, not because he deliberately rejected them as not being of any value or interest for those for whom he was writing, but because they were not in his edition of St. Mark, but were added in the later edition. They formed no part of St. Peter's preaching at Cæsarea, but were added by St. Mark to that preaching at a later date, and derived by him from some other authority.

Here there comes in a fresh point to be considered. On a

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closer examination of the matter contained in the various sections we are now supposing to have been added to the original account of St. Peter's preaching, it appears not altogether to consist of new matter, but to be a parallel, if not a repetition in a somewhat widely differing version, of much that has already been told in the earlier portion of the narrative. How much is identical and how much is new it is not very easy to say, but a careful comparison of Mark vii. 32–37, viii. 1–22, with vi. 32–56, vii. 1–24, will leave on the mind a strong feeling that the incidents recorded are at least partly identical, and this feeling will be strengthened if the parallel passages in St. Matthew are also looked up and studied. There seems at least a *primâ facie* case for supposing that a second account of these events, differing a good deal in detail from the first, but identical with it in the main outlines of the story, has been incorporated in our present Gospel of St. Mark, and placed in a position immediately following the original account. This interpolation, which may quite probably be due to the Evangelist himself, must have been made after the copy used by St. Luke was made, but earlier than the copy which is included in St. Matthew. If so, we have a new light thrown on the practice of St. Luke. That Evangelist is commonly said to object to duplications on principle, and to have cast out of his Gospel much material which was in his hands, in order to avoid all suspicion of duplication. But it seems more likely that St. Luke avoids duplication, sometimes at any rate, not by the exercise of his own critical faculties, but rather by the accidental circumstance that the sources of which he makes use are as yet free from the interpolations which are themselves the real origin of the duplications in question.

We return now to the comparison of the Marcan portions of the three Synoptics. The first peculiarity we have noticed, namely, "St. Luke's omissions," is certainly explained and made more intelligible by our working hypothesis. We have

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to see now how it will be with any other points we may notice. Perhaps the next most prominent phenomenon is the way in which St. Luke's narrative constantly varies from that of St. Mark, sometimes merely verbally, but sometimes also in the order of sentences, without any motive which we can readily assign for the change. Of course St. Matthew also varies, and varies constantly, but here the motive is, as a rule, far more easy to detect. In a great number of instances he is clearly aiming at abbreviation, for St. Mark's style is very redundant and verbose, the style of one who thought in Aramaic while he was writing in Greek, and so the story as told by him lends itself easily to compression and abbreviation without any real loss of sense. Very often too, both in St. Matthew and St. Luke, changes have been made from St. Mark's words for the sake of improving the style: the historic present, for instance, almost always disappears, so that the tense may be more accurately marked, and harsh and provincial expressions are replaced by others which are more polished. In the case of St. Matthew's Gospel we shall find that almost all the changes may be codified under one or the other of these two heads. He abbreviates constantly, so that the famous criticism of St. Augustine[1] on the two Gospels, which is, as it stands, so singularly contrary to the truth, will come very near to the real state of affairs if it is reversed. *Matthæus Marci pedisequus et abbreviator videtur.* 'Matthew merely followed in the footsteps of Mark, and abbreviated his Gospel.' But the changes of St. Luke are much more difficult to account for. He, too, abbreviates a good deal, though much less than St. Matthew does, and he constantly makes changes which seem obviously designed for the improvement of the style. But when we have made all possible deductions for these two classes of alterations, there will remain a great number of minute and seemingly purposeless variations, so constant and so useless that they seem to have been made for no reason except change for its own sake. Such alterations are difficult

[1] "De Consensu Evang." i. 2. 4. 12.

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to reconcile with the hypothesis that St. Luke was writing with a written document before him which he believed to contain the record of St. Peter's preaching, and which, therefore, he would naturally wish to alter as little as possible.

Here, again, a good deal of relief from the difficulty is obtained if we turn back to tradition. St. Clement of Alexandria[1] has recorded that St. Mark after he had written his Gospel gave it to those who had asked him for it. St. Chrysostom again has recorded that he wrote his Gospel in Egypt. If we take both of these statements literally, in connection with the order of events which we are trying to establish, we shall see that not only is there no contradiction involved, but that, on the contrary, a very simple and apparently adequate explanation is provided for the difficulty we have just stated. We have only to suppose that the re-issue in Egypt was an actual re-writing, rendered necessary by the fact that the original copy was no longer in the author's hands, to account for the variations of which we have spoken. Such a re-writing of material which was exceedingly familiar, and indeed practically known by heart, especially if it was also based upon copious rough notes, would no doubt give a result very like that by which we are confronted. The main story would be identical paragraph by paragraph. There would be, no doubt, in some places actual verbal identity of whole sentences and more at a time. But at the same time there would be a constant variation in unimportant matters; constant substitution of synonymous words and expressions; now and then a sentence inverted, or the order of the narrative slightly changed. No doubt there may be other explanations possible, and, indeed, other explanations have been offered. But in none of these have we a solution which is so simple and at the same time so probable, and which fits in so well with the complicated details which have to be explained. There is, too, a merit in this explanation, which the others do not share, that it is not a theory constructed merely with a view to solving particular

[1] Hypotyp. 6.

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difficulties, but that it has been drawn independently of them from the earliest records which have come down to us by tradition.

There is a third point which rises out of the comparative analysis of the Synoptic Gospels, which in some ways is the most difficult and perplexing of all. It is the fact that, whereas in almost every case there is clear evidence that the Gospel of St. Mark underlies and is embodied in those of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and must therefore be earlier in date than either, there is also evidence, hardly less clear than the other, which goes to prove that, in its present form at least, it is later than either, and depends on them rather than they on it. This is the evidence which has seemed to German critics clearly to prove that there must have been an earlier Gospel narrative, an *Ur-markus* as they call it, which underlies our present Gospel of St. Mark, and is in fact one of the sources from which it, as well as the other two Synoptic Gospels, are derived. But it is obvious that such an *Ur-markus*, by itself, will only partly explain the difficulty, or, rather, it explains it only by introducing a fresh and very serious difficulty of its own. For how can it be supposed that such an *Ur-markus*, a document containing evangelic material which was contemporary with the Apostles, if not actually drawn up by the hands of one of them, has been allowed to perish and disappear without leaving the smallest trace of its existence behind in any ecclesiastical document? This difficulty is so real that it has produced a strong disinclination among conservative critics in England to accept any such theory of an earlier lost Gospel, even though the refusal has left them with no answer to give to the other difficulty of which we have just been speaking. Yet that difficulty is a real one, and rests on very definite evidence, so that we have no right to ignore it or to pass on without attempting an answer. The matter, stated quite simply, is as follows. In nine cases out of ten St. Mark's narrative underlies that of St. Matthew and St. Luke. They have abbreviated it, altered it, and added to it, and the treatment which it has

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received at the hands of one differs from that which the other has given it. But still it remains clear that it, and not either of them, is the original, and that it is, of course, to the later writers rather than to the earlier that the changes are due. But in the remaining cases the position is exactly reversed, and they are too clear and too numerous to be merely accidental. In these instances we have St. Matthew coinciding with St. Luke against St. Mark, and, since it is here inadmissible to suppose that either of the two Evangelists in whose work such agreement is found has derived his matter from the other, we are driven back to the solution that each has accurately preserved the wording of the source, and that it is St. Mark who has varied it. But, if that be so, an earlier source in some form becomes a necessity, and that is precisely what conservative critics are eager to avoid.

Most of the instances in which St. Matthew and St. Luke are agreed against St. Mark are negative. That is to say, both St. Matthew and St. Luke omit certain passages which are found in St. Mark. Instances of this kind are not nearly so forcible as those of a positive nature, where both have retained a clause which St. Mark has omitted, but still it is very difficult to imagine such constant agreement with regard to omission to be merely accidental. The passages thus omitted are of considerable length—the healing of the deaf man, the cure of the blind man at Bethsaida, and the parable of the seed growing silently.[1] It is hard to imagine either of the two other Evangelists having these passages before them in the source they were following, and deliberately determining to suppress them. It is much more difficult still to suppose that both of them can have acted thus independently of one another. Again, among other omitted passages are almost every one of those specially fresh, vivid, life-like touches which are the special charm of St. Mark's Gospel, and which record for us so often the mood, the attitude, and the actual expression of the Master as He was doing His works of mercy

[1] St. Mark iv. 26–29; vii. 31–37; viii. 22–26.

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or delivering His discourses to the people. It is easy to account for the absence of these details from either of the other Synoptics by saying that these were not the things which interested the early Church, and that early Christians cared nothing for local colour and vivid portraiture. Even so the explanation seems itself hardly in agreement with all that we know from other sources, and is therefore not entirely satisfactory. But, even if we accept it as an explanation why one Evangelist should not have cared to perpetuate these details, it breaks down hopelessly when we consider that it is not one only but two who have acted thus. It is simply impossible to believe that both St. Matthew and St. Luke, while in the main following their source accurately and carefully, could have arrived independently at such a singular agreement to suppress so many details which gave life and atmosphere to the story they were telling.

The case is the same again if we turn to proper names. St. Mark supplies quite a number of proper names which are not to be found in either St. Matthew or St. Luke. Are we to suppose that these Evangelists had them before them, but did not care to record them? If so, their conduct was in direct opposition to the usual tendency in such matters. No trait is more marked in the Apocryphal Gospels than the desire to supply the names of each of the actors in the story. It is unlikely, therefore, that both the earlier Evangelists should have been actuated by the opposite feeling. One example, among many which might be chosen, must suffice. St. Mark[1] tells us that at the gate of Jericho "the son of Timaeus, Bartimaeus, a blind beggar, was sitting by the wayside." St. Luke in the parallel passage has simply "a certain blind man." If St. Mark is the earlier writer, and St. Luke had his Gospel before him, how are we to account for this deliberate preference for anonymity?

But there are also a few passages of the other type, where a passage which is found both in St. Matthew and St. Luke,

[1] Mark x. 46.

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and which therefore must have been found in the source which they used, is yet missing from St. Mark. A good instance may be found in Mark xiv. 65, where the words "who is he that struck Thee" are not to be found, although they are in both of the parallel narratives of St. Matthew and St. Luke. These words are necessary to the sense, and the "Prophesy unto us, thou Christ," which immediately precedes, is explained by them. Here, then, is a case where the two later Evangelists have preserved the original story more accurately than St. Mark has done; and it is difficult to see how this is possible if St. Mark's Gospel, in its present form, was the only source from which they have acquired their knowledge. Several other instances of the same kind could easily be given.

Now all these points are most easily and naturally cleared up if we adopt the hypothesis of the three editions of St. Mark which we have already put forward. There is no need of any *Ur-markus* and no difficulty in explaining how the earlier documents have come to disappear. They disappeared partly because they were so closely akin to the actual Gospel of St. Mark that they would have seemed nothing but imperfect copies of it, and partly because they were already incorporated in the Gospels of St. Luke and of St. Matthew. There would be no desire to copy a manuscript which contained practically nothing which was not also contained in the larger Gospel.

According to this view the omissions in the two later Gospel of so much Marcan material are not omissions at all. All this extra material; all these vivid touches; all this detailed nomenclature, was not to be found at all in the documents they incorporated. All this was added by St. Mark himself in the final revision of the Gospel at Rome after the death of St. Peter, and the added detail is, as we may well believe, due to St. Peter himself. For St. Mark was, as we know (1 Peter, v. 14), in attendance on St. Peter during the last period of his life, and not impossibly acted once again as his interpreter, as he had done in the old days at Jerusalem. In

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any case, he must during that period have had frequent opportunities of hearing St. Peter preach, and so may well have become possessed of many additional details of the well-known stories—details which, now that so many years had passed, seemed to him of greater value than they had done in former years. We can understand, too, that objections which would have prevented the actual naming of persons still alive in A.D. 42 at Cæsarea would have ceased to be felt in A.D. 70 or thereabouts at Rome. The explanation is complete and, it must be acknowledged, is much less complicated and difficult than any other which seems available.

Our next subject of inquiry is the internal evidence of St. Mark's Gospel itself. How far is the style and wording of the Gospel consistent with such an origin as that which we are discussing? Has it, in other words, retained any peculiarities of diction which tend to confirm or to discourage the notion that it may have been originally composed, in its earliest form, for the use and instruction of the Roman soldiers, soldiers of the Italian cohort (Acts x. 1), who followed Cornelius the centurion and composed the first body of Christian believers at Cæsarea?

A great deal has been written on the alleged tendency to use Latinisms which is noticeable in this Gospel, and which is taken as an evidence of the truth of the tradition that it was written at Rome and for the use of Romans. There can be no doubt that Latinisms, though they are not unknown in the other Gospels, do occur with especial frequency in St. Mark. Thus we have the words κεντυρίων, σπεκουλάτωρ, λεγέων, κοδράντης, κῆνσος, οὐά, πραιτώριον, and others, which are simply Greek transliterations of the Latin words *centurion*, *speculator*, *legio*, *quadrans*, *census*, *vah*, *prætorium*. It is doubtful whether the use of these words really implies anything more than a knowledge of the corrupt Greek of the Empire. Words of this kind which are constantly in use by a governing oligarchy soon get adopted into the language of a subject people. They are just the words which would be current in such a place as Jerusalem,

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or still more at Cæsarea, which was the headquarters of the Roman garrison, and any support they give to the idea of the Gospel having been originally composed at Rome would equally avail, and even more so, to support a theory of an origin at Cæsarea. The same is also true of all the many details in the Gospel which tend to show that it was composed for Gentile and not for Jewish readers. On the other hand, there is much in the Gospel which is much better suited to an origin at Cæsarea than to the idea that it was composed at Rome. There is a definite military note about the Latin words which are employed, and about certain sentences in the Gospel, which has led to at least one book being written to prove that the author of the Gospel must himself have been a Roman soldier.[1] To speak thus is to strain the evidence altogether beyond anything it can fairly be made to bear, but the fact may quite reasonably be taken to support the contention that it was, as St. Clement of Alexandria has recorded, a military circle of Gentile readers who were originally addressed.

The geographical notices are more important, and these although slight are all in favour of a Palestinian origin for this Gospel, rather than of any theory of its having been written at Rome. Roman readers could scarcely be expected to know the name of Capernaum, or of Gadara, or of Decapolis. St. Luke finds it necessary to explain where these places are, for the benefit of his Gentile readers, but St. Mark introduces them without a word of explanation, as if his readers are sure to know all about them. So, again, the Lake of Tiberias is spoken of as "the sea," without any qualification, an expression which would be sure to prove misleading to Italian readers, but is natural enough if a Palestinian circle is being addressed. The neighbourhood of Jerusalem is with especial clearness assumed to be familiar to all. Jericho, Bethany, Bethphage, the Mount of Olives, the River Jordan, Arimathea, all alike are introduced without any of the explanation which St. Luke so often thinks

[1] Da Costa, "The Four Witnesses," p. 110 *seq.*

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it necessary to provide, and apparently without a suspicion that any of the readers for whom the narrative is intended will have any difficulty in following the story. Such a familiarity with the general outlines of the topography of the district would be found, no doubt, among men who, although foreigners, yet were spending a long term of years in the country, but it could hardly be expected among a general audience of Gentile Romans most of whom, we may suppose, would never have gone far beyond the confines of their city, and to whom Palestine and Jerusalem would be a far-off and unimportant outpost of the widely extended Roman Empire.

The same general impression is given by the way in which the special customs of the Jews are discussed. The Scribes and Pharisees are classes who need no introduction. The institution of the Sabbath and the way in which it was kept is assumed to be familiar to all. The Preparation is defined to be the day before the Sabbath. A general knowledge of the Temple, too, and the part it played in Jewish national life is presupposed. At the same time there is no appeal to Jewish Scriptures, nor is any such exact knowledge of Jewish ritual suggested as we find in the parallel Gospel of St. Matthew. The whole fits in admirably with the idea that the Gospel was written for Gentile converts in Palestine, some of whom were already proselytes of the gate, "men fearing God," as it is phrased in the Acts (x. 2); but it is less in accordance with a theory that a purely Gentile audience in Rome itself was the objective aimed at.

There is one other detail which is perhaps worth noting in this connection. It is the way in which Pilate is introduced as one whose name and office is so familiar that no explanation can possibly be required. In St. Matthew he is spoken of quite clearly and definitely as the *governor*. "They bound him and led him away, and delivered him up to Pilate the governor" (St. Matt. xxvii. 1). So again in St. Luke, "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa" (St. Luke iii. 1). But St.

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Mark introduces his name without any such qualification. "They bound Jesus and carried him away and delivered him up to Pilate" (St. Mark xv. 1). Roman soldiers at Cæsarea in A.D. 42 would have known all about Pilate, as a matter of course, and would have needed no explanation about him, but this would hardly have been true of a civilian audience at Rome itself in A.D. 70. A similar conclusion might be drawn from a careful comparison between the Evangelists on the point of the custom of liberating a prisoner on the great Jewish Feast (St. Mark xv. 6, compared with St. Matt. xxvii. 15, St. Luke xxiii. 16–17, and St. John xviii. 35).

We come now to the last point which we proposed to examine, and that is the witness of contemporary literature. As we have already seen, there is plenty of evidence in the writings of the Fathers for the tradition that St. Mark's Gospel was written at Rome, and there is also a less strong, but still noteworthy, body of evidence which can be adduced in favour of Alexandria. But no one of the Fathers has connected Cæsarea with this Gospel. This fact is the more weighty because Eusebius, whose name stands first of all among those to whose labours we owe it that such scraps of early tradition as we do possess have been preserved, was himself Bishop of Cæsarea. We may take it, then, that his silence is positive proof that no tradition existed in Cæsarea itself as to the Gospel having been written there. The argument from silence is always dangerous and not very conclusive, but in this case it is much stronger than such arguments commonly are, and it is supported by the fact that in none of the superscriptions and appendages which are attached to the Gospel in various MSS. of early date, is there any allusion to a tradition which connected it with Cæsarea.

But, while we give full weight to this argument from silence, we must not neglect to consider a remarkable series of notices which occur in the various books of the pseudo-Clementine romances, and which do seem to have preserved some tradition of this sort. The pseudo-Clementine romances

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are the writings which naturally suggest themselves in a case like this, where there is a question of a connection of the Apostle St. Peter with the town of Cæsarea. For they consist of a series of disputations, supposed to have taken place at Cæsarea and certain other coast towns of Syria, between the Apostle and the arch-heretic Simon Magus. Their date is a matter of great dispute among scholars. Some place them as early as A.D. 150, while others with greater probability urge that in their present form no one of them can be earlier than the first quarter of the third century, though they rest on earlier documents. They emanate from the Ebionite faction, that is to say, the extreme Judaistic section of Christianity, and the present form is the result of various re-castings. They may easily, therefore, here and there have preserved fragments of an extremely early date.

Both the two chief works of this series, the "Clementine Homilies" and the "Recognitions," are constructed on an identical plan. Clement, having been converted to Christianity in Rome, goes to Cæsarea to find Peter. Peter takes him and instructs him, and he then reports the discourses of the Apostle with a view to sending them to James at Jerusalem. But the point which concerns us is that in each book there is found a remarkable reference to an earlier work which Clement has already written and sent to Jerusalem, a work which was itself written from Peter's dictation and which had for its theme the life of Christ, who is here, as always in Ebionite writings, spoken of as "the true Prophet." The actual passages are as follows:

(1) *Clementine Homilies*, i. 20.—However when I had written this discourse concerning the Prophet by Peter's order, he caused the volume to be despatched to you (James) from Cæsarea Stratonis, saying that he had a charge from you to send you his discourses and his acts year by year.

(2) *Recognitions of Clement*, i. 17.—Whence by his command, reducing into order what he had spoken unto me, I compiled a book concerning the true Prophet, and sent it you from Cæsarea by his command. For he said he had received a command from you to send every year an account of his sayings and doings.

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Besides the "Homilies" and "Recognitions" there exist also two shorter recensions of the same story which seem to have been merely abbreviated, though with considerable alterations, from the older and longer forms. In these, however, the passage about the earlier volume on the life of the True Prophet is not to be found. Still it is manifest that it is they who have omitted it, and not the longer accounts which have added it in, and we are left therefore with the very remarkable fact that the pseudo-Clementine literature, as we now have it, looks back to and is professedly the continuation and completion of St. Peter's teaching on the True Prophet, which was written down from his lips at Cæsarea by the hand of one of his disciples. One has only to change the name of this disciple from Clement to Mark to obtain all that we could wish for as a traditional statement of the origin of St. Mark's Gospel. Not only does it appear to provide us with a strong confirmation of the theory that that Gospel was originally written at Cæsarea and not at Rome, but it also opens up a most interesting possibility, which will come up again for discussion later on, that St. Mark's Gospel may be the original germ from which has sprung all that long and well-marked series of apocryphal writings, which begins with the Gospel of Peter, and goes on through the "Preaching of Peter," the "Journeys of Peter," and the "Acts of Peter" to the "Clementine Homilies" and the "Recognitions of Clement." Such a connection of a series of apocryphal and heretical writings with an orthodox document included in the Canon of the Church will, if it can be shown to be founded in fact, throw great light on the genesis of similar writings in the second century and on the choice of the names by which they were known.

A. S. Barnes.

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THACKERAY IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION

THACKERAY left Cambridge in June 1830 without completing the University course. On every account it was an advantage that the remaining time before he would be qualified for what to him would have been a useless degree should not be spent in the sterile sameness of college, but that he should be growing familiar instead with foreign nations, their languages, literature, and modes of thought. By a wise decision, the month of July 1830 saw him on his road to Germany. He halted first at Godesberg, and next moved on to Weimar. There, as he wrote to Mr. Lewes, five-and-twenty years later, "a score of young English lads used to live for study, sport, or society, all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital." A few sentences put together from his information to Mr. Lewes will show that he could not have been more favourably situated for obtaining an intimate knowledge of a people in their upper and middle ranks. Speaking of the Weimar English colony, he says:

> The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. The Grand Duchess, a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. We knew the whole society of that little city; and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of

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In October, he and his comrades were admitted to an interview at mid-day with Goethe, who was past eighty, and verging towards his end. "His voice," Thackeray says, "was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent." The conversation, therefore, of which he had nothing more to tell, was not in Goethe's native tongue; and, indeed, Thackeray wrote to his mother, "Everybody speaks French here, so that I have had more practice for my French than my German." He was never again in company with Germany's literary magnate, though he twice had an outward glimpse of him, once stepping into his chariot, and once walking in his garden. His daughter-in-law, Madame de Goethe, who lived with him, kept almost open house, but he himself "remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted." Thackeray elsewhere said of Weimar, "It is a hospitable place, as far as tea-parties are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce." The daughter-in-law's hospitality followed the economical rule in vogue, and was more frequent, easy, and instructive in consequence. "Her tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German." Such evenings must have been something like a school of European literature to the English guests. Independent of Madame de Goethe's lettered gatherings, the entire Weimar intercourse had a lasting charm for Thackeray, from its pervading refinement and good-will. "With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of humankind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where

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the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."[1] There was a drawback, to a student of German, in the widespread use of French and English in conversation. But if Thackeray had been slow in learning dead languages, he had a remarkable facility in mastering a living tongue; and whatever limits there may have been to colloquial practice, he could speak German before he returned to England, and read all manner of German works at sight. He had a full measure of admiration for the famous authors of the time, and went so far as to say of Schiller, "I believe him to be, after Shakespeare, the Poet." His ambition was to naturalise him in England by a translation.[2] The French writers, novelists especially, had the ascendency with him later, and his German partialities receded somewhat into the background.

Led by the effigy on a crown piece of George IV. to recall some of the scenes of his early life, Thackeray conjures up a vision, which was almost certainly part of his personal career, and probably belonged to his Weimar period. After describing his exit from Cambridge, he continues:

> And now I see one of the young men alone. He is walking in a street—a dark street—presently a light comes to a window. There is the shadow of a lady who passes. He stands there till the light goes out. Now he is in a room scribbling on a piece of paper, and kissing a miniature every now and then. They seem to be lines, each pretty much of a length. I can read *heart, smart, dart; Mary, fairy; Cupid, stupid; true, you;* and never mind what more. Bah! it is bosh.[2]

"Every man," he said, "ought to be in love a few times in his life; you are the better for it when it is over." He makes Fitz-Boodle, in his "Confessions," construct three separate tales of his successive love fits for three German girls. Thackeray himself had one acknowledged love fit during his stay at Weimar, and the incident of walking before the window at night was then the approved method in Germany, by which suitors announced the fervour of their passion to the lady who

[1] G. H. Lewes' "Story of Goethe's Life," pp. 368–371.

[2] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

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was the object of it. From the delight he took in the sympathy and tenderness of women he was not likely to remain long without a favourite, and, if the first failed, to have recourse to a second, and next to a third, after the manner of Fitz-Boodle, whose history in part represents his own. He was nineteen when he set foot on German soil, an age prone of itself to that exalted estimate of female qualities, mental and personal, which begets unbounded homage. He had stated, with lively force, in his half burlesque vein, the source of the sentiment which attaches to the most trivial intercourse between mutual admirers of different sex. "You offer her anything—her knitting-needles, a slice of bread and butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why, she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread and butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it." From the verdict, "Bah! it is bosh," which his dispassionate judgment pronounced on his lines, he lets us see that he set down his misplaced adoration, and the expression of it, for a youthful folly which only required to be dismissed with an exclamation of contempt. It admits of a kinder view. The instinctive propensity is a special provision of nature, and has a beneficent purpose. One undoubted gain is that, out of love in its romantic stage, has grown much of the chivalrous bearing to women which is prominent among the forces that civilise the world.

From about the middle of 1831 to the middle of 1832, which was the year of his life from twenty to twenty-one, Thackeray had chambers in Hare Court, Temple, and was the nominal pupil of a special pleader. On coming of age he would inherit an income of five or six hundred a year, and, with an assured independence, would be free to follow either of his favourite pursuits, art and literature. In his visions of the future he set both aside, and preferred the calling of a barrister. This appeared to him in prospect "a noble and tangible object," and a not unpromising road to fame. But the initiatory technicalities of special pleading were notoriously

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dull, subtle, and not seldom irrational, and were to many men intolerable. The illustrious Burke said of himself that he had "a kind of earnest and anxious perseverance of mind moulded into his constitution," which enabled him to follow up an object "without regard to convenience, ease, or pleasure." The students of 1881 who became very learned in the law were endowed with Burke's temperament. Thackeray witnessed its operation at the Temple, and described it in the person of Mr. Paley—pale from study—who pored ceaselessly over his law, from his getting up at seven to his going to bed on the following morning at two.

> He has been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and, in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all better things, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets; all wit, fancy, reflection, art, love, truth altogether. . . . He could not cultivate a friendship, or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty, or the sound of a sweet song. He had no time and no eyes for anything but his law books. All was dark outside his reading lamp.[1]

Reviewing his past with his ripened judgment and his experience of his chequered career, Thackeray did not wish that he had emulated Mr. Paley's invincible diligence. He reprobated the misapplication of it. His first opinion, after trial of the study he had selected, agreed with his last. "This lawyer's preparatory education," he wrote to his mother, "is certainly one of the most cold-blooded pieces of invention that ever a man was slave to. A fellow should properly do and think of nothing else than Law." The experiment was foredoomed to failure. He would presently be of age, had not to work for a livelihood, had steadily declined, when most under discipline, to labour against his inclination, had recently extended and confirmed in Germany his ingrained taste for the magic world of letters, art, and nature, and it was not to be supposed that he could suddenly divest himself of the enthralling characteristics which constituted his personality, and take in their place

[1] "Pendennis," chap. xxix.

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the narrow, and to him repulsive personality of Mr. Paley. His year at chambers had its lessons for him, but it was not law he learnt there. He might appear bodily from time to time at the scene of study, but mentally he stopped at the entrance of the dreary labyrinth, and trod none of its mazes.

"The chief news of this week," writes Fitzgerald, December 7, 1832, "is that Thackeray has come to London, but is going to leave it again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my blue devils; notwithstanding, we do not see very much of each other; and he has now so many friends (especially the Bullers) that he has no such wish for my society." The central figure of the Buller group was Charles, who obtained somewhat later a reputation in the House of Commons for his enlightened views on colonial affairs, the debating ability of his speeches, and the dash of humour he elicited from the driest topics. There was a natal affinity between him and Thackeray; both were born in Calcutta, and the fathers of both were servants in the East India Company. Both, too, were members of Trinity College, Cambridge, but were not in residence together, Charles Buller, who was five years the elder, having taken his degree in 1828, and Thackeray not arriving till 1829. To the points of sympathy from outward circumstances was added the stronger tie from their marked benevolence of disposition. "He is as full of good humour and kindness as you," Fitzgerald said of Thackeray, when mentioning that he was being drawn to other friends, and Charles Buller had the same emphatic testimony to his amiable virtues from all who knew him. With these resemblances, their leading pursuits were dissimilar—Thackeray devoted to literature and art, Buller a practising barrister, and pre-eminently a politician. Both were of the same school in politics; but though Thackeray held firmly the ultra-liberal views of his friend, they were the product of his feelings independent of study, and did not take up much of his time and thoughts.

Certain undergraduates in Thackeray's college days ascribed

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the hardships of mankind to misgovernment by the upper classes, and, fearing no evil from the ignorance, envy, poverty, and covetousness of the lower, they believed that the road to a just and prosperous freedom was by a fierce and unrelenting annihilation of authority. In his review, in 1843,[1] of the rabid political verses by the German Herwegh, whose panacea for social evils was the extermination by civil war of rulers and clergy, Thackeray, in ridicule of his savage rant, said that, twenty years earlier, some young philosophers might possibly in part have applauded his doctrines at a Union debate. Arthur Pendennis was one of these precocious philanthropists.

> From having been an ardent Tory in his freshman's year, his principles took a sudden turn afterwards, and he became a Liberal of the most violent order. He avowed himself a Dantonist, and asserted that Louis the Sixteenth was served right. And as for Charles the First, he vowed that he would chop off that monarch's head with his own right hand, were he then in the room at the Union Debating Club, and had Cromwell no other executioner for the traitor.

"The razor," Thackeray said, in his article on Herwegh, "crops off a number of those sentiments which beset the growing boy," and it might be suspected from his advanced Radicalism that he himself had been for a while a theoretical convert to the destruction and bloody principles preached by Herwegh and Pendennis. But there is no indication of it. Any outrage upon humanity and Christian institutions was alien to his nature. He seems to have been guided throughout by the simple desire that those who were worst off should have a larger share in the blessings of life, and he supported every measure which seemed to be directed to that end.

Buller was Member for West Looe, in Cornwall, and when the Reform Bill of 1832, which disfranchised it, had surmounted the opposition of the House of Lords and was about to pass, and he had settled to stand for Liskeard, his managers there summoned him to come down immediately to secure the votes of his new constituency, against the coming dissolution.

[1] In "The Foreign Quarterly Review," April 1843.

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He was too ill [Thackeray wrote to his mother, on June 25], but instead deputed Arthur Buller and myself. So off we set that same night by the mail, arrived at Plymouth the next day, and at Liskeard the day after, where we wrote addresses, canvassed farmers, and dined with attorneys. On Wednesday last I was riding for twelve hours' canvassing—rather a feat for me, and considering I have not been on horseback for eight months, my stiffness yesterday was by no means surprising.

Buller was to follow a week later. "I should like," said Thackeray, "to wait for the Reform rejoicings which are to take place on his arrival, particularly as I have had a great share in the canvassing." He would not in general have been considered an adept at the business, for he scorned to employ the artifices of language and manner by which exacting voters are conciliated. Fortune favoured him in his present mission. The excitement roused by the Reform Bill was intense, and that Buller had supported it was enough for the majority of his electors. He was returned for Liskeard in December 1832, and represented it till his death in 1848.

Two months after the electioneering visit to Cornwall there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1832 the first half of "Elizabeth Brownrigge, a tale, Dedicated to the author of 'Eugene Aram, a novel,'" and this has been ascribed by competent judges to Thackeray. There is not any direct evidence that it is his, but the internal evidence is strong, from the affinity of the theme, and the handling of it, to some of his subsequent productions. "Eugene Aram" appeared in December 1831, and Thackeray, who reprobated the whole class of novels that had murderers and highwaymen for their heroes, had a special antipathy to Bulwer's style of writing and assailed him in coming years with peculiar acrimony. The purpose of the tale in *Fraser's Magazine* was to ridicule his then recent novel, very popular with the public, and Elizabeth Brownrigge is the heroine whose crimes and attractions are intended to rival those of Bulwer's hero, Eugene Aram. The real Brownrigge was a London midwife, conspicuous among murderers for her savage cruelty to her apprentices, and was hanged at Tyburn in 1766, for having mangled one of them

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by ferocious whippings till the girl died of her wounds. This miscreant was already noted in literature through Canning's lines, in 1798, entitled, "Inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prenticide, was confined"—a parody designed to make fun of Southey's juvenile politics as indicated in his "Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years." The tale of Elizabeth Brownrigge has not much merit. The whole is broad burlesque, and the writer allowed himself every opportunity for farcical effects by a total disregard of nature and probability. It suited the bent of Thackeray's mind in his early time that he should have kept to parody in prose as well as in verse, and the author of "Elizabeth Brownrigge" did not tax his invention. He drew his materials from the Newgate Calendar, the novel of Bulwer, and the solitary sentiment in Canning's mocking lines, but with all these helps his incidents are scanty and ill-pieced, and the narrative and dialogue diffuse and tedious. The very satire which should have been the warrant for the offensive details is nugatory. The parallel between the novel and the tale is framed upon forced analogies. Eugene Aram's actual history and Bulwer's version of it were widely different from the Mrs. Brownrigge of the Newgate Calendar, and the representation of her in the Magazine. The assumed coincidences did not exist, and the dissimilarities are too extravagant to be applicable. Canning hardly dealt more justly with Southey's Inscription; but Canning's travestie, like the original, consisted only of sixteen lines in blank verse, and, however inappropriate, was brief and ludicrous. The prose travestie of "Eugene Aram" was neither. The talent shown in it was chiefly confined to the language. Bulwer's style in "Eugene Aram" was, in many parts, too ostentatious for a novel—an error he acknowledged and partly corrected in his latest version, imputing the faults to "defects in youthful taste"—and, if the imitation in the Magazine of the high-flown passages was by Thackeray, he had already attained at twenty-

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one to a mastery over the English tongue, and to much of his later dexterity in mimicking forms of composition unlike his own. Viewed in the light of an attractive story, a witty burlesque, or a lesson in morals, "Elizabeth Brownrigge" gives no promise of what was to come.

The concluding part of "Elizabeth Brownrigge" came out in September. Eight months later we get from conjecture to certainty. Thackeray took a decided turn to literature, and became proprietor and editor of a weekly periodical called *The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals and the Fine Arts.* It had been first started on January 5, 1833, and had existed for about four months when, as he tells us in "Lovel the Widower," under the guise of fiction, his swindling friend Honeyman, "with his wheedling tongue," induced him to purchase it.

> I dare say [he goes on] I gave myself airs as editor, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I dare say I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses. I dare say I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself upon the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce out of encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astounded at my own knowledge. I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world: pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.

His management of the journal commenced with No. 19, which was published May 11, 1833. The previous editor was named Bayley, and beyond the intimation of better things that might seem to lurk in the incoherent pun, "We have got free of the *Old Bailey* and changed the governor," Thackeray's opening address had the opposite defect to that of boastful professions, and was modestly inane. "We promise," he said, "nothing, and if our readers expect nothing more they will assuredly not be disappointed." He commenced his contributions with rough pictorial caricatures of public characters, accompanied by verses equally rough. The week before he printed his opening address, he took Louis Philippe for his

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subject, and held him up to scorn for his personal appearance, his plebeian dress, and his greed for money. His next butt was the celebrated tenor singer, Braham, noted for the dramatic force of his delivery, as well as for his splendid voice. "His singing," said Lamb, "when it is impassioned, is finer than Mrs. Siddon's or Kemble's acting." In Thackeray's caricature he is personating a common sailor on the stage. He had retained much of his powerful voice beyond the usual term, and because he had been long before the world his derider thought it a telling joke to assert that he had made his first appearance in the reign of Queen Anne. He was by birth a Jew, but had abandoned the creed of his fathers; and, that he might not escape the discredit attached to his race, his Jewish extraction was made prominent by introducing in the background of the sailor portrait an old clothes-man wearing the three-storied hat, and by depicting a jew's-harp encircled with laurels in the sky. The critics who disparaged Wordsworth's poems at that date taunted him with the trivial topics he chose for his verse; and therefore Thackeray, who had not emancipated himself from the trammels of parody, feigned him to be the author of the mimic sonnet which has the jew's-harp and the praises of Braham for its theme. The intention was to make sport of both singer and poet, and was a dreary failure. The mechanical structure of the sonnet ascribed to Wordsworth has a resemblance to some of the poet's mannerisms. In matter the likeness is not apparent, and the verses are nonsensical without being droll. The rest of Thackeray's verse and picture squibs in the *National Standard* are not superior to his Louis Philippe and Braham. They are only curiosities to show by what unpromising paths he was advancing to his goal.

Thackeray was in Paris at the end of June 1838, and for four successive weeks he furnished a letter to the *National Standard*, in which he maintained that "all creeds, political, literary and religious," had changed for the worse since the revolution of 1830. In describing the evil, he made use of

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facetious irony, clever in places, but wanting the delicacy of his later sarcasms in the same vein. His third letter is an abridged translation of an article by Jules Janin, which he gave for "a tolerable specimen of the French style of periodical writing"; and as the style was not in favour with him, he must have been unconscious that the ironical railleries in the article strongly resembled his own.

He followed up the letters by a tale, the "Devil's Wager," written in a strain of festive levity, but with the serious purpose of representing, from personal observation, the religious and moral degradation of French society. A devil of the minor order has twined his tail round the neck of a mediæval knight, Sir Roger de Rollo, who had been flagrantly wicked upon earth, and is dragging him to his doom. His sister said *aves* for him at his death, but died herself before she could utter the last *ave* that was requisite to rescue him. The devil who had the custody of him lays him a wager that none of his remaining relations—a niece, a nephew, and a clerical brother—will have piety enough to say the indispensable *ave*. He tries each in turn without avail, until finally he circumvents the brother. Sir Roger pretends to be an inmate of Paradise, sent to warn him that his death and damnation are due on the morrow, and that he can only avert his fate by saying an *ave*. He has no sooner said it than he is seized by the devil in charge of Sir Roger, is whisked to the pinnacle of his own abbey steeple, and thence carried downwards screaming, while the triumphant knight, released by the *ave*, soars gaily upwards. "The moral of this story," says Thackeray, at the close, "will be given in the second edition," by which he intimated to the reader that a moral was intended, and left him to discover it for himself. Under the thin veil of laying the scene in mediæval times, he meant to expose the depravities of modern France. His fourth letter to the *National Standard* was in the form of a speech, supposed to be addressed by the statue of the Emperor Napoleon from the top of his column to the populace below, and he is there made to say, "From this elevation I can look

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on most parts of your city; I see the churches empty, the prisons crowded, the gambling-houses overflowing." The "Devil's Wager" conveys Thackeray's conviction that Christianity had been replaced by infidelity and vice, and that those who had not openly renounced their faith had ceased to be influenced by it. "We may set down as axioms," he wrote seven years later, "that religion is so uncommon among the Parisians as to awaken the surprise of all candid observers; that gallantry is so common as to create no remark, and to be considered as a matter of course." The historic element in the story is its interest, and may be the reason that Thackeray reprinted it in his "Paris Sketch Book" of 1840. The tale itself is not well constructed, and the moral intended to be deduced from it is left enigmatical and confused. The single circumstance that a profligate, on his entrance into the eternal world, should procure for himself the rewards of the righteous by a nefarious fraud, is an enormity that tends to mask the real purport of the narrative.

"The Devil's Wager" was completed in Thackeray's weekly number of August 24. In the following month he had returned from Paris to London, and writes, September 6, 1838, "The *National Standard* is, I am glad to say, growing into repute, though I know it is poor stuff." A few weeks later, October 23, he was able to announce that the turn in its favour continued: "The paper is very rapidly improving, and will form, I have no doubt, a property, in which case it would be pleasant as an occupation and an income." In another three weeks his confident prognostication had received a check, and he had to report, on November 12, that the increased circulation during the previous month had been only about twenty. "At this rate," he says—the rate of five a week, representing tenpence in money—"I shall be ruined before it succeeds." To avert the catastrophe, the language of his opening address in May was succeeded at the close of the year by an address of big promises, such as he laughed at and justly excused in "Lovell the Widower," and under cover of them he raised the

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price of his paper from twopence to threepence. This simple expedient for converting a losing into a paying concern was rather calculated to drive away present purchasers than to attract new supporters. It quickly put an end to the *National Standard*, which stopped on February 1, 1834. The speculation was fore-doomed. To extend the sale and control the expenditure an energetic and knowing publisher should have been the proprietor, and not an improvident youth, ignorant of the business, incapable of attending to it, and dependent upon agents prodigal of money not their own. The management on the literary side was defective. Thackeray was diligent in his editorial duties at times. "The only fault I find with the *National Standard*," he said, December 18, 1833, "is that at the end of the day I am but ill-disposed, after writing and reading so much, to read another syllable or write another line." But his industry was intermittent, and his literary judgment not yet at its best. With taste to perceive that the bulk of his journal was "poor stuff," he sometimes mistook very bad work for good. He printed, under the head of "Original Papers," a "Tale of Wonder," which his mother condemned, and in defence of it he confessed that his original tale was a translation from what he called "a very clever French story." Addressed to grown-up persons it was the silliest trash, and if meant for children was nothing more than a poor copy, slightly varied, from a traditional class of nursery marvels. Worst of all, the articles really his own were indifferent, and could have little attraction for any class of readers. His genius at twenty-two had not yet begun to force its way to the front.

On June 25, 1832, Thackeray wrote to his mother:

> I have been lying awake this morning meditating on the wise and proper manner I shall employ my fortune in when I come of age, which, if I live so long, will take place in three weeks. First, I do not intend to quit my little chambers in the Temple. Then, I will take a regular monthly income which I will never exceed.

Though he justly called his patrimony of five or six hundred a

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year a fortune, his resolution, if it was to be kept, required that he should regulate his expenditure by his wants, regardless of impulses and desires, and his nature was cast in the opposite mould. He was by constitution liberal, not frugal, and could with difficulty be a niggard to himself or others. His capital soon began to waste. "Certain it is," says Mr. Hannay, "that he lent—or, in plain English, gave—five hundred pounds to poor old Maginn." We may suppose it lent, but with the tacit understanding on both sides that it was not to be repaid, its return being as much against the nature of things as that water spilt upon the ground should be gathered up again.

He was in the trustful season of youth, and his freedom from suspicion was costlier to him than his generosity. He was lured at the Temple into the snares of a cardsharper.

> In my young days [he says in his "Roundabout Paper" on "Ogres"] there used to be play ogres—men who would devour a young fellow at one sitting, and leave him without a bit of flesh on his bones. They were quiet, gentleman-like-looking people. They got the young fellow into their cave. Champagne, *paté-de-foie-gras*, and numberless good things were handed about; and then, having eaten, the young man was devoured in his turn.

An ogre of this description fleeced him in the manner here intimated, and minutely related in the "Amours of Mr. Deuceace." Many years afterwards, when walking with Sir Theodore Martin through the play-rooms at Spa, Thackeray pointed to a tall man in a seedy frock-coat, and said, on leaving, "That was the original of my Deuceace; I have not seen him since the day he drove me in his cabriolet to my broker's in the city, where I sold out my patrimony and handed it over to him." The portion sold to satisfy the claims of this shameless cheat, callous in villainy, was fifteen hundred pounds. "Poor devil!" was Thackeray's reflection on his shabby appearance at Spa, "my money doesn't seem to have thriven with him." Deuceace is seldom a provident man, but his chief extravagance is that he commonly spends his winnings in losing them again. He cannot command a consecutive series of dupes, and is driven by his needs and insane propen-

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sities to risk his gains where the chances are even or against him. The "poor devil" at Spa probably owed it to his occasional opportunities for fraud that he had been left with a seedy coat to his back, and a few coins for a stake to carry on his trade.

The varieties of swindling are endless, and after Deuceace came Honeyman. It is said of this oily-tongued rogue, in "Lovell the Widower," that being in dreadful straits for money he could not resist the temptation of extracting it from a greenhorn, or, to speak more exactly, from a confiding friend, whom he persuaded, as we have seen, to buy the bankrupt *National Standard*, under the pretence that it was a profitable investment. The process was easy. He had only to answer questionings and hesitating misgivings by reassuring lies. Thackeray's endeavour to make the best of his bad bargain turned against him. To the loss of his purchase-money was added the heavier loss from the deficiencies for nine months of an unremunerative sale.

The breaking of an Indian bank, at some undetermined period, is said to have been another of Thackeray's misadventures. He had been master of his income for only a year and a half, and a considerable portion of the principal had already disappeared. "When a man is young and generous and hearty," he says in his "Virginians," "the loss of money scarce afflicts him," and the observation was certainly true of himself. Whether his reverses arose from the mischances of fortune, the indiscretion of his years, or the treachery of companions, he accepted them with placid good will, undisturbed by resentment and regrets.

In his altered circumstances, and a probable marriage in the future, a money-making calling was now indispensable to him. There were only two employments to which he had a decided leaning, literature and art; but the failure of the *National Standard* seems to have disheartened him with the first, and he took to the second with the intention of qualifying himself to be a professional painter. Drawing had been a

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fascination to him from childhood upwards. He is describing himself when he says of Clive Newcome that his delight in the pencil was manifest to all, that his school-books were full of caricatures of the masters, that at home he sketched horses, dogs, servants and relatives, and, more abundant than the rest, the fancies of his brain. Many of the drawings he executed at school and college were preserved by his companions, when they could derive no value from his name. In his onward career he got to Weimar, and his German friends treated specimens of his ready art with equal regard. "My delight," he says, "in those days was to make caricatures for children"; and having paid a passing visit to the little Saxon capital twenty-three years after his sojourn there, he adds, "I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them." Later, in a year not specified, he was staying at Paris with his cousin, Captain Thomas Thackeray, who lived there, and his passion for sketching was still his predominant characteristic. Mr. Planché, the herald and dramatist, was simultaneously a guest in the cousin's house, and says of our Thackeray, in his "Recollections":

> He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favourite amusement; and he often sat by my side while I was reading or writing, covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama.

Thackeray and his grandmother, Mrs. Becher, left England in the autumn of 1834, and they occupied jointly a house in Paris. A letter from thence to his mother gives us his reflections on his position:

> I have been very comfortably installed in the new house for ten days, and like much my little study and my airy bedroom. I am sure we shall be as happy here as possible; and I believe that I ought to thank heaven for making

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me poor, as it has made me much happier than I should have been with the money. I spend all day now, dear mother, at the *Atelier*, and am very well satisfied with the progress that I make. I think that in a year, were I to work hard, I might paint something worth looking at, but it requires at least that time to gain any readiness with the brush.[1]

Frugality and industry are not hardships. They are virtues which confer more blessings than they take away. Thackeray was realising, in his addiction to art, the truth of Gray's maxim, that to be employed is to be happy, and he had the presentiment that the domestic ease of a simple home would be preferable to richer surroundings. But the losses productive of benefit in the issue appear disasters while they are fresh, and his equanimity at the wholesale encroachments on his inheritance was the trait of a manly, generous nature.

For nearly three years from the breakdown of the *National Standard* it is not known that Thackeray sent a line to the press, and when he began again to write for the public it was not to literature that he returned. He only reported Paris news. Any inclination he may once have had to authorship was extinct, and all his efforts in working hours were directed to making himself an artist.

[1] The date, December 23, 1833, that Mr. Merivale has prefixed to this passage is the same date that Mr. Johnson has attached to an extract from another letter, in which Thackeray represented himself to be working hard at his journal, to be laying fresh plans for its success, and "anxious for the first number of the new year to be a particularly good one," in vindication of its claims. Clearly Mr. Merivale has ante-dated a letter after the *National Standard* had stopped, and its editor had abandoned literature for art.

THE LATE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.

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THE COMING RADICAL PARTY IN AMERICA

ENGLISHMEN have asked wherein lies the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties in the United States. Americans have asked the same question. The shortest answer, which also has the merit of truth, is that to-day the line of division has ceased to exist. The difference between a conservative democrat and a conservative republican —note the adjective—is a difference in name only but not in principle. The difference between a radical republican and a radical democrat—note the adjective—is a difference in name only and not in principle. The difference between a radical republican or a radical democrat and a conservative republican or a conservative democrat is as great as the gulf that separates an infidel and a devout churchman. Here, in a word, is the question answered. In the United States we are rapidly approaching that alignment of the social forces when the forces of conservatism will be opposed by the forces of radicalism. To-day conservative men call themselves republicans or democrats largely because of inherited tradition and accidental environment, but, as a matter of fact, there is no real difference to distinguish them.

The republican party was born in the throes of civil war. A nation was rent in twain at its parturition. Like Pallas Athene the republican party was brought into being out of the black tempest cloud and 'midst the roar and crash of the

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storm. When the whig party went to pieces over the question of slavery the republican party was born, and no political party ever came into existence with its duties so clearly defined and its responsibilities so great. It was a party made up of all the elements opposed to the extension of slavery, of men who were resolved to prevent, at all cost, the transplanting of the Upas tree of slavery to States where its noxious roots would find fertile soil, and to resist the repeal of the famous "Missouri Compromise," which would have widened the area of the slave-holding States in that vast region of the Louisiana cession. Lincoln was the first republican President, and it was the republican party that fought the war of the rebellion.

The line of cleavage between the cavaliers and roundheads was not more sharply drawn than that between republicans and democrats, because the democrats, like the cavaliers, regarded their opponents as trying to subvert the power of lawful authority. The Southern States claimed the right to secede; the compact between the States, they asserted, was a voluntary compact that was terminable at pleasure at the will of any of the parties of the contract; but the republicans maintained that the Union was more than a mere confederation, it was a Union one and indissoluble, and an attempt to disrupt the Union was rebellion and treason. Without warrant of the Constitution, without sanction of law, the South maintained, but simply by the exercise of *force majeure;* the North, which was the republican party, compelled the Southern states to submit to this reading of the Constitution, and the Southern States yielded, not relinquishing their contention, but because they had staked all on the dubious hazard of war, and fate juggled with the dice.

For fourteen years following the election of the first republican President, that is, until 1874, the republicans controlled the government, and those were years of momentous consequence to the United States. Not only had the war to be fought, great armies to be raised, and the means to be devised

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to pay the troops in the field and provide for the other extraordinary expenditures of government, but, when peace was restored, there were the great questions arising out of the war pressing for settlement. It was necessary that certain liberties should be taken with the Constitution, or at least that the powers granted to the Federal Government should be broadly and liberally construed, against the protests of the democrats, who were strict constructionists by belief and education, to whom the Constitution was the ark of the covenant that the hand of man might not profane, who were doubly strict in their guardianship of the Constitution because the republicans, drunk with victory, laid violent and impious hands upon it.

Judicial interpretation grafted new amendments on the Constitution and broadened the powers of the general government. The Government had to reconstruct the civil governments of the Southern States, to finance an enormous war debt, to raise revenue, to maintain its credit. The protective system now became a cardinal political principle, both as a means to raise revenue to meet pressing demands and to foster home industries. The South, an agricultural region, believed that protection was solely in the interest of the manufacturing North. At every point of contact there was friction between the two parties. The social, no less than the economic, beliefs of the South, the democratic party, were opposed to the social and economic views of the North, the republicans. No man in those days had to ask wherein lay the difference between the two parties. They were so radical, they were so antagonistic, that their lines never converged.

As the bitterness of the war receded, as changed industrial conditions changed the South from a purely agricultural section to a manufacturing region, there came a change in the view of the South. Democratic it remained, because the suffrage, placed in the hands of the negro by the republicans, made the negro a republican, and made, in sheer defence, every Southerner a democrat, but the old clinging

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to ideals was gradually growing less intense; the manufacturing South no longer looked upon protection as a thing abhorrent. Protection was found to have some merit, it might bring to the South that same measure of prosperity that it had brought to the North.

This change of sentiment was seen when Mr. Cleveland was elected for the second time, and attempted to secure the passage of a Tariff Bill that should radically reduce the existing rates of duty. The democrats had a majority in both Houses of Congress, and therefore were in an impregnable position to carry through their policies. Mr. Cleveland believed in a low tariff; and a Bill embodying his views was introduced in the House, but it was not until nearly a year and a half of his administration had passed that the Bill became a law; and when it left the hands of Congress it was so false to the democratic principles of tariff reform, as Mr. Cleveland conceived them, that he denounced the measure and refused to sign it, and the Bill became a law without his approval.

Observe here that this democratic Bill differed in no respect in principle to the McKinley Bill which it superseded. In no sense could the democratic measure be termed a Free Trade Bill. It was in essence protective. Trifling additions were made to the free list, the average rate of duty was reduced a few points, schedules were here and there readjusted, but the Bill recognised the principle of protection. No other Bill could have run the gamut of Congress.

Mr. Cleveland went out of power in 1896, and with the close of his administration began the movement to weld conservatism in one party, even although conservatives are found under two party names. Mr. Bryan was nominated as the democratic Presidential candidate in 1896, and the effect of his nomination was to make every conservative, whether republican or democratic, work and pray for the election of McKinley. Mr. Bryan was a propagandist, and the very word implies revolt against the established order. No propa-

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ganda can hope for success that does not attempt to subvert existing authority. Mr. Bryan appealed with frank sincerity to radicalism. Silver was merely a name, never a concrete fact. Economics are too abstruse for the multitude, and in all the realm of scientific economics there is nothing so absolutely incomprehensible to the masses as the fine distinctions of money in the abstract. The farmer of the West no more understood the merits of the currency question than did the petty shopkeeper of the East or the labouring-man East or West working long hours for insufficient wages. But to make the proletariat flock to his standard the leader must have a seductive battle-cry, and what more seductive than "free" silver? what more alluring than to be told that the thing the rich detested was the thing that should make the poor happy and wealthy? In the mental condition in which millions of Americans were at the time, "free" copper or "free" anything else would have made as effective a battle-cry, only free silver had the advantage of hoary tradition behind it, and fitted in so well with the social argument that Mr. Bryan always made.

Examine the democratic platform of that year and the speeches made by Mr. Bryan and the other democratic campaign orators, and you will see that things other than free silver were relied upon to draw to the support of the party the radicals and the dissatisfied. The platform denounced the protective tariff as "enacted under the false plea of protection to home industry," which had "proved a prolific breeder of trusts and monopolies, enriched the few at the expense of the many, restricted trade, and deprived the producer of the great American staples of access to their natural markets." The democrats had tried to impose an income tax, but the Supreme Court of the United States had declared an income tax to be unconstitutional. The platform attacked the Supreme Court for its decision, and it severely condemned the federal judiciary for having granted writs of injunction against strikers, declaring "government by injunction" to be "a new and highly

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dangerous form of oppression, by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the States and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges and executioners." These "planks" in the platform were not economic, they were social; they were arguments addressed to the proletariat. The income tax was popular with the masses because the masses believed it was a tax that would be paid by the classes; the condemnation of "government by injunction" was equally popular because under the writs issued by the federal Courts strikers had been arrested and imprisoned for violating the prohibitions of the writ. "Free" silver, taxes to be paid by the rich, the power of the Courts rendered impotent—what more could the proletariat desire?

When the Chicago Convention in 1896 adopted this platform it wiped out the narrower lines of sectionalism, it almost obliterated party divisions already half effaced, and drove a wedge dividing conservatives and radicals. The conservatives flocked to the McKinley standard, the radicals ranged themselves under the Bryan banner. The Presidential election four years later marked with increased emphasis this sharp line of division. The radicals, nominally calling themselves democrats, still attempted to flog a dead horse into life by making silver an issue, and weighted it down with denunciation of the republican policy in the Philippines; but the one was as futile as the other. Silver was dead beyond the hope of resurrection; the Philippines could not be abandoned, even although many men regretted that circumstances which could not have been foreseen or guarded against forced them upon the United States.

Coming now to the present year we find both sides proclaiming their "conservatism" as their greatest asset, and relying upon it for popular support. The control of the democratic party has been wrested from the radicals and passed back again into the hands of the conservatives. Judge Parker was nominated at St. Louis because he was supposed typically to represent conservative thought and action; because he was

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personally the antithesis of the somewhat impetuous, ill disciplined and "radical" Roosevelt; and the republicans ask for a verdict for their candidate on the ground that his administration has been distinguished for its "conservatism" and the careful manner in which it has safeguarded the rights of the people from "radical" attack.

In American politics, more important than the personal characteristics of the candidates are their utterances and the party platforms. Either candidate might stand on the platform of the other without undue violence to his feelings. A careful analysis of these election manifestoes shows that while they differ in verbiage and non-essentials that in which they differ least of all is essentials. Both parties agree that the gold standard is no longer open to debate; the republicans affirming it "to be the duty of the republican party to uphold the gold standard," the democratic platform ignoring the subject; but the Convention put the seal of its approval upon the telegram sent by Judge Parker, in which he said, "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established." On the question of protection the republican platform declares that "the measure of protection should always at least equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad;" and the democratic platform favours "a revision and a gradual reduction of the tariff . . . keeping in view the ultimate end of 'equality of burdens and equality of opportunities.'" The republicans denounce the democrats for their revisions of the tariff, and pronounce protection to be "a cardinal policy of the republican party." The democratic platform denounces protection "as a robbery of the many to enrich the few," the context showing that the "few" are the republican party. Judge Parker in his speech of acceptance advocated preparing the Filipinos "as rapidly as possible for self-government, and giving to them the assurance that it will come as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it." Mr. Roosevelt in his speech said on the same subject: "We have already given them a large share in their government, and our purpose is to increase

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this share as rapidly as they give evidence of increasing fitness for the task." On the subject of capital and labour, the republican platform contains this declaration: "Combinations of capital and labour are the result of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the rights and interests of the people. Such combinations, when lawfully formed for lawful purposes, are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws and neither can be permitted to break them," and that Bunsbylike platitude is met by this equally oracular assertion in the democratic platform: "We favour enactment and administration of laws giving labour and capital impartially their just rights. Capital and labour ought not to be enemies. Each is necessary to the other. Each has its rights, but the rights of labour are certainly no less 'vested,' no less 'sacred' and no less 'inalienable' than the rights of capital." The republicans pride themselves on having enforced the laws against trusts, the democrats insist that laws should be passed to curb the powers of the trusts.

But platforms after all are merely a declaration of intentions. They have no legal validity. They are not binding in law, even if they are supposed to have a moral force. The true intent of parties must be found in the temper of their partisans. Circumstances have compelled the ignoring of party platforms, and parties have frequently adopted new platforms after election. If it should happen that Judge Parker is elected to succeed Mr. Roosevelt we may feel assured that there will be no radical reversal of the policy that has been in force for the past eight years. There will be no attempt to attack the gold standard; there may be a readjustment of the tariff, but not an abandonment of the principle of protection; the Philippines will not be relinquished; work on the Panama Canal will not be abandoned; the navy will not be sold for junk; the Monroe doctrine will not be abrogated; the trusts will not cease to exist; capital and labour will not end their war. The democrats may show

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less ability for constructive statesmanship than the republicans or a great deal more; but, so far as the country or the world at large is concerned, it will make little difference whether a conservative of the republican or democratic stripe rules in Washington.

In a speech recently delivered by ex-Senator David B. Hill (and Mr. Hill is one of the foremost men in the democratic party), the only way he could distinguish between the two parties was by the use of this meaningless language: "The difference between the parties is that the republican party stands for private purposes and the democratic party for public purposes." On the tariff Mr. Hill was forced to this impotent conclusion: "I do not care to say much about the tariff question, because it is one on which very few of us agree." Senator Bailey, another leading democrat, in a speech said: "Our republican friends are constantly affirming that the democratic party favours absolute free trade. Whatever any individual democrat, or, indeed, what all democrats, think about free trade as a theory, the dullest man in all this audience knows perfectly well that free trade is an utter impossibility in this Republic." Senator Lodge, who has the same standing in the republican party that Mr. Hill has in the democratic, said of the tariff: "The republican party is a party of protection, in favour of and ready to make revisions of the tariff when business requires it."

After reading these speeches one may ask with Carlyle, "What is there? Once there was a Papistry and Protestanism, important as life eternal and death eternal; more lately there was an interest of civil order and horrors of the French Revolution, important at least as rent roll and preservation of the game; but now what is there?" There is now no longer a Republic to be preserved; a Union to die for. Statesmen that were have been succeeded by pettifoggers; casuistical discussion of percentages or "when business requires it" is the strong meat fed to the hungry. Hill or Lodge, democrat or republican, what difference does it make?

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No difference, except to the radicals, and the radicals are no mean factor in the American electorate. There are radicals in both parties to-day, and the republican radicals are no more satisfied with their party than the democrats are with their party, and the radical sees nothing to choose between republicans and democrats. More than six million men voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896. Not all of them were radicals—some of them were conservatives in whom the spirit of party loyalty was so strong that they followed the party leader even against their inclination; but of these six millions a large number, perhaps a majority, although it is difficult to know the exact proportion, voted for him because he satisfied their desires. It becomes more evident every day to close observers of American politics that to the man of extreme views neither of the existing parties afford him lodgment. The radical cares very little, practically nothing at all, whether there is a high or low tariff, because the tariff, like the money question, is too abstract, too complicated, too scientific for him to comprehend, and a schedule never yet aroused the faintest emotion in the bosom of any man. The concentration of enormous wealth in the hands of a few individuals, the vast power that wealth gives them, the knowledge that they use that power still further to increase their wealth, and with the increase of wealth comes still further increase in power—a never-ending process, an anabolism that works with automatic regularity; the knowledge that these men of great wealth influence and shape legislation, practically that no legislation may be enacted without their sanction; the existence of what for the sake of convenience has been denominated the trusts, another machine used by the men of wealth to increase their wealth—these are the things that arouse the passions and emotions of the radicals, not the colourless discussion of schedules or the wrongs of the Filipinos.

The radical asks for bread and he is given—a platform of platitudes. A doughty champion enters the lists, a champion heralded by the victories he has won over the trust Minotaur,

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and, behold, helmet and breastplate and lance bear the mark of the trusts; Bucephalus is no more an untamed steed, he caracoles as daintily as any lady's palfrey, for he has been groomed and bitted in the trust stables. From the other end of the lists comes his opponent, not yet the slayer of the trusts but fired with a holy zeal to exterminate them, for he is armed with excalibur, but, alas, its edge is turned, it has been dulled in the workshop of the trust.

Valiant figures both, fitting champions both to battle for the rights and liberties of the down-trodden and the oppressed, heroes in the eyes of their knights and squires, but figures of buckram only to the radical. The candidate of one party was at one time denominated with fine scorn a "trust buster," and the trusts are now filling his coffers; the champion of the other was longing to "bust the trusts," and the most damaging charge brought against him by his opponents is that he is too closely affiliated with the trusts. Could hypocrisy further go? The real radical, the radical by conviction, whatever else he may be, is never a humbug, hypocrisy is not one of his vices. The radical knows that whether Roosevelt or Parker is elected it will profit him not in the least; it is merely a change of masters; it is simply passing the sceptre of power from republican to democratic trusts, and too often they have joint owners.

The six millions and more men who twice voted for Bryan will, roughly speaking, vote for Mr. Parker, because there is no alternative for them. A few will vote for Mr. Roosevelt because in their eyes Mr. Roosevelt is more radical than Mr. Parker, because Mr. Roosevelt is more virile, more "rough and ready," more of a "trust buster" than, to them, his anæmic and more self-possessed opponent; but neither Roosevelt nor Parker can put passion in the heart of the radical, no radical will vote for either as he voted for Bryan—with a fervour comparable only to religious frenzy, to whom Bryan was the embodiment of a vaguely pictured ideal, who crystallised thoughts so fugitive that they found no expression, who fused

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the molten flux of longing for what men scarcely knew, but longing for something better, higher, nobler even than that which was vouchsafed to them, fired by an aspiration that led them on, but which when they tried to grasp it was as elusive as an *ignis fatuus*.

Bryanism is dead in the same sense that the raising of the standard of free silver is no longer a signal to war; but Bryanism, which is a synonym for radicalism, is a living dynamic force that *may* rend society and *must* shatter parties. In a government of parties there can be no place for two parties that offer a choice merely of names and not of principles, for then principles disappear and parties cease to exist. Great as the United States is, it is not great enough to support two great conservative parties.

It was Carlyle, fifty years ago, who wrote:

> America, too, will have to strain its energies in quite another fashion than this; to crack its sinews and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousand-fold wrestle with the pythons and mud demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful, though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New spiritual pythons, plenty of them, enormous megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet aware of.

The pythons, the mud demons, and the enormous megatherions are there. No one can doubt they are still to be wrestled with.

A. Maurice Low.

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THE SOLDIERS OF THE SIRKAR

THE expedition to Lhassa has evoked so much interest that it may perhaps not be out of place to offer a brief description of the fighting men of the Bengal and Punjab armies from which the *personnel* of the expeditionary force has been mainly drawn. To the ordinary Englishman and to the well-informed foreigner the success of the expedition has come to the one as a surprise, to the other as one more disappointment, while to those who know the Indian Army nothing less than complete success was looked for. Not only is the Headquarters Staff at Simla *facile princeps* in the organising of minor, though difficult, expeditions whether by land or water, but the officers of the Indian Army are all, in the strictest sense of the word, *professional* soldiers, better trained, less dry-nursed, and more experienced than their brothers of the British Service, while the men who follow them are splendid material, admirably taught, and imbued with a real admiration for and belief in the Englishmen who lead them.

The classes from which we now enlist recruits for the native regiments of the two northern armies of India are as follows: Brahmans, Dogras, Garhwalis, Gurkhas, Jats, Mahomedans (Hindustani and Punjabi), Pathans, Rajputs, and Sikhs; and in this paper I propose to give a brief account or description of each of these races or sects, and to point out the different attributes from which each derives his special value as a fighting man.

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For the sake of convenience I have arranged my list alphabetically, but the result of this is that the least valuable soldier finds himself at its head, while the first of our fighting men—the best of Eastern mercenaries—brings up the rear.

Brahmans.—In the old Bengal Army Brahmans were very largely recruited and did good service, but their caste prejudices reduce their value as soldiers, and in the present day there are only two regiments of Brahmans in the Bengal army, recruited almost exclusively from the *Kanaujia* Brahmans of the North-West Provinces and Oudh. Brahmans are of course, to be found in all parts of India, but, however scattered they may now be, they all belong to the same stock. There are two great divisions among them—the *Gaur* and the *Dravida*, the former comprising all Brahmans north of the river Narbudda, and the latter all south of it; the great majority of these latter, too, have no soldierly instincts whatever, and are rarely enlisted. The Brahman sepoy makes a fine cantonment soldier; he gives no trouble, and is smart on parade; but his caste, which obliges him to wash and strip before he can cook and eat his food, prevents his roughing it on service with other troops. Perhaps he is more adapted for a policeman than a soldier; in that profession he is not called upon to do violence to his religious belief and teaching by taking life, while the influence which a high-caste Brahman possesses over all Hindus must help him greatly in the maintenance of law and order.

Dogras.—The Dogras are a mixed race of Highlanders, with Rajput blood in them, who inhabit the hills and valleys of the Himalayas lying between the rivers Sutlej and Chenab, and divided by the Beas. Their country is about 150 miles long by 80 broad, and includes the districts of Kangra, Hoshiarpore, Gurdaspore and Sialkote with the native states of Chamba, Mundi and Jummu. The word Dogra is derived from an Indian word meaning hill or mountain, and it is said that the Rajputs, who emigrated from the plains of India to the northern hills, and founded the Dogra principalities, called themselves Dogras

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or hillmen, to distinguish themselves from their brethren of the plains. These principalities or states were originally twenty-two in number, and were constantly at war with one another, and often with the Mahomedan rulers and invaders of India. When early in the eleventh century Mahmoud of Ghazni invaded India, the Dogras united together to help their Hindu brethren to oppose the advance of the invader, but were defeated in a great battle near Peshawar. They were subjugated by Akbar, controlled by Shah Jehan and Jehangir, and finally, like the rest of the Punjab, became subject to the Sikhs in the days of Runjeet Singh. The Dogra has neither the grit, the "go," nor the vigour of some of the races of India from which our recruits are drawn, but he is a self-respecting man with a high sense of honour, law-abiding, full of quiet and resolute courage when face to face with danger, and with the sentiment of loyalty deeply engrained in his nature. The Dogras are more superstitious and priest-ridden than men of the plains, but fling aside their caste prejudices when the necessities of active service require them to do so. Kangra supplies the majority of our Dogra recruits, and of these the *Mians*, the highest class of Rajput Dogras, make the best soldiers. It is only of quite recent years that Dogras have been formed into class regiments, and it was in 1891—barely thirteen years ago—that a Dogra regiment, as such, first went on active service, when at Ghazikote, although practically driven in by overwhelming numbers of *Yusafzais* of the Black Mountain, they stuck to their post, beat off the attack, and earned no fewer than five "orders of merit" for their Regiment.

Garhwalis.—Garhwal—"the land of forts"—is a mountainous district in the Himalayas, forming the north-western part of the Kumaon Division of the Lieutenant-Governorship of what until the other day was called the "North-West Provinces and Oudh." Its area is about 5500 square miles, and its population some 350,000. On the north it marches with Thibet, while on the south it is bounded by the Bijnor district of Rohilkhand, on the east by the Kumaon district,

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and on the west by Dehra Dun and Tehri. The dominant race in Garhwal—the *Khasiyas*—claim to be Rajputs from the plains fallen in the social scale because they have not strictly adhered to the caste rules of their forefathers, but originally, no doubt, these Khasiyas were Aryan emigrants from Central Asia, who entered India at some remote period and occupied lands in the Punjab and in the North-West Provinces, but who were driven into the hills by the Scythian hordes and by the early Mahomedan invaders. But centuries of close contact with Thibet have naturally resulted in a fusion of the Aryan and Mongolian elements in the population of Garhwal, and there can be no doubt but that it is largely due to his Mongolian blood that the Garhwali makes the sturdy fellow and the good soldier that he does. Garhwal has no history to speak of, and tradition records little but years of internecine warfare; in the thirteenth century the district contained no less than fifty-two petty states, varying in size and in population and constantly at feud one with another, and it was not until a century later that one chieftain, more powerful or more fortunate than his compeers, succeeded in reducing the other states to subjection, and established the kingdom of Garhwal. During his dynasty, which survived until the Gurkha conquest early in the last century, Garhwal suffered many invasions from neighbouring hill states and from the Rohillas of Rohilkhand; while during the twelve years that the Gurkhas ruled Garhwal the country was nearly ruined and the people almost exterminated by the barbarities of the conquerors. But yet the fact that the Garhwali maintained his independence for so many years in spite of the proximity and the harrying of fighting races like the Gurkhas and the Rohillas, compels one ungrudgingly to cede him something of a soldierly reputation. Until we began, only a very few years ago, to enlist Garhwalis for a special class regiment, there was always a large proportion of these hill men in all Gurkha regiments, and many of the best of the Gurkha officers—(in a Gurkha battalion the British officer does not speak, as in down-

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country regiments, of his *Native* officers, but of his *Gurkha* officers)—came not from Nepal but from Garhwal; while in the war of 1814–15, which the Government of India undertook —not with initial or conspicuous success—against the Nepalese, a large number of Garhwalis fought in the ranks of the Gurkha Army.

The Garhwali is a man of good physique, vigour and endurance, and although not perhaps so sturdy as the Gurkha or so free from caste prejudices, he is, at the same time, far more intelligent, and likely for that reason to make, perhaps, a better officer.

Gurkhas.—Nepal is bounded on the north by Thibet, on the east by Sikkim and the Darjeeling district, on the south by the districts of Purnea, Durbhanga, Mozufferpore, Bhagulpore, Champarun, and Gorakhpore—this last the seat of the Gurkha recruiting or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, *receiving* depot; on the south-west by Oudh; and on the west by Kumaon. Previous to the year 1815 Nepal extended its western borders right up to the Sutlej; but by the treaty of Segowlie, Kumaon and all the hill country west of the Kali river were ceded to the East India Company. The total area of Nepal is roughly 54,000 square miles, and its population is probably about four millions; the country has usually been divided by its people into five districts, and one of these—the Central district—contains the original petty state of Gurkha, a small tract on its eastern frontier, whose raja ultimately conquered the whole of Nepal. The chief inhabitants of Gurkha were the almost purely Mongol races of Magars and Gurungs and mixed Aryo-Mongol races known as *Khas* and *Thakur*. Other tribes and races of Nepal, unconnected with the Gurkha district, are, strictly speaking, not Gurkhalis at all.

In Mr. Bonarjee's interesting book on the "fighting races of India" he writes as follows:

> Nepalese traditions mention a long line of Aryan Chiefs from India who established themselves as rulers over parts of the country. Doubtless they are mostly mythical characters, but underlying this tradition of a succession of

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Rajput Kings from India, is this substratum of truth, that it represents the struggle which undoubtedly took place in Nepal between two waves of emigration—one Mongoloid from Thibet, the other Aryan from India. For several centuries this struggle for mastery between the Mongol and the Aryan continued, which ultimately ended in the spiritual and intellectual supremacy of the Aryan, but which left the Mongolian element largely unassimilated ethnically and unconquered politically. The Aryans took unto themselves wives from among the Mongols, and thus a mixed race sprung up. Much the same thing happened in the case of the Aryan conquest of Nepal as happened in the case of the Norman conquest of England. The Normans, although they conquered England, in course of time were gradually absorbed into the English stock; and though retaining a nominal supremacy actually exercised no real sovereignty when once they had been incorporated with the English. So in the case of the Aryan conquest of Nepal. These Aryans found the country peopled by a Mongol race, differing very much from them in customs, manners, blood and speech. By their superior intelligence and not by superior courage, they contrived to gain a dominant position in the country, but this position they could only retain by identifying themselves with the native inhabitants and coalescing with them, thus giving rise to a feeling of community and nationality between all classes.

It was about the year 1600 that a cadet of a Rajput family overthrew the reigning raja of Gurkha and established himself as chief of the little state, and it was one of his successors who, nearly a hundred and fifty years later, invaded the Nepal valley and commenced the Gurkha career of conquest. It may be said without exaggeration that from the year 1736 to the present day the Gurkhas have been fighting—either, as at first, for their own hand or in these latter days in the armies of the *Sirkar*. Having become master of the valley of Nepal the Gurkhali conqueror transferred his capital to Khatmandu, which has ever since remained the capital of the Gurkha kingdom. The Gurkhas conquered Sikkim and invaded Thibet, were defeated by the Chinese, and yet two years later had annexed Kumaon and overrun Garhwal; in the war with the English the Gurkhas displayed brilliant courage and won the ungrudging admiration of their adversaries. Since the peace which followed our war with the Nepalese our relations with the Nepal Durbar have been of a most cordial

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character. Assistance was freely offered us in the Sikh wars, and was accepted and nobly rendered during the dark days of the Mutiny. It was Mr. Brian Hodgson, who was at Khatmandu from 1820 to 1843, first as Secretary and later as President, who was probably one of the first to suggest to the Government of India, in two memoirs which he drew up on the military system of Nepal, the expediency of procuring the services for our armies of a considerable body of Gurkha soldiers, whereby we should diminish the chances of collision with Nepal, caused by the pressure on its Government of an excessive soldiery. For some years the supply of Gurkha recruits which we were able to obtain was small and intermittent, but quite within recent times the Nepal Durbar has relaxed its restrictions and the military authorities in Simla have been able to increase the number of battalions of Gurkhas in the army of India, The history of that army is full of glorious deeds of arms of which the Gurkha is the hero; he is the Thomas Atkins of the East, and is the one native soldier of whom the British linesman makes a friend and companion. Sturdy, phlegmatic, cheery, and indomitable, his ardour in action springs rather from the warmth of enthusiasm than of mere excitement. He has been often credited with cruelty and blood-thirstiness in the field, but it may be doubted whether the Gurkhas can really be so judged from the few isolated and substantiated instances of savagery which have come to light. For more than fifty years the Gurkhas have fought for us in the forefront of the Empire's battles; one can only wish that we had more of them and that the *Pax Britannica* may never destroy or diminish their fighting value.

Jats.—Cunningham is of opinion that the Jat is half Afghan, half Rajput; Ibbetson says that the Jats and the Rajputs are ethnologically identical, and that any distinction between them is social rather than racial; other authorities maintain the Rajput to be Aryan and the Jat Scythian or Turanian. The Jats are now found all over the Punjab, in parts of Rajputana and

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Central India, and in the western parts of the North-West Provinces, but Bhurtpore is now the only important Jat state, and its chief is looked upon as their head by all the Eastern Jats. These are nearly all Hindus, and supply the bulk of the Jat recruits for the Indian Army, being drawn chiefly from Bhurtpore, from the Jumna-Ganges Doab, and from the districts of Muttra, Delhi, Agra, Gurgaon, and Hissar. The Jats of the Western Punjab are mostly Mahomedans, but these are not recruited into our Hindustani regiments. Mainly agriculturists, of great industry and skill in husbandry, the Jats are of good physique, though not perhaps so sturdily made as some of the northern races of India; but they are undeniably of good fighting material and of soldierly instincts, and have always done well in the different campaigns in which Jats have fought for the British Raj.

Hindustani Mahomedans.—Hindustani Mahomedan recruits come chiefly from the North-West Provinces, from Oudh, and from the neighbourhood of Delhi; this latter is, of course, the great centre of Mahomedan supremacy in India, while in the North-West Provinces and in Oudh the Mahomedans number over twenty per cent. of the whole population. Hindustani Mahomedans are either converts from Hinduism or descendants of the Mahomedans who originally conquered India; among the converts may be named the Rajput Mahomedans—of whom the *Ranghars* from the Delhi division, though turbulent and somewhat troublesome, make the best soldiers—and the Mahomedan Jats, while among the original Mahomedans are, with others, Moguls and Pathans. The Moguls claim descent from the Mogul conquerors and are of Tartar origin, proud, indolent, and consequently poor, and although, in common with the Pathans—descendants of the settlers who entered India with the conquering Afghan or Mogul—their martial qualities are doubtless to some extent impaired, they can and do still supply the Army of India with numbers of recruits of good quality.

Punjabi Mahomedans.—Of better class, however, as fighting

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material are the recruits we obtain from the smaller Mahomedan clans of the Punjab, who claim either Mogul or Arab origin though really of either Rajput, or Jat, or Tartar descent, and who are grouped together as "Punjabi Mahomedans." They are not so strictly warlike as the Sikhs and the Pathans, but are more martial than most of the other Punjab castes, and having, in the years past, acquired by the sword lordship over certain localities, they have retained a pride of race which makes them in every way desirable recruits for our ranks. They are very intelligent, and make excellent native officers, and few Punjab regiments—not being class regiments—are complete without at least a couple of companies of Punjabi Mahomedans. The men of the following Mahomedan tribes of the Punjab furnish perhaps the best class of recruit—*Ghakkars* from the Salt Range; *Sials* from the Jhang district; *Tiwanas* from Shahpore; *Chibbs* from the Jummu Hills and the district of Gujrat; *Kharrals* from Montgomery and about the banks of the Ravi; and lastly *Bhattis*, a large Rajput tribe from the districts of Amritsar, Sialkote, Lahore, Gujranwallah, Multan, and Ferozepore.

Pathans.—No doubt strictly speaking the Pathan should not be included among the fighting men of the Punjab, since his home is really beyond our border; but in the past he has fought so much against us and has of late years proved himself so excellent a soldier in our ranks, that no account of the fighting races of Northern India from which our recruits are drawn could be complete without mention of the Pathans. They constitute, too, a reserve upon which the *Pax Britannica* has had in the past and can have, for many generations, but little if any too-humanising an influence. The races from whom, within our boundaries, we now draw the recruits for our Indian regiments *may*—I do not say they *will*—lose something of their warlike spirit and their martial ardour with the spread of civilisation and the cultivation of the arts of peace; and here at our very threshold we have an inexhaustible recruiting-ground, where from their boyhood upwards the young men

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have been trained in the arts of the skirmisher and imbued with the love of fighting.

Our North-West Frontier touches that of Afghanistan at only three points—at Landi Kotal in the Khyber, at the head of the Kurram Valley, and at the foot of the northern slopes of the Khojak. Everywhere else the country of the Pathan tribesman intervenes. This is a long strip of unutterably rugged and unattractive mountain country; stony, barren heights; deep abrupt valleys seamed by occasional torrents; the farms represented by a patch of corn on a hillside or a thread of cultivation on a narrow bit of alluvial soil along a mountain stream; no highways save those made by British columns; the village roads—mere tracks straggling over hills and among the roughest ravines, always difficult and often dangerous. The dwelling-places—caves in the hillsides or fortified towers on the edge of the fields. Such is the country of the Pathans—"the Bloody Border." The tribesmen are without exception Mussulmans; "Sunnis by faith, Pathans by speech, warriors by right of their courage and physique, and robbers by nature," and since robbery—except on an Imperial scale—is abhorrent to the British Government, they have been for years past our inveterate foes. The Pathans are probably of Indian origin as the Afghans are most likely of Arab or Israelitish extraction, but the term *Pathan* is applied indiscriminately to every Pushtu-speaking man along or across our Border. They have no education, and only nominally a religion; they are superstitious and priest-ridden, avaricious and predatory to the last degree; no oath, however sacred, is binding if against their own interests; nothing is finer than their physique, nothing worse than their morals. On the other hand, the Pathan is gallant and courageous, and, if reckless of the lives of others, he is certainly not sparing of his own. As an enemy he is at his best in swooping down upon a convoy or in harassing a rearguard, and those who have experienced his attentions on these occasions are not likely to forget them. He is said to be hospitable and charitable, while he has over

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and over again proved himself a good and faithful soldier in our service. The tribesmen are perpetually at war with each other; "each tribe and section of a tribe has its own private wars, each family its hereditary blood feuds, and every individual his personal foes." Colonel Holdich says: "The Pathan will shoot his own relations just as soon as the relations of his enemy—possibly sooner, and he will shoot them from behind." The Pathan enlists freely in our service, but there is "one thing he will not give up, but brings with him to his regiment, keeps through his service, must have leave to look after, will resign promotion to gratify, and looks forward to retiring to thoroughly enjoy, and that is—his cherished blood feud."

There are probably more than two million Pathans within and without our Border; their country is bordered on the west and east by Afghanistan and the Indus, on the south and north by Baluchistan and Kashmir, and the following is a brief description of some of the more important or better known of the tribes.

The *Khattaks* are one of the finest and best disposed of all the tribes on the whole border; they inhabit the Kohat district, the northern fringe of their country being wedged into the angle formed by the junction of the Kabul river with the Indus. Their land is bare and barren, and produces little but rock salt, of which commodity the Khattaks are the chief carriers. Part of the Peshawar valley was given them by Akbar, and it was a Khattak who was that Emperor's first "Lord Warden of the Marches"—filling much the same post as used to be occupied by the Commander of the Punjab Irregular Frontier Force. They are a brave, hospitable and warlike race, great dancers and pipers, and very loyal to their tribal chiefs, who have unusual influence over them.

The *Yusufzais* are one of the largest, one of the most important, and also one of the most powerful of the Pathan tribes. They occupy a large tract of country north and east of the Peshawar valley, and also a good deal of plain country in the Peshawar district itself, occupying the hill country of

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Boner and Swat, the western face of the Black Mountain, part of the Chamla valley, and the tehsils of Mardan and Swabi in the Peshawar District.

The *Yusufzais* of the Black Mountain have given us endless trouble, and have been the cause of numerous expeditions—in 1852, in 1868, in 1869, and one every alternate year from 1889 to 1898. The men of Boner, on the other hand, have given us but little trouble; we have only fought them twice—in 1863 and in 1898—the first being one of our severest, and the last one of the simplest of our frontier expeditions. The country of the Bonerwals marches with the valleys of Swat, reached from India by way of Nowshera, Mardan and the Malakand Pass. This pass had never been actually crossed by us until the Chitral Relief expedition of 1895, but in 1847 and 1849 there were operations in Baizai on the left bank of the Swat River, while in 1852 Sir Colin Campbell led a force into the Ranizai country at the western end of the valley—an expedition which had to be repeated in 1878. The Swati has never been looked upon as a very formidable fighting man; his valleys are very rich and fertile, but feverish and generally unhealthy, and his physique is consequently not to be compared with that of some of his neighbours.

The *Utman Khel* country lies to the west of the Malakand, and closely adjoining the Swat valley; this tribe is ever ready to give trouble and to join in any fighting which may be going on. There have been expeditions against them in 1852 and in 1878, and a large percentage of Utman Khels undoubtedly took part in 1897 in the persistent attacks on the Malakand.

The Momands inhabit the hilly country to the north-west of Peshawar, bounded on the east by British territory and by the country of the Utman Khels, on the north by Bajour, on the west by Kunar, and on the south by the territory of the Shinwaris and Afridis. The Momand is proud, treacherous, and cruel; he does not at present enlist much in our service, the younger and more restless spirits of the tribe being

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generally absorbed in the regiments of the Amir of Afghanistan, to whom the Momands own a nominal and grudging allegiance. They first came into collision with us during the first Afghan War, and this led to an expedition into their country in 1851; the *Michni* Momands were coerced in 1854, while in 1863 there were several minor operations against the tribe in the neighbourhood of Peshawar, and in 1873, 1878, 1880, and again in 1897 the Momands had to be proceeded against. As the Momands are Afghans by right of kinship, they should not, perhaps, really be looked upon as true Pathans.

Peshawar, the "Guard-room of India," lies at the western extremity of the valley, almost in the jaws of the Khyber Pass, and but 170 miles from Kabul. The Pass itself is nominally in our hands as far as Landi Kotal, but is handed over to the joint care of the local militia and of the six clans of the Khyber Pass Afridis, who, in consideration of certain allowances, safeguard the caravans which go to and fro between India and Afghanistan. The country of the Afridis lies south of the Khyber up to and beyond Landi Kotal, and they are the most powerful, the most numerous, and physically one of the finest of all the border tribes; of the remaining two Afridi clans, one lives south of the Bara river in the Peshawar valley, while the other inhabits the hills between Peshawar and Kohat. The tribesmen enlist very freely into our service—recruiting has never been brisker than since the close of the Tirah campaign—and they make excellent soldiers, but their character does not stand high even among the Pathans; they are cruel, treacherous, merciless, and revengeful, but all the same the Afridi is perhaps *the* Pathan whose manliness and manner most strongly prejudice Englishmen in his favour, and of a certainty he has, individually, gained a great reputation for fidelity as a soldier. It can never be forgotten that, when in 1897 we left the Khyber garrisons in the lurch, it was 500 Afridis who, against their own kith and kin, upheld British honour in the Khyber while 10,000 British troops on the

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Peshawar border *looked on.* We first met the Afridis in 1889, when Colonel Wade with a Sikh force entered the Khyber, but since 1850 we have undertaken at least six expeditions against them.

The country of the Afridis is reached from the Khyber Pass, from Peshawar through the Bara valley, or by way of Kohat over the Samana range and through the Orakzai country.

The *Orakzais* inhabit the mountainous country to the north-west of the Kohat district; on the north and east is the country of the Afridis, on the south is the Miranzai valley, and on the west are the mountains of the Sufed Koh. They are wiry-looking mountaineers but by no means such fine-looking men as their neighbours, the Afridis, though strong and hardy and inured to fatigue and exposure. They have given us their fair share of trouble—an expedition about every eight years or so during the last half-century. Between the Orakzai country and Waziristan lies the Kurram valley, which has been in our occupation since the last Afghan war and which, though not so important a gateway to Kabul as the Khyber, is one whose occupation gives us little if any trouble; its inhabitants—a small tribe called *Turis*—are *Shiahs*, and this sect, whether on the frontier or in Afghanistan, has invariably been friendly to British interests and well disposed towards the British officer. The Kurram is best entered from Thal, midway between Kohat and Bunnu.

The land of the *Wazirs*—the Switzerland of the North-West Frontier—lies between the Tochi River on the north and the Gomul River on the south, but some sections of the tribe inhabit the country up to the right bank of the Kurram River; the Tochi is a wide, cultivated valley, while the Gomul is narrower, but both are high roads to Ghazni, and the former was probably the route generally selected by that arch-raider Mahmoud, "early in the eleventh century, when he swept down with hordes of irregular cavalry through the band of hills at the head of the Tochi and laid waste the Indus valley

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from Bannu to Multan." The Waziris have given us endless trouble and cost us fifty years of punitive expeditions, with the usual expenditure of blood and treasure, and the main difficulty in regard to their coercion has hitherto been that their back doors open into Afghanistan, where they were always assured of an asylum in troublous time. "Physically the Waziris are a fine race, tall, muscular, and courageous—in many respects noble savages. They never spare an enemy of the male sex, but the Waziri is so far chivalrous that he will never kill or rob women; he is credited with some regard for honour, and with comparative truthfulness." The blood-feuds of this tribe are not so *indiscriminate* as are those of other tribes, it being generally ruled that the slaying of the actual murderer is enough, and they are satisfied, unlike many of their neighbours, with what they call "make up" money, the fixed price for a male Waziri being 1800 rupees, a woman half price, and so on down a regular tariff.

As soldiers the Pathans are resolute and self-reliant, born skirmishers, with plenty of grit and nerve, full of *élan*, but they require a strong hand over them, and to be led and commanded by those who appreciate and understand them. Fortunately such men are not wanting among the British officers at the head of our Punjab regiments, and round the mess-tables of the officers of the old Frontier Force can be heard many stirring tales of devotion, daring, and sacrifice by the wild men of the Border who have eaten our salt.

Rajputs.—Rajputs are not necessarily—as is often imagined, and as the name seems almost to imply—natives of Rajputana, for not only do they form only a small percentage of the population of that province, but they are found anywhere between Benares and the Indus, and are really the modern representatives of the early Aryan immigrants. The Rajputs originally settled in the Punjab, colonising also the North-West Provinces and Oudh, and giving their name to Rajputana when they conquered that province and became in it the

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ruling race, subduing therein the Bhils and other aboriginal tribes. There is little or no history of the Rajputs as a race, but each Rajput state or clan has its own. The more pure-blooded the Rajput, the more free he is from any taint of other blood, the better soldier does he make, and for this reason the western Rajputs are more sought after by the recruiting officer than the eastern. Udaipore, Jodhpore, Jaipore, and Bikanir are all Rajput states, and the Rahtor horsemen are famous all over India—the land of light cavalry. "The dominant characteristic of the Rajput is pride of blood": he is at his best when things are going well, and is not so good as some other of our troops under reverses; he is a somewhat haughty but brave soldier, and has fought for us from the days of Clive up to now, but his caste prejudices are rather against him on active service, though even in this respect things are very much better than they used to be.

Sikhs.—And now what am I to say about the Sikh—the finest type of fighting man to be found in all Asia, the model of everything that is best and noblest in a native gentleman?

The British Army has never fought against finer foes or alongside better fighters than the warriors of the Khalsa, and the Sikh is, perhaps above all other mercenaries, invariably to be relied on alike in the moment of victory or in the dark hours of defeat or disaster. "A Sikh is, as the name implies, one who learns, a follower or disciple. They are the descendants of those who, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries followed the reformed Hindu religion as preached by Nanak, Govind Singh, and others," so that "born as a peaceable and tolerant religion, Sikhism was gradually transformed from a purely religious movement, by the persecutions of fanatical bigots like Aurungzebe and his successors, into a military and political movement directed against the weakness and inhumanity of the later Mogul Emperors." The doctrine taught by Nanak combined all that was best in both Hinduism and Mahomedanism—the unity of God, the spiritual and religious equality of all men—"Hinduism purged of its

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grossness by the more elevated religious precepts of Islam"—and he was a religious teacher pure and simple. It was Guru Arjan and his son Har Govind who made of the young community a political factor to be reckoned with, and it was Govind Singh, the tenth, last, and greatest of all the Gurus, who finally set the seal upon the conversion of the Sikhs from a semi-religious sect into a strong political community full of warlike ardour. It was his followers who were called the Khalsa—the pure or elect; he directed that they should all take the name of *Singh*, or Lion, to show that their chief attribute was to be courage in war, and he it was who instituted the rite of initiation—the *pahul*, for a Sikh, though born of Sikh parents, is not actually a Sikh until he has gone through this ceremony. A Sikh should be initiated at the age of seven, but all recruits for Sikh regiments are initiated on attestation, and it is perhaps one potent reason for the attraction of our military service to the Sikh community that Sikhism is largely kept up by and in the Sikh regiments of the Punjab Army. With the commencement of the gradual decay of the Mogul Empire, the Sikhs began to recover from the persecution they had undergone and to prepare for the struggle for independence. Leading Sikhs commenced to carve out kingdoms for themselves from the ruins of the Mogul Empire, until the rise of Runjeet Singh—the Lion of the Punjab—united all the Sikhs under one sovereignty.

The tracts occupied by the Sikhs lie to the west and east of the Sutlej—the Manjha and the Malwa Sikhs—and the finest specimen of the Sikh is the Jat Sikh, possessing all the good qualities of the Punjabi Jat grafted on the virtues developed by Sikhism:

> In the Jat Khalsa Sikh therefore, the Sikh is seen at his best and highest—the truest and best embodiment of Sikhism. The Jat Singh is an exceptionally fine type of Asiatic; of splendid physique, of well proportioned and solid build, with manly and handsome features, the Jat Singh, with his sturdy self-respect and social pride, constitutes the *beau-ideal* of an Oriental soldier, inspired as he is with the knowledge that brave deeds and proud traditions are the heritage which the past has given into his keeping.

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Of the lower class Sikhs, the Muzbis—originally sweepers and now agriculturists—are strong and hardy, and though not such fine men as the Jat Sikhs, make capital soldiers and are specially enlisted for the Punjab Pioneer Regiments. The Sikh is an excellent gunner and a superb infantry soldier —there are few finer sights in the world than a Sikh regiment on parade—(unless it is a company of Sikhs covering a retirement in a nasty rearguard action on the Indian Frontier)—every man a Goliath and a Nazarene. He is also a splendid horseman, though not an especially good horse-master. But take him all in all, the Sikh is an ideal fighting man, the first of our fighting men in India, true as the steel he wears, a brave soldier and a courteous gentleman, loyal, resolute, and cool in action, a warrior both by instinct and by tradition.

Oh! for the mad excitement, the joy of war's alarms,
Call thro' the Punjab's provinces—to arms, to arms, to arms!
See from the yellow Sutlej to the black Indus fords,
The warriors of the Khalsa are girding on their swords.

* * * * *

"And when the time shall come, Sahib, as come full well it may,
When all things are not bright and fair, as all things seem to-day,
When foes are gathering round you fast and friends are far and few,
Remember Hodson trusted us—and trust the old blood too,
And as we followed him—to death—our sons will follow you."

H. C. Wylly.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ZUBAIR PASHA

IF the name of Zubair Pasha is remembered at all in this country, it is in connection with Gordon's last and fatal mission to the Sudan. Watching the progress of Mahdism as it overran the Sudan, the English Governor, from the day of his arrival at Khartum, "urged in the strongest terms that he could employ that power should be placed in the hands of a single man, and that man Zubair Pasha." [1] This recommendation he continued to urge in the most persistent way; and the Journals of his last months at Khartum contain many an expression of regret at the rejection of his advice, and of his belief in the marvellous influence which Zubair could have exercised over the minds of the Sudanese. That Gordon should have longed for the co-operation of Zubair was indeed a noteworthy case of the whirligig of time bringing its revenges. That co-operation had been offered him in 1879 at the time of "the Slave-dealers' Rebellion" by Nubar Pasha, and he had rejected it with scorn; [2] declaring that Zubair alone was responsible for the slave trade of the last ten years.[3] The refusal of the British Government in 1884 to let Zubair be sent to assist Gordon was due to the representations of an Anti-Slavery

[1] Sir H. W. Gordon, in "Gordon's Journals," edited by Hake, 1885, p. lvii.

[2] "Col. Gordon in Central Africa," by Birkbeck Hill, 1881, p. 336.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 337.

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Society;[1] but indeed in Hill's edition of Gordon's Letters Zubair had been described in a way which would prevent any self-respecting Government from making such a man a K.C.M.G., or indeed employing him in any capacity whatever. The passage is fervidly rhetorical, as follows:[2]

> On one great criminal had not yet fallen the punishment due to his boundless wickedness. Sebehr Pasha had been a king among the slave-traders of the world. His strongholds had been pushed far into the heart of Africa; and over hundreds of miles of fertile lands, whose fruits had once nourished a teeming and a happy population, he had spread desolation and sorrow. He had kept up an almost princely court; but the flood of his prosperity had been swollen to its monstrous height by the tears of thousands and tens of thousands. The ebb had at length come, and for a time that vast stream of human misery had ceased to flow. To add yet a deeper stain to his guilt, he had been a traitor to the government under which he held high office. He was a Pasha of Egypt, and against Egypt he had raised this fierce revolt. By his orders her troops had been treacherously surprised and massacred.

Who then was this Zubair, who, in the first set of Gordon's Journals figures as the villain of the piece, and in the last as a benevolent *deus ex machina*, on whose approach the star of the Mahdi would at once begin to wane? Gordon's biographers ordinarily describe him as a scoundrel[3] and a notorious slave-trader. A fairly detailed account of him and his career is given by the traveller, W. Junker, whose work has been translated into English by Mr. A. H. Keane;[4] another (not yet translated), which agrees with the former in most matters, by the contemporary traveller, Nachtigal;[5] and an Arabic biography of Zubair was published by Gordon himself.[6] In the present year, however, Zubair has published his autobiography, which he communicated orally to Na'oum Bey Shoucair, Chef de Bureau in the Agent-General's office, Cairo, who has incor-

[1] H. D. Traill, "England, Egypt and the Sudan," 1900, p. 74.

[2] "Col. Gordon in Central Africa," p. 388. The words are Hill's.

[3] A. E. Hake, "Gordon in China and the Sudan," 1896, p. 131; *cf.* D. C. Boulger, "Life of Gordon," 1896, i. 149.

[4] "Travels in Africa," 1890, i. 170-173.

[5] "Sahara und Sudan," Leipzig, 1889, iii. 410–417.

[6] Sir H. W. Gordon, "Charles George Gordon," 1886, p. 331.

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porated it in his monumental work on the history, geography, and physical characteristics of the Sudan;[1] a work accessible at present to Arabic scholars only. Owing to the remarkable manner in which Zubair figures in the Journals of the "Christian Hero," there may be many in England who would like to know more about him. We shall therefore abridge his autobiography, and then estimate the amount of justification which it gives for the above treatment of him.

Zubair,[2] son of Rahmat, was born on an island in the White Nile (?) called Wawissa, in the year 1831. He regards himself as a descendant of the Abbasid family, which gave Caliphs to Baghdad for more than five centuries. When the Mongols put an end to the series his ancestors fled to Egypt. But, disliking the rule of the Fatimides (which, by the way, had ceased for a century), they went South, and emerge in the nineteenth century as members of the tribe Jami'ab, located in Darfur. At the age of seven he was sent to school at Khartum, which even before the erection of Gordon College was regarded as a seat of learning.

His family were traders, and his first expedition of importance was brought about by his anxiety to dissuade a cousin from undertaking a hazardous journey into Bahr al-Ghazal. The cousin refused to be dissuaded; and Zubair, who was then twenty-five years of age, swore, under penalty of divorcing his wife, that either the cousin must yield, or he himself would share the perils of the journey. As his cousin persisted, Zubair was compelled by his oath to make the journey also. They took with them a supply of beads and other ornaments, to be exchanged for ivory, rhinoceros horn, ostrich feathers, and other products of the Bahr al-Ghazal province. Both of them were in the employ of that Ali Abu Amouri whose name occurs occasionally in Schweinfurth's "Travels"[3] and Sir S. Baker's "Ismailia."[4]

[1] "The History and Geography of the Sudan," Cairo, 1904.

[2] The form Sebehr was got by Gordon from the English translation of Schweinfurth's "Travels," where the Germanised form was retained unaltered.

[3] "The Heart of Africa," 1874, ii. 339. [4] *Ibid.* 1874, i. 217.

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An occasion soon arose enabling Zubair to display some of his talents. An attack was made on the traders by the natives of the Jur country, where were pitched the zareebahs of the party. Zubair organised the defence, and, probably owing to the possession of superior weapons, defeated the assailants with great slaughter. Thereafter the traders began to look to Zubair as their natural protector; Ali Abu Amouri gave him a tenth of his ivory, and appointed him his agent when he left for Khartum. By 1858 Zubair was himself able to return to Khartum with profits valued at £1,000. With this sum he purchased a dahabieh, loaded it with goods, and hired a company whom he armed with rifles. His intention was to explore unknown lands.

This intention he presently carried out. Leaving his dahabieh at the furthest navigable point on the Bahr al-Ghazal,[1] he proceeded across country to the region called Kolou,[2] where he was favourably received by the ruler, and collected great stores of ivory. Thence in 1859 he advanced westward to the Nyamnyam country, where reigned a king with four hundred wives, and where camels, horses, and asses were unknown. Zubair would have presented the king with an ass, but the king thought it must be a man magically transformed, and would have none of it. But other presents won his favour, and he gave Zubair the eldest of his many daughters. Alliance with the king enabled him to do business with safety and success.

His return was marked by a strange adventure. He and his former employer endeavoured to save themselves a long land journey by navigating the Pongo, a tributary of the Bahr al-Ghazal. They built themselves a couple of boats, and embarked, taking two months' provisions; but presently the tributary widened out into a vast lake—unknown, it would appear, to the maps—where they lost their bearings, and were compelled to wander seventy-five days. Then they perceived

[1] "Meshra al-Rek."

[2] Called Golo in A. H. Keane's "Africa," 1895.

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some smoke, which it was found proceeded from a large and populous island in the lake, where in the afternoon quantities of ox-dung were burnt in order to provide ash-beds for the inhabitants to lie on at night. Thither they proceeded, having already lost several of their number from privation or despair. On their arrival at the island, where they were hospitably received, many more perished, through partaking too greedily of the first meal offered them.

The hospitality was, however, only a cloak for treachery; the king of the island arranged that a night attack should be made on the guests, themselves slaughtered and their goods seized. But Zubair, who was keeping guard, shot a lion, which, like its ancestor of Nemea, had been devastating the island, and this drove all idea of treachery from the king's heart, who proceeded to bestow a daughter on the hero. But on leaving the island fresh disasters overtook the party, and only Zubair, his former employer, and six men got back safely to Khartum.

After a few months' rest and preparation at Khartum, Zubair started again for the Nyamnyam country (1864), with a new idea in his mind. It was the custom in that land that malefactors should be sold in the market to be killed and eaten. Zubair made large purchases, but only of such criminals as were fit to bear arms, whom he proceeded to train in their use. Zubair's father-in-law the king, not unnaturally, took alarm at this proceeding, and, when Zubair obtained leave to go ivory-hunting in the neighbouring but hostile King Duyah's country, sent an army to waylay his son-in-law: which army Zubair met and utterly routed, thereby ensuring himself a favourable reception from King Duyah.

Peace was presently patched up between Zubair and his father-in-law, but on condition that he should seek some other country; and he goes to Kolou, where he has the death of a brother to avenge. With his army of rescued malefactors he makes war on the king of this land, kills him, takes his son and successor prisoner, and instals himself in their place. He

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re-names the capital after himself Dem Zubair, lays claim to the surrounding regions as far as the Bahr al-Arab, proclaims his readiness to receive recruits into his army, and organises a State in accordance with the principles of Islam. Eight years have transformed him from a commercial traveller into a despot.

His first task was to open up a trade route between Bahr al-Ghazal and Kordofan, which he effected by treaty with the sheykhs of the Arab tribes, called Rizegat. They swear fifty oaths on the Koran that in return for a fixed percentage they will allow traders to transport their goods through the country unmolested.

In 1869 occurred the brush between Zubair and the Khedivial troops, which has been frequently narrated,[1] and on which Zubair adds no fresh information. His victory, he tells us, led to his name becoming renowned far and wide, and to applications from various tribes begging to be allowed to put themselves under his protection. The growth of his power alarmed his father-in-law, the Nyamnyam king, who first cut off his princely allowance to his daughter, and in the year 1872 invaded the new kingdom. So Zubair states; whatever may have been the rights of the affair, a year of warfare ended with the death of the Nyamnyam king, and the incorporation of his dominions in those of his son-in-law.

In this country, known as Dar-Fertit, there were at the time eight "kings" in constant warfare with each other, whose subjects hunted each other. When Zubair became master, he showed them the error of their ways, and established peaceful commerce.

Meanwhile the Arabs, known as Rizegat, who occupied the route *viâ* Shaka from Bahr al-Ghazal to Kordofan, had broken their treaty, and resumed their attacks on the traders. These tribes were nominally under the authority of the autonomous Sultan of Darfur; when the latter paid no attention to a demand that they should be kept in order, Zubair proceeded

[1] By Schweinfurth, Birkbeck Hill, Boulger, &c.

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to deal with them himself. In a series of battles, fought in July and August 1873, he defeated them, and thus became master of their capital Shaka (in Gordon's time "a nest of slave-dealers") and the surrounding country. In one of these battles he took prisoner Abdallah al-Ta'a'ishi, who afterwards won fame as "the Khaleefah"; he was at that time employed as sorcerer by his tribe, and his life was spared owing to the representations of the legal experts who accompanied Zubair on his expeditions, with strict orders to restrain him if he was ever about to violate the precepts of the Koran.

About the time when relations were becoming strained between Zubair and the Sultan of Darfur, the former thought fit to affect the position of agent for the Khedive, and wrote to Cairo, laying his conquests at his master's feet, and requesting that some one be appointed to administer the newly conquered territories. This act he declares to have been dictated solely by loyalty; and it is the more surprising since in his correspondence with the Sultan of Darfur, he declares himself certain of victory on the ground of his Abbasid descent: for the Prophet Mohammed had prayed that the offspring of his uncle Abbas might always be victorious. Whatever motive this descendant of the Caliphs may have had for seeking to be a vassal of a vassal of the Sultan, he obtained his request. On November 22, 1873, a missive arrived from Cairo, bestowing on him the title Bey, and investing him with the government of the new provinces, on condition of his furnishing a tribute of £15,000 annually, that matter being the chief concern of the home government.

Meanwhile the Sultan of Darfur had sent an army to recover Shaka. It was routed by Zubair, who then wrote a despatch to the Sultan formally demanding his abdication in favour of the Khedive and his deputy. The politics of Darfur were at this time not free from complications, owing to a disputed succession; but on this matter Nachtigal is better informed than Shoucair. The answer to Zubair's demand was a fresh army sent against him, which, he confesses, was

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sickened and disheartened by the cannibalism of the troops who represented Egypt. It was also routed by him, as presently another in which the Sultan Ibrahim himself took the field; Zubair, who had till then been defending Darah, now assumed the offensive, and in a final battle, that of Menewashi, fought October 25, 1874, the Sultan was killed, and Darfur left undefended for Zubair to seize.

It is in the Darfur campaign that Zubair's career gets mixed up with those events that have led to the interest of England in the Sudan. While Zubair was conquering Darfur, the Governor of Khartum, Isma'il Pasha Ayyub, was sent to Darfur by the Khedive to assist in the conquest; probably, as some of Gordon's biographers assert, to prevent Zubair being too independent. The latter asserts that he had achieved his work when Isma'il proffered his assistance; that nevertheless he welcomed the Khedive's emissary at Fasher, the capital of Darfur, and discharged a hundred guns in his honour; that he handed over the government of the conquered countries to Isma'il Ayyub, proceeding himself with a picked force to deal with the relics of the defeated armies. With these he easily came to terms, but a dispute broke out on his return to Fasher between himself and Isma'il Ayyub with respect to a proposition that the son of the late Sultan of Darfur should be made governor of the province, subject to the Khedive, and to pay £100,000 annually, a proposal favoured by Zubair, but rejected by Isma'il Ayyub. Zubair was, however, entrusted with the command of an expedition to quell a rebellion got up by a son of the deceased Sultan; and in this, his last expedition, he advanced as far as Wadai, whence, however, he was summarily recalled. He then asked leave to return to Cairo to interview the Khedive, and received in reply an invitation to do so, accompanied with the title Pasha. He brought as a present to his master "1000 Sudanese soldiers, completely armed, 100 Arab horses, 8 tons of ivory of the finest quality, four lions, four panthers, and twelve parrots." But in spite of his munificence he was not allowed to return to the Sudan, and

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the defence of his kingdom passed to his son Sulaiman, whom Gordon some years after caught and shot.

Portions of this narrative certainly bear some resemblance to the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor; yet in the main it corresponds well with the records of Junker and Nachtigal, while it contains many details unknown to them. Throughout Zubair appears as what Wingate[1] describes him, a born leader of men. The reputation which he enjoyed in the Sudan, and which nine years after he had been exiled from it would have sufficed, in Gordon's well-grounded opinion, to keep the Sudanese from joining the Mahdi, was based on his marvellous success in war, but also, it would seem, on the strict justice of his rule, of which he boasts, though he admits that his punishments were occasionally severe, including hanging with the head downwards. The references to him in Gordon's later Journal do not contradict Zubair's description of himself in these respects.

On the other hand, the autobiography affords little justification for the hysterical passage cited above from Birkbeck Hill, the impression produced by which on the British public probably cost the gallant officer his life. Zubair's omission of all mention of the slave-trade in his account of his life is doubtless intentional, and his connection with it is too well attested for us to attach much importance to the omission. But the phrase "criminal of boundless wickedness" is as unsuitable as the term "scoundrel" for a man in the position of Zubair, pursuing a form of traffic which his own religion tolerated, and which, as Gordon admits, had been discovered in Europe to be illicit only one generation before. From Baker's "Ismailia" it appears that it was difficult to do business in the Sudan without becoming a slave-trader; and if Zubair contributed to the desolation of the Sudan, some credit should, on the other hand, be given him for having in places arrested the process by the introduction of strong government. Nor can we treat his conduct in fomenting a rebellion which might

[1] "Mahdiism in the Egyptian Sudan," 1891, p. 109.

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lead to the restoration of his sovereign rights as very heinous. Having conquered some provinces by his own arm, he had then presented them to the Khedive, who rewarded him for the gift by interning him in Cairo. Some sympathy is surely due to his son, "the Cub," in his attempt to save for his family some relics out of his father's kingdom.

Had Zubair been permitted to return to the Sudan in 1876 or 1884, the history of that vast region would have been different, and much bloodshed would have been spared—at least for a time. The course of events has provided it with a permanent source of good government, which Zubair could not have given it. His autobiography, however, gives us the ground for Gordon's anxiety for his services in 1884, just as Gordon's earlier Letters explain the prejudice by which he was deprived of them.

D. S. Margoliouth.

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HOW ENGLISHMEN ARE DESTROYING ENGLAND

SOUTH AFRICANS have observed with lively satisfaction the birth and growth of interest in England with regard to the most important subject of shipping freights.

During its Session of 1902, the Natal Parliament unanimously adopted the following Resolutions :—

(*a*) That this House is of opinion that the systems known as "Shipping Rings" are working grievous injury to Inter-Imperial trade and commerce by fostering and assisting the competition of foreign manufacturers against British, and that such Rings are otherwise inimical to the best interests of the Empire :

(*b*) This House, therefore, most respectfully suggests that this subject should be considered at the Conference of Colonial Representatives at the Coronation of his Majesty the King, in conjunction with the question of Inter-Imperial trade.

These Resolutions had been preceded by similar ones passed in previous Sessions, beginning with that of 1899, in one and all of which the same principle was affirmed.

It is to be noted that while the subject is of very great importance to the South African Imperialist, it nevertheless interests him in its Imperial aspect only : and this notwithstanding that it is one vitally affecting the trade of the United Kingdom with her Colonies and Dependencies, and that there are alarming indications of a gradual supplanting of the British manufacturer in South Africa by his European and American rivals.

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In his Budget speech delivered during the 1904 Session of the Natal Parliament, the Prime Minister gave the following figures in illustration of the import trade of the Colony during the last three years:—

	1903.	1902.	1901.
United Kingdom .	£8,560,177	£8,253,684	£6,523,129
Australian Colonies .	825,516	1,459,995	872,123
New Zealand . .	287,813	89,534	48,685
Canada	208,111	15,686	287
All other Colonies .	726,330	661,267	557,675
Foreign Countries . .	4,457,507	2,836,279	1,553,851
	£15,065,454	£13,317,445	£9,555,750

A glance at these figures makes it clear that while Natal's imports from the United Kingdom showed in 1903 an increase of £306,493 over the previous year, her imports from foreign countries increased by no less than £1,621,228, or more than five times the increase of those from home ports!

Nor is this the case in Natal alone. An examination of the trade returns of the other South African Colonies discloses an exactly similar state of things, a growth of foreign rivalry which it is impossible to regard with equanimity if we desire to see England maintaining her position in the world. Thus the imports from the United Kingdom to Cape Colony declined from £22,304,990 in 1902, to £21,708,668 in 1903, a decrease of 2½ per cent. During the same period foreign imports increased from £7,841,969 to £9,827,416, an increase of 25 per cent., mainly due to the growth of American imports, which are favoured by unfair shipping rates.

In view of the awakening of the nation to the vital importance of England's trade relations with her Colonies, it is the object of this paper to direct attention to the subject of sea freights, which, in a greater degree even than that of preferential tariffs, are bound to affect, injuriously or otherwise, the trade of the United Kingdom with her oversea possessions.

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Apart from the South African Colonies, a close study of the question cannot fail to convince the inquirer that Great Britain's Colonial trade generally is being steadily undermined and imperilled by foreign competitors, whose task is made easier by English men and English methods. The following considerations will make the truth of this plain.

In no respect is the competition of the foreign manufacturer more heavily subsidised than in the charges levied on the carriage of British goods from the British manufacturer to the British Colonial consumer.

In the year 1887, when competition began to threaten the profits of the Shipping Companies then trading with South Africa, a circular was issued by the Companies concerned, intimating that a rebate of freight to the extent of five per cent. would be allowed to all shippers in steamers despatched from the United Kingdom, subject to certain conditions by which provision was made for a quarterly computation of the rebate and its payment six months after it had been earned, the payment being limited to those shippers who, up to the date of payment, had shipped exclusively by these lines.

In 1891, when in opposition to the Shipping Ring formed in 1887, the Bucknall Line began to trade with South Africa, the Ring sought to strengthen its hands by the issue of a new circular, which not only offered further inducements to shippers to confine their shipments to the Companies at that time forming the Combination, but also increased the rebate to ten per cent. The natural effect of such increased rebates, which in many cases amounted to very large sums, was to prevent any South African merchant from importing goods by any other Line than one of those forming the Combination, without forfeiting to the Companies concerned the large sums due to him by way of rebate. It is obvious that such an arrangement placed and keeps South African importers and merchants at the mercy of the Shipping Ring, and tends to destroy useful competition affecting shipments from British ports. Moreover it must be understood that since the

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destruction of such competition does not extend to foreign ports, the necessary result is that the freight from New York to Durban averages less than half that from London to Durban, a British port, which is one thousand miles nearer to London than it is to New York. In the case of Continental ports, competition has already brought the freight down to a point which is rapidly making it impossible for the British manufacturer to compete in the South African market.

It was pointed out by Sir Alfred Hickman, in a letter addressed by him to the *Times* on July 1, 1899, that while the cost of transporting eleven cases of hardware from Wolverhampton to Durban is £10 15*s.* 9*d.*, the cost of transporting precisely similar articles from Pinneberg to Durban is £6 18*s.*; such instances can be multiplied to any extent. For instance, the cost of transporting hardware from Dusseldorf to Durban is 43*s.* 6*d.* per ton, while the cost of carrying the same goods from Wolverhampton to Durban is 60*s.* 7*d.* Certain classes of goods are conveyed from German to South African ports by the German East African Company at sea freight rates varying from 5*s.* to 20*s.* per ton under the rates enforced at British ports; and the published tariff of the German line for iron screws from Bremen to Delagoa Bay is equal to 35*s.* a ton, against 42*s.* 6*d.* charged by British Shipping Companies from British ports.

The American figures are even worse. The rates from British ports, by boats belonging to the Conference Lines, vary from 80*s.* to 55*s.* per ton, the average standing at about 40*s.*, a striking contrast with the rate now obtaining between New York and Durban, which is 17*s.* 6*d.* per ton, or considerably less than one-half the average rate exacted from British exporters for the carriage of goods over a distance less by a thousand miles than that which has to be traversed by the American competitor. A few concrete figures are the best proof of my contention:

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Articles.	From United Kingdom.			From New York.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
Spirits, per ton	52	6	...	17	6
Agricultural machinery, provisions, oil-man's stores	40	0	...	17	6
Mining machinery, candles, beer . .	32	6	...	17	6
Furniture, wire fencing, soap, aerated water, bricks	30	0	...	17	6
Deals	27	6	...	17	6
Galvanised iron	25	0	...	17	6
Cement	22	6	...	17	6

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Steamship Subsidies, dated July 1902, contains the following pregnant statements:

Mr. Albert Spicer, representing the London Chamber of Commerce, and engaged in business as a wholesale stationer with warehouses in various parts of the Empire, gives another instance. On several occasions it has naturally occurred that his firm has had certain paper stock to procure for its Australian houses, and the question is where can that stock be bought to the best advantage? The rates of freight for paper between New York and Melbourne and Sydney in 1899 to 1901 have varied from 17*s.* 6*d.* to 20*s.* to 25*s.* a ton; the usual rate between London and Melbourne and Sydney during the same period has been 42*s.* 6*d.* per ton of 40 cubic feet. We could have placed those orders, says Mr. Spicer, in the home markets for those requirements, as the first cost has been much the same in England as in the United States. "Sometimes in fact there has been a small difference in favour of the home manufacturer, but the difference in freight has been so large that it has compelled us to place the orders in the United States, because of course in Australia we were competing with America as well." So that the British manufacturers have been the losers, and the United States manufacturers have been the gainers in consequence of the higher rates of freight from Great Britain, as against the rates of freight from New York. The case of cement is also to the purpose. There is a large demand for cement in China. English cement is cut out by Belgian of first natural quality, shipped by German steamer, entirely on account of the difference in freight.

Not only, however, is the British manufacturer hampered by an exorbitant sea freight, but he is compelled, within the United Kingdom itself, to pay railway charges which are rapidly destroying his chances of successfully competing with foreign rivals. The following table will illustrate this view:

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		For same distance.		
	British.	German.	Belgian.	Dutch.
Hardware—				
Birmingham to London	25*s.* 6*d.*	11*s.* 4*d.*	13*s.* 11*d.*	11*s.* 3*d.*
Cotton Goods—				
Manchester to London	36*s.* 0*d.*	20*s.* to 23*s.*	18*s.* 1*d.*	14*s.* 4*d.*
General Machinery—				
Leeds to Hull . .	25*s.* 0*d.*	4*s.* 6*d.*	8*s.* 0*d.*	5*s.* 6*d.*

These illustrations have been selected as having reference to the main export trade routes which the British manufacturer is obliged to adopt in regard to his foreign and colonial trade. For instance, Birmingham hardware, for export to the Colonies, is carried to London and there shipped; cotton goods go from Manchester to London for the same purpose, while Leeds sends its export machinery to Hull.

Not only, however, are British manufactures thus handicapped in regard to the export trade, but raw material is increasingly finding its way to the continental manufacturer in preference to the British, for the same reason. As an instance, it may be stated that, whereas the cost of carrying wool from Liverpool to Manchester is 9*s.* 2*d.*, for the same distance in Germany the manufacturer pays only 4*s.* 2*d.*, or less than one-half. In face of such facts we need feel no surprise when we learn that one of the largest exporters of wool and wattle bark in Natal no longer sends his produce to the London market, the whole of it now finding its way to the markets of Germany, to which it has been driven by the excessive dock charges in England.

The truth then forces itself upon us, that not only is the Englishman handicapping himself in regard to his exports, but that he is also shutting the door upon the raw material. Only the most fatuous folly will deny that the situation is serious enough to demand searching investigation and the application, before it is too late, of drastic remedial measures.

We, in the self-governing Colonies, are doing all we can to foster trade with the Mother Country; but our efforts are necessarily futile, and will continue to be futile, until the United Kingdom herself awakens to the necessity of devising

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some method by which the British manufacturer, after he has produced his goods, may be able to forward them to the Colonial consumer on terms of not less than equality with his foreign competitor. I do not hesitate to affirm my belief that if Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals should be carried into effect, they will be doomed to failure until this vital question has been dealt with and satisfactorily settled. No system of preferential duties which the Colonies may adopt can possibly neutralise the disadvantages under which the British manufacturer has been placed by those who are engaged in the carriage of British export goods.

Nothing will better illustrate the destruction which has been wrought as regards British trade in South Africa than our experience with reference to cement. While at one time the whole of the cement used in Natal was imported from England, hardly a cask now comes from there. And why? Because the cement market as regards Natal has been entirely captured by the Germans, who are also fast ousting British cement in the Transvaal. This, it is but fair to say, is not entirely attributable to the sea freight charges, although largely due to them. The Transvaal Railway Administration levy a heavier charge upon cement imported *via* Natal for use in the Transvaal than upon cement imported *via* Delagoa Bay, the difference being 2*s.* 8*d.* per cask in favour of the latter route, upon the land journey alone. As the Delagoa Bay route is to a great extent in the hands of the Germans, it follows that German cement thus secures an enormous advantage over British. Oddly enough, this advantage is conceded by the Transvaal Administration, which is entirely in the hands of the Imperial Government. It is, indeed, difficult to contemplate with patience so short-sighted a policy on the part of those responsible for the government of the Transvaal, the conquest of which has cost the British people so much blood and treasure.

The root of the evil lies in the maintenance of the rebate system by the Shipping Ring, the effect of which, as I have already indicated, has been to destroy competition as regards

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British ports, while it flourishes at foreign. The adoption of this system by lines trading between the United States and South Africa is impossible, in consequence of the rigid legislation which the United States has adopted under the "Elkins Anti-Rebate Act, 1903," which makes it a misdemeanour for any common carrier by land or by sea to offer any sort of rebate or preference to a shipper, under heavy penalties which ensure a due observance of the provisions of the Act. Competition is thus secured in regard to shipments from United States ports to British Colonies, with the result, as has already been stated, of reducing freights from such ports to about half those obtaining from British.

The South African Colonies are about to meet in conference to discuss the question of shipping freights; and, without anticipating the outcome of that conference, I fail to see what relief can be obtained unless the United Kingdom will herself co-operate to protect the interests of her own manufactures.

It is from this point of view difficult to understand the recently cabled statement by Mr. Lyttelton of his opinion that the subject is one which requires to be dealt with by the Colonies themselves. Looked at from a trade standpoint, the matter hardly concerns the Colonies at all, seeing that we are the customers, and that in such cases it is the seller, and not the buyer, who is most concerned. Nothing short of an Imperial Act of Parliament, on the lines of the Elkins Act, can destroy the rebate system, and thus at a stroke bring about that competition, through the lack of which, in so far as regards British ports, a high freight rate is maintained as against the low freight rate of the foreigner. The passing of such an Act would still leave open the question of inland rates, as levied by the English railway companies. That is, however, a matter too large to be examined within the limits of this article, and I shall hope to have an opportunity of dealing with it on another occasion.

F. S. TATHAM.

(Member of the Natal Parliament.)

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A HIGH-BORN ADVENTURESS

"ON December 23, 1663," writes a Bolognese chronicler, "the Marquis Paleotti arrived from Turin with his wife Donna Christina, daughter to the most excellent English lord, the Duke of Northumberland, a lady of the Court of Madame of Savoy, about fourteen years of age. Few, if any, equals had she in beauty, wit, or caprice, or in rank and other qualities, and her fame is so widely spread that all princes, highborn cavaliers, and others who travel this way desire to wait upon her."

Le grasie al viso, parole il gioco,
Le neve al petto et all guancie il foco,[1]

sang an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful Christina, who evidently inherited the good looks and fascination of her great-grandfather, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, joined to the sprightly wit of her French mother. Leicester married secretly at Esher Lady Douglas Howard, widow of Lord Sheffield, and had by her a son, Robert, born at Sheen, whom he afterwards branded as a bastard when he married Lady Essex. It would take too long to record the romantic life of young Robert Dudley, who, after discovering Guiana and conquering Trinidad when only twenty-one, entered the English Navy and led the van-guard at the battle of Cadiz. He inherited Kenilworth from his father, and married Alice, daughter of Sir

[1] Loveliness in her face, wit in her speech,
Snow in her bosom and fire in her cheeks.

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Thomas Leigh. After vain attempts to clear his mother's good name and prove his own legitimacy he left England, but not alone, for with him went his fair young cousin Elisabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Southwell. At Lyons they became Roman Catholics, and were married by Papal dispensation as being within the forbidden degrees of relationship; of the Protestant wife and her four little children not a word was said.

They then went to Florence, where Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick as he called himself, entered the service of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., as Controller of the Navy. He was a remarkable man—almost a genius. The ships designed and built by him were excellent, so good that King James, according to Lotti, Tuscan Minister in London, commanded him to return to England, and promised him an earldom. But he preferred to remain in Tuscany, where, besides building ships, he was engaged in draining the marshes between Pisa and Leghorn, which place he induced the Grand Duke to fortify and declare a free port. He invented various nautical instruments, now in the Museum of the Specola at Florence; patented a new invention to improve the quantity and quality of silk, its manufacture, and designs; he was an author and a mathematician, and concocted a marvellous curative powder, called in Italian dispensaries Pulvis Comitis Warvicensis. Handsome, agreeable, and an accomplished courtier, he became Grand Chamberlain to Maria Maddalena, the young Grand Duchess of Tuscany, wife of Cosmo II., and sister of the Emperor Ferdinand II., from whom she obtained a patent granting the title of Duke of Northumberland to him and his heirs. Charles, a good-for-nothing scapegrace and spendthrift, succeeded his father as Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick, and married a very pretty Frenchwoman, Maria Gouffier, daughter of the Seigneur de Crèvecœur. One of their daughters was our beautiful Christina; she soon aroused the jealousy of the Bolognese ladies whose lovers she annexed, while she ridiculed their manners and showed a superb dis-

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regard for appearances. Satirical leaflets were circulated in the town, in which, it is true, other reputations besides Donna Christina's were torn to shreds. Oddly enough the author or authors had not discovered that as a child of twelve she had been seduced by her father's friend, Lorenzo Onofrio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, and husband of the handsome Maria Mancini, who once aspired to be Queen of France. The daughter of Colonna and Christina was recognised as belonging to the House of Colonna, and died in Rome in 1750. This was the reason why Christina Dudley married the Marquis Andrea Paleotti, who had neither rank nor fortune to recommend him. Before she was sixteen her eldest (legitimate) daughter was born, to whom the Grand Duchess of Saxony stood godmother.

When the twenty-year-old Cardinal de Bouillon passed through Bologna in 1670 he was the guest of the Vice-Legate Monsignor Buratti, and solemnly walked in various processions through the streets. But no sooner were his religious duties done than the scarlet robes were thrown aside, and, dressed as a *preux chevalier*, with a small scarlet skull-cap, just to remind people that he was a cardinal, he went to pay his court to the fascinating Donna Christina. Right glad was the Vice-Legate when he departed.

The following year all Bologna had matter for many days' conversation. By the orders of Cardinal Pallavicino, the Legate, Marquis Paleotti was seized and imprisoned on his way to the palace to assist at the installation of the new Gonfalonier and his Council, called Anziani, or Elders. Paleotti was an out-going Elder, and as such could not legally be arrested. Soon the piazza was filled by an excited crowd, and the old and new Elders went to remonstrate with the Legate, who shrugged his shoulders and said the Bargello had only been too precipitate, as his orders were to arrest Paleotti as he came out of the palace, not as he went in, for certain illegalities committed some years before; but as he was in prison he had better stay there; it would be absurd to release him

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only to arrest him again. Christina's handsome and dissolute father was then staying with his daughter at Bologna, and amusing himself by paying assiduous court to the Signora Ippolita Pasi, much to the chagrin of her husband and family. Their complaints reached Rome, and orders were sent that a scandal was to be prevented. The Legate's method was simplicity itself. As Donna Christina drove one day to visit her imprisoned husband she was seized and taken to the convent of Santa Margherita, and then the Bargello went in search of her father. But, forewarned, the Duke of Northumberland had time to retire to a safe hiding-place until the storm had blown over.

Four long months did Paleotti pass in prison and his wife in the convent, where she was bored to death. At length the Elders, moved to compassion by their old comrade's imploring letters, and finding it useless to petition the Cardinal-Legate, appealed to Rome. Clement X. ordered the immediate release of Paleotti, who, not thinking himself safe, left the Bolognese territory, while Donna Christina, far bolder than her husband, returned to her own house and resumed her former way of life. Soon afterwards she came to great honour; the Empress, mother of Leopold I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, sent a decoration instituted by her to eleven ladies of Bologna, and after High Mass, celebrated by the Archbishop, and "an eloquent discourse" by a Jesuit priest, their names were proclaimed in San Pietro. The first called was Donna Christina di Northumbria Paleotti. Her progress up the nave at the head of the other ten fortunate ladies was triumphal, and we can imagine the glittering smile and ostentatiously low obeisance she bestowed on the Legate as she passed.

In 1679 Mazarin's sister, wife of Christina's first lover, Colonna, passed through Bologna, and made friends with the woman who as a child had aroused her fierce jealousy. The well-assorted pair went off together to amuse themselves at Milan, and the Governor was soon besieged with entreaties to send Christina back whence she had come. We read that

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the reason given for not permitting her to remain here is that she allowed many gentlemen to wait on her, amongst whom arose jealousies which threatened grave danger. Inasmuch as she had received from Count Antonio Trotti 1000 doubloons, to be paid yearly, besides 100 lire every day for her table, and other gifts of value, he would not permit that others should aspire to her good graces.

So many were the complaints that reached the ears of the Governor that he feared evils might arise on account of the lady, and resolved to exile her from Milan and its territory. But her rank and quality was represented to him and he was begged not to carry out his intention, particularly as there were others who gave rise to quite as much scandal; the "others" alluded to may have been her companion, Donna Maria Colonna. Christina, however, thought discretion was the better part of valour and departed, carrying away with her "fine jewels of great price, obtained," says a malicious chronicler, "with the knowledge of her husband, who prides himself on having so popular a wife who is courted by all."

Many coaches full of her relations and admirers met her some miles outside Bologna, and escorted her to Palazzo Paleotti. A grave Senator, Filippo Barbazza, became so enamoured of her that his wife gathered together her goods and chattels and returned to her father's house. The scandal was great, and was even alluded to on the stage; the actor was stabbed next night as he left the theatre, and public opinion accused Donna Christina of paying the assassins. With a fine assumption of injured innocence she declared she would leave Bologna and pass the carnival at Venice, where she immediately became the cynosure of all eyes. On her return to Bologna she openly defied decorum by appearing, magnificently dressed, at an official dinner given by Senator Barbazza to Gonfalonier and the Elders. She entered the hall after the reverend signors had taken their places, seated herself by Barbazza, and enchanted the company by her wit and beauty. This was more than the Legate could bear; he wrote to Rome that morality and decency were outraged by this English firebrand, and the return courier brought an order to expel Donna

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Christina at once from Bologna. She left in Barbazza's carriage with him and her husband for Venice, where one evening her gondola was upset, and it is said the rivalry between the finely dressed and bewigged cavaliers who sprang into the Grand Canal to save so precious a life was most edifying. After some time the Pope was induced to permit her to return to Bologna to occupy herself with the marriage of her daughters, and she found match-making so amusing that her house became a regular matrimonial agency. Her husband, as was the fashion among gentlemen in those days, often assumed the direction of operatic and theatrical companies, and the stars frequented Donna Christina's receptions to the horror of the old-fashioned patrician families, whose sons preferred passing their evenings in Casa Paleotti to playing round games with their sisters and cousins. But sometimes they were caught in the toils of a brilliant *prima donna*, and when Count Grassi, who had been brought up for the Church, and whose great uncle was a cardinal at Rome, threw off his priest's robes to marry the pretty and lively singer Teresa Rossi, the Legate was furious.

The journal of one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of that time is still in existence, in which he laments the degeneracy of the young people:

> Vices have increased [he writes], truth and honesty no longer exist. Monks and nuns who once lived on alms are now rolling in riches. Ladies and burghers' wives who were content with one rich dress when they married, which lasted a life-time, now have several, and every season buy a new one at much expense. When our nobles went to their country seats they used to have coaches drawn by oxen, filled with provisions like a Noah's Ark; now this is considered old-fashioned and ridiculous. The young men exercised themselves in manly sports; early in the morning they went to the tilting-yard, then they fenced or played racquets, thus they became agile and strong; and after dinner they would dance our Italian dances, which make the body more supple and lithe than the French dances now in vogue. Pike and double-handed sword exercise, the game of pallone, &c., were also much in fashion. Now our young nobles lie abed till mid-day, spend the afternoons in idle amusements in ladies' houses and their evenings at assemblies. In former times challenges and duels were frequent; now every one lives in peace because they

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know not how to handle a rapier, and think only of amusing themselves with women. When ladies left the house, whether to attend Mass or to pay visits, they always bore their rosary in their hands; now they are ashamed to take it even to church, and they are imitated in this by the wives of our citizens. On going to early Mass a page or servant would carry a large satchel full of books of devotion; but nowadays the office of the Blessed Virgin is almost considered a superfluity. The husbands used to represent the nobility of the house; now it is the women who, instead of one serving-man or at most a page, go about attended by a perfect court, while the men walk alone or have but a single attendant. Now an assembly is announced in the house of such a lady, the husband is never mentioned. Waiting-maids used to be guarded like virgins in a cloister—in some houses they never quitted their own apartments—the windows were secured by padlocks so that they might not look out into the courtyard or the street, and their food was passed to them in a turnstile. Now they have every liberty in the house and outside, and go dressed like their mistresses instead of soberly and simply.

And so the old grumbler, whose wife and daughters probably liked to "represent the nobility of the house," and his sons to pay court to pretty actresses, continues for many pages.

In October 1686, Charles Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, died in Florence, and only forty days afterwards Adelaide Paleotti, Christina's second daughter, married Count Alessandro Roffeni. Three years later the Marquis Paleotti died, and his widow was advised by the Legate "that it would be well if she withdrew to the country for awhile and attended to her family concerns quietly and with decorum." She answered that she was sorry not to be able to content His Excellency, but that as she was under the protection of the Duke of Mantua he must first be consulted, and in a few days the Duke sent his secretary to intercede for her, but the Legate remained obdurate. Donna Christina then left for Mantua with her third daughter Anna, who soon after married a Mantuan nobleman. Meanwhile Adelaide, whose marriage had been most unhappy, left her husband's house and took refuge, without the Legate's permission, in the convent of San Lorenzo. Declaring that it was easier to rule a state than such a family, he ordered her sister Victoria Bargellini to fetch the Countess Roffeni away

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and place her in the keeping of the nuns of San Giacomo. As the two sisters were returning from San Lorenzo the young Marquis Paleotti, with some dozen men at arms in the service of the Duke of Mantua, stopped the horses, lifted Adelaide out of her sister's coach into one standing ready, and bore her off as fast as six horses could go, to Mantua. Next day the theatrical company which had been delighting the people of Bologna, and was engaged for the season, packed up their scenery and baggage and departed on receipt of orders from their protector the Duke of Mantua.

In 1691 a new Legate, Cardinal Pamfilio, ruled in Bologna and Christina must have made peace with him, as the Bolognese chronicles contain long dissertations about a terrible mishap in Casa Paleotti. At an evening party the guests were regaled with sweetmeats and "most excellent chocolate." A few hours later the doctors had their hands full. Victoria Bargellini, Christina's eldest daughter, just escaped with her life, Count Pepoli died after twelve days of agony, and all who partook of the "exquisite chocolate" were more or less ill. One version was that "the Marquis Paleotti had made certain experiments with arsenic and sublimate," some say out of mere caprice and curiosity, others for some hidden end directed against his mother; another that "the Marquis was mixing certain ingredients to make women beautiful, such as rouge and white lead, and the chocolate pot had not been washed out before it was used again that evening." An autopsy, conducted by the Minister of Justice, various doctors, barbers, and notaries was held upon the body of Count Pepoli, and the verdict, which was not unanimous, declared that "death was owing to a fistula in the breast arising from an old wound received in a duel, which had probably been inflamed by the hot chocolate, and had caused an inflammation of the lungs, which had proved fatal." The Minister refused to accept the verdict, and called in the Legate's doctor, who said the Marquis "had without doubt died of poison, but might have recovered like the others had he been in good health." Luigi Paleotti

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was put in prison, and there he remained until bailed out by two friends after some months.

When Christina's fourth daughter Diana appeared in society the admiration of the Bolognese was unbounded. "La Bellissima" had fair hair and black eyes, her figure was perfect, her wit brilliant; she sang and played the *cembalo* admirably, and danced like a sylph.

The operatic season of 1694 was a particularly good one in Bologna, and the town overflowed with strangers from all parts of Italy. Among others came Don Carlo and Don Marc' Antonio Colonna, sons of Christina's old lover, and therefore half-brothers of her first child. Marc' Antonio fell desperately in love with the beautiful Diana, all his spare time was passed in Casa Paleotti singing duets with her or accompanying her on the *cembalo*. But the season came to an end, and the Colonnas returned to Rome, to the disappointment of Donna Christina and the grief of her daughter. The young people corresponded, and some of her letters are still extant, charming in style, and written in a neat flowing hand. The following year a new opera, *Nerone fatto Cesare* was given with the best singers of the day, and the Colonnas returned to Bologna, but it was clear that the younger brother came more to see Diana than to hear the music.

Don Marc' Antonio was dependent on his brother, who, by his father's will, was bound, in case he had no heir, to provide a proper appanage for him, so that he might marry and continue the family. After some altercation between them as to the relative merits and demerits of various young ladies, Don Carlo lost patience and told his brother to marry the devil if he chose. Marc' Antonio, on the pretence of a shooting expedition, immediately left Rome and offered his heart and hand to Donna Diana Paleotti. The question then arose how and where the marriage was to be celebrated, for they well knew the Colonnas, the Spanish ambassador, who had proposed a Spanish bride, and the Curia, would combine to prevent it, and Diana might run the risk of passing the rest of her days in a

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convent. Donna Christina proposed Venice, where she had many powerful friends, and the Patriarch, "a perfect cavalier," was a great admirer of hers. After attentively perusing the papers, he pronounced that Donna Diana's were not in order, and advised them to return in all haste to Bologna and declare themselves husband and wife in the presence of their parish priest and of two witnesses.

At daybreak one morning two Bolognese gentlemen knocked at the door of the parsonage of the little church of San Michele dei Leprosetti and asked to see the priest, Don Silvio, on urgent business. The maid said he was still asleep, and as she went to call him they opened the door to Donna Christina, her daughter Victoria Bargellini, and the two lovers. The whole party ran upstairs, and before Don Silvio had time to tuck his bare legs into bed again, Marc' Antonio said in a loud voice, "In the presence of your reverence and these two witnesses I declare Donna Diana Paleotti to be my legitimate wife"; and Donna Diana declared Marc' Antonio Colonna to be her legitimate husband. The poor priest put his hands to his ears, exclaiming, "I have heard nothing, I have understood nothing; I refuse to understand anything, the marriage is not valid." They laughed at him, the lovers embraced, saying, "My husband," "my wife," and the wedding-party went off to a notary, who drew up the contract and declared them to be legally married.

In 1696, Count Roffeni, the husband of Christina's second daughter Adelaide, died in a wretched pothouse where he was engaged as a waiter; and a few years later Bologna was startled by the news that his widow had become a Protestant and the wife of "a rich and mighty English Prince, the Duke of Shrewsbury." The Legate was exceedingly irate, and Donna Christina expressed the greatest horror and grief at her daughter's change of religion, for like most women who lead adventurous lives she had thrown herself, when her beauty began to wane, into the arms of the Church. Instead of the passionate love poems of her youth, some of which are above

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the average, she wrote sonnets deploring her past errors, and consecrating her tears and her few remaining years of life to God. The shameful death of her youngest son, Ferdinand, an incorrigible scamp, who followed his sister to England and was hung at Tyburn for the murder of his Italian servant on March 30, 1718, hastened her end. She died and was buried, habited as a nun, in the church of Corpus Domini at Bologna in February 1719.[1]

JANET ROSS.

[1] For fuller particulars see "The Life of Sir Robert Dudley," &c., by John Temple Leader (Florence: G. Barbera, 1895), and "Una Illustre Avventuriera," by Corrado Ricci (Milano: Fratelli Treeves, 1891).

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ON THE LINE

Duchess Sarah, etc. By one of her descendants (Mrs. Arthur Colville. Longmans, 1904, 18*s.* net). The great Duchess of Marlborough is best known by Macaulay's description of her; like other descriptions by Macaulay, a blaze and a blackness without much chiaroscuro. She has the reputation of the worst temper in history. Malignity, implacability, ingratitude, want of natural affection, avarice, are freely laid to her charge, and she has had few defenders, if any. Here is a new and more friendly account of her, and we approach it with some prejudice in favour of the traditional estimate, but with a suspicion that, as sometimes happens, here is a verdict of history to be reconsidered. Mrs. Colville's book helps to redress the balance, though it is amateur work and not of the highest order. It calls itself "the social history of the times"; but that is more than can be contained in a volume of 375 pages, and the historical part is negligible; but it is easy reading, and if it does not add much to our knowledge of the Duchess and her times, one is glad to spend a few hours in her company, and in that of the company which she kept, always the very best.

For good or evil, Sarah was always magnificent. Beautiful, virtuous, imperious, she ruled every one she came near, always convinced of her own wisdom and rectitude, and of the wickedness and folly of all who differed from her, or did not bow down to the only human being whom she admired besides

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herself. Her temperament was the cause of great unhappiness to herself and to most of those with whom she came into contact. It is part of the greatness of Marlborough that her explosions never ruffled him, and, as we know, he kept locked up all his life, unknown to her, the golden hair which she cut off one day to vex him. "She never learnt," says Lord Wolseley, "in childhood to curb her temper, nor was any effort made to train her mind." She could do anything when she was in a rage, paint her daughter's picture black, and write under it "She is blacker within"; tear off the brass furniture from the doors of her lodging when she was turned out; run downstairs after Dr. Meade to pull his wig off; but she never lost good sense: her business capacity was nearly as great as that of her husband, she was respected and liked by some of the best men of her time—we are not sure that she loved any woman—and was adored by her servants, which is no slight praise.

It was easy to lose Sarah's friendship if one was unworthy of it. She did not care for flattery, did not resent being told plainly of her faults, if it was not expected that she should mend them; and did not value apologies, knowing that they are seldom sincere. She did not easily forgive. Yet Pope retained her friendship, who lampooned her as "Atossa," received £1000 for suppressing his satire, and left it to be republished after his death. Pope was too good company to be parted with; as for his virtue, why should she trouble herself about that?

The story of her quarrel with the Queen has been told by herself, and is overlaid with a great deal of unnecessary detail. It is, in fact, a very simple story. Queen Anne was an affectionate, commonplace, well-bred woman, as obstinate as her father; whilst her position at Court as heir presumptive was painful and embarrassing, she was grateful to the warm-hearted and passionate champion whom she allowed to domineer over her until her ascendency became intolerable. What the Princess might endure the Queen could not. Anne was always *grande dame*, and knew the Duchess's position

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better than the Duchess did. One must not say to a Queen Regnant, "Lord, madam, it must be so," nor make a fuss about standing up or sitting down. The Duchess should have remembered that if she and her husband had fought Anne's battles for her—and the Duke the greatest man in Europe—still he and she were subjects, and sovereigns will not bear neglect. She puts the whole case herself in a letter to "an unknown correspondent" (p. 216), dated April 28, 1711:

> I fancy that anybody that had been shut up so many tedious hours as I have been, with a person that had no conversation, and yet must be treated with respect, would feel something of what I did, and be very glad, when their circumstances did not want it, to be free from such a slavery; we must be uneasy at all times, though I do protest that upon the account of her loving me and trusting me so entirely as she did, I had a concern for her which was more than you will easily believe, and I would have served her with the hazard of my life upon any occasion; but after she put me at liberty by using me ill, I was very easy, and liked better that anybody should have her favour than myself at the price of flattery, without which I believe nobody can be well with a king or queen, unless the world should come to be less corrupt or they (the monarch) wiser than any I have seen since I was born.

On the one hand a royal lady claiming the honours of her place, and well aware of the solid advantages reaped by the Marlboroughs from their connection with her; on the other a tempestuous friend, who must always be in the right, "tumbling out the truth just as it came into her head" (her own expression), and who neglects customary civilities, and each rather tired of the other, and you have a situation the most favourable for intrigue that could be wished; a Harley and an Abigail are sure to be at hand. If the result of the quarrel affects the fortunes of half the world, so much the worse for politics, whether conducted by a Czar or a removable Prime Minister; personalities are the pitiful side of public affairs.

Sarah did very well for herself. By her own exertions and her husband's genius she attained to a greater position than has been held by any Englishwoman; she built palaces and pulled them down, and adorned them magnificently with

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hangings of velvet and satin; she gave away £800,000 in gifts and charities, and left more than £100,000 in legacies, besides Blenheim and her other houses, and estates in twelve counties. It was her misfortune that most of the persons she loved died before her; but it was in great measure her own fault that she quarrelled with the greater number of those who remained, and gave it as her verdict upon life—

> Alas, there is [so] much change in this world since I knew it first, that though one's natural pleasure is to love people, the generality of the world are something or other so disagreeable that 'tis impossible to do it.

Could Swift have said anything harder?

Great as her fortunes were, they were not great enough for her genius. Queen Sarah, with the hereditary right to command everybody and everything, would have been greater than Queen Elizabeth.

Although this is not the occasion for a critical judgment of the works of Henry Seton Merriman, the publication of **The Last Hope** (Smith, Elder, 6*s.*)—a novel equal to the best of its predecessors—inclines one mentally to review the record of his work, and to feel that death has deprived English fiction of a star which, though it shone with variable light, was surely growing to the first magnitude. This volume completes a series with singular propriety, for in it are all the particular qualities of Mr. Merriman's art—the conscientious workmanship, the carefully constructed plot, the clearly drawn characters, the felicity of phrase. When Captain Clubbe's vessel, *The Last Hope*, crept up the river to Farlingford, it bore with it one who was with greater significance the representative of its name—the last hope of the despairing Royalists of France. Loo Barebone was no weakling—as so many a monarch out of place seems to have been; but a strong man with a light heart, who could count the hazards and play the game. France is, always has been, and—while there are Frenchmen in the world—always will be, paradise

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for the political gamester: certainly the time for this story, from 1849 to 1851, was the hour for a man. He who was to win that round of an eternal game was already on the scene, but until his *Coup D'Etat*—which brings the climax to this story—the "Prince-President" was merely a wire-puller half hidden in the background. Meanwhile, the decayed and impoverished nobility, who sighed for the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, whispered and conspired, not without a due sense of their importance and a full appreciation of the proper theatrical effect; and when Loo made his bow to them they welcomed him gladly. If there were doubts they were hidden by those who had them. It was enough for the aristocrats that a man with the Bourbon face, a kingly presence, and an energy hardly characteristic of his royal fathers, had come to claim the crown, and to give them something better suited to their sentiments than a republic ruled by a Prince-President with the lurid shadow of a restored Empire behind it. Loo Barebone had his qualms, as well as a strong inclination elsewhere. There was this alternative before him—a throne and its dazzling opportunities, or love and happiness in obscurity? The unselfishness of a girl sent him thronewards, and so indirectly brought the end, which was not all failure. There is a temptation in such a note as this to dwell on the details of the plot. To do so in this instance would be inopportune and unfair, especially when so much of the book is due to the play of characters. It is a happy gallery, every individual being touched with life, and, in due proportion, necessary to the development of the story. While it is impossible not to lament that this should be the last romance to bear Mr. Merriman's name on the title-page, it is is equally impossible not to rejoice that he should have completed his work with so appropriate and lasting a monument to his genius.

Mr. Morley Roberts, in **A Tramp's Note Book** (F. V. White, 6*s.*), discourses sometimes as a tramp, sometimes

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as a globe-trotter. In the former capacity he shows that he has "been there," that he has suffered, and can describe what he has suffered. In the latter he is merely like many another man who travels, a dilettante observer and impressionist, or a contributor to newspapers in search of copy. We follow the steps of the globe-trotter through Lisbon and Madeira, Johannesburg and Cape Town, and listen, without any particular interest or excitement, while he expounds to us his views of indolent easy-going Portuguese, of lonely, wind-tanned, sun-dried Boers, of President Kruger, unkempt and imperturbable. But the true and genuine tramp when he consents and is able to talk is always sure of an attentive audience; for he lives and moves close to the borders of fairy-land and the realms of romance, no matter how sordid and woebegone the scenes he describes. "By many names men call them, from many lands they come!" Ulysses, the man of the cunning heart, storm-tossed by Fate, is King of Tramps, taller by head and shoulders than any man in Trampland. And there are knights errant riding alone "through forests and enchantments drear," and pious citizens who in the spring-time "longed to go on pilgrimage," and gentlemen-adventurers who sailed into distant seas and singed the King of Spain's beard; and little David Copperfield—embodiment of the soul of Charles Dickens—who tramped the London-Dover road; and de Quincey, who trod the weary London streets; and Josiah Flynt, the stout-hearted Yankee, who has made all Trampland his own, and has lived with the gentlemen of the road in his own United States, and in Canada, Russia, England, Scotland, Spain, and France.

Of this select band is Mr. Morley Roberts an associate and confederate, when he travels, not as globe-trotter, with portmanteaux, dressing-cases, steamer tickets, and letters of introduction, but as tramp proper, encumbered by no impedimenta, save the stick in his hand, the bundle over his shoulder, and the few shillings in his pocket.

Many and evil have been the days of Mr. Morley Roberts'

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pilgrimage and the pursuits which he has essayed. He has been cowboy and stableman in California, sheep-herder in Texas, roustabout in the Thames, "dead broke" in San Francisco, and sailor-man in the Southern Ocean. To do him justice, he seems to have been equally disgusted with each of his experiences, and writes with comprehensive dislike of them all. To him gentle England has been no "kindly nurse," and the United States he has found hard, barren, and unprofitable. With sardonic emphasis he points to the fact that in the United States is no poor-law, and therefore no machinery for the relief of the unfortunate and improvident. This, it may be remarked in passing, throws a curious side-light upon the social organisation of the Great Republic. The absence of a poor-law is often alluded to by English philanthropists as a mark of the thrice-blessed superiority of the American social system. But on a point of this kind the mutterings of the vagrant teach more than the smug deductions of the philosopher.

But though Mr. Morley Roberts has found that the way of the tramp, like that of the transgressor, is hard, his pages are not by any means devoid of illumination and very human interest. We like him best when he is sullenly watching his stupid sheep in the dreary Texas plains, or is the admiring friend and mentor of El Toro, the mighty Californian bull. If his note-book contains more of such reminiscences we hope that he will give them to us in due time. All true tramps are interesting, whether their attitude be that of the enthusiast or of the pessimist. Some, like sturdy George Borrow, pass along the road whistling and singing the time away, and smacking their lips with zest, appreciative of past and future adventures. "Be the day weary, or be the day long" something pleasant will certainly occur very soon. Jasper Petulengro will beckon out of the copse as evening draws in, and bid him to supper beside the fragrant camp-fire. In yonder dingle is he not sure to find beautiful Isopel Berners, the outcast of the "great house," sitting beside her little

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cart, pondering strange things in her wild heart, her face covered by her hands, and her fair hair falling over her shoulders? Or if sterner joys please, is there not the Flaming Tinman of mighty stature and ferocious aspect with whom he must do battle for his life?

Mr. Morley Roberts is in sooth no George Borrow. Where the one whistles and sings, the other curses, mutters and groans, but it is not unlikely that his attitude is at least as true to life as that of his valiant predecessor.

What a blessing it is that Mr. Wells has humour! If he had been born without that golden gift what terrifying books he might have written! As it is **The Food of the Gods and How it Came to Earth** (Macmillan. 6s.) is effective enough for the person who dreams, considering the assortment of monstrosities which spring to life in its pages—the gigantic earwigs, portentous wasps, prodigious mushrooms, rats that overpower and eat horses, chicks as large as bustards, eels that could venture ashore and kill sheep, cockchafers that buzzed like motor-cars, Bloomsbury cockroaches "of a quite terrible sort!" These are a few of the less dreadful examples, yet how much farther could nastiness go? Fortunately, the Children of the Food are entirely splendid. They are mortals idealised, mortals with ideals. Where Gargantua and Pantagruel were things of flesh and beastliness, Mr. Wells's new people have all the majesty of man. Herakleophorbia—or Boomfood, as the voice in the street called it—the cause of all these abnormalities, was the invention of two modest professors of science, a chemist and a physiologist, whose only earlier claims to fame had been that they had read papers to the British Association at its Congress. The trouble began when some of the food was carelessly left lying about at the experimental farm where Bensington, the chemist, was trying its effect on chickens, and the rats and wasps got it. It was Redwood, the physiologist, who first experimented with

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it on a child, his child—when Mrs. Redwood's back was turned.

The consequences were immediate. The food once taken had to be continued. It was not even necessary that the act of assimilation should be voluntary, for germs of it could be absorbed unwittingly, the effects were just the same so long as the creature absorbing it had not already reached the limits of growth. Hence it was that, in the twenty-one years occupied by this veracious history, men and women forty-foot high, with brains of force proportionate to their bodily girth, came to be. But their vastness roused ordinary humanity to jealousy and fear, and civil war was the consequence. The result of the unique conflict is left uncertain, the fate of the giant-children remains undecided, when the end of the book is reached. What will be the future proportions of the mankind of the world—giant or pigmy? Everybody does not appreciate Mr. Wells's games with the may-bes and might-have-beens. Many a severe man of science must regard him as the Sunday-school teacher does the boy with a pin. Certainly not everybody will like this, his latest effort. Yet no one could justly deny its power, brilliance, imagination, ingenuity, eloquence and humour. It has all these qualities in generous measure. Mr. Wells has never done better work than he has shown here. Packed in these pages are the seeds of many a social problem. Many a sore point in our modern system is touched by this mordant seer, whose irony is not always hidden under a guise of humour. But the humour is a saving grace. Though Mr. Wells's satire is sometimes very cruel, it is never savage. Even at his most pitiless moments when holding to scorn Lady Wondershoot, the village tyrant, he is careful to show that, with all her vanity and foolish self-importance, she was really lady-bountiful and unconsciously funny. His treatment of the giants is skilful. It is difficult to find pathos and poetry among the great folk of Brobdingnag, yet the story of Caddles, the lonely, doomed yokel-giant, is touched with pathos; while the loves of Redwood and the Princess is as nearly an idyll as pen

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of man could make an *affaire-du-cœur* of giant lovers. The picture of a fair maiden, seven times the size of the damsels of to-day, plucking branches of a chestnut-tree to make a posy, would be grotesque if almost any one other than Mr. Wells had described it. Under his tactful treatment it is not grotesque. It is merely impossible. The pity is that it is all so purposeless.

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	Page
JAPANESE BARBARISM——X	1
SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT——SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, M.P.	15
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION——SIDNEY BROOKES	[illegible]
SULTAN MURAD V.——KHALIL SAADEH	44
THE SALVATION ARMY——JOHN MANSON	56
TIBET: THE TREATY AND TRADE——CHARLES E. D. BLACK	82
THE SECRET OF THE TEMPLARS——F. LEGGE	93
"CONCERNING ONE OLD WOMAN"——GLEB OUSPENSKY	106
THE REVIVAL OF GAELIC IN IRELAND——T. O. RUSSELL	123
INSTINCT IN THE MAKING——G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL	134
EVIL——NORMAN PEARSON	143
ON THE LINE	157

No. 50. XVII. 2.—Nov. 1904.

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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (OCTOBER).

Epistle to Colonel Francis Edward Younghusband—Henry Newbolt

The Free Kirk and the "Wee" Kirk—A. N. Cumming

The Bear's Paw and the Dragon's Claw—E. H. Parker

The Markings on Mars—Major P. B. Molesworth, R.E.

The Postmaster-General as Debt-Collector—Jesse Quail

Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels—II. St. Mark (*continued*) Monsignor Barnes

Thackeray in Search of a Profession—The Late Rev. Whitwell Elwin

The Coming Radical Party in America—A. Maurice Low

The Soldiers of the Sirkar—Lieut.-Col. H. C. Wylly, C.B.

The Autobiography of Zubair Pasha—Professor D. S. Margoliouth

How Englishmen are Destroying England—F. S. Tatham (*Member of the Natal Parliament*)

A High-Born Adventuress—Janet Ross

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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JAPANESE BARBARISM

MANY people, especially in Germany and France, who stand under the influence of a philo-Russian press, assert that European civilisation is to Japan only a weapon for war, an instrument for developing her wealth, and an outward veneer; that she is savage at heart, revengeful, bloodthirsty, cruel; that she possesses adaptive talent and artistic genius, but no real civilisation.

Those who hold the view that Japan is a barbarian nation, which has adopted only the outward signs and trappings of civilisation in order to be admitted into what is technically called "the comity of nations" and to be considered as an equal of civilised countries, point with some apparent justification to the various atrocities which Japan has committed in the past. Therefore it is worth while to look somewhat closely into those deeds of cruelty with which Japan is so frequently charged by some, and which cannot be gainsaid though they can be explained and perhaps even justified.

Those who assert that Japan is barbarian at heart point to the pitiless war of extermination which she waged against Christianity in Japan, during which several hundred thousand native converts were killed for the sake of their religion, and not a few of the missionaries were tortured; they recall the time when Japan was closed to the world, and when those who landed on the Japanese coast were punished with death; they dwell on the number of inoffensive foreigners who in the 'sixties

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were hacked to pieces by those terrible two-handed swords; they recall the fact that death used to be the punishment for most crimes in feudal Japan; they speak with horror of the frequency and the ghastliness of the national form of suicide by cutting the belly open, the celebrated Hara-Kiri, and they mention the killing of the Chinese at the storming of Port Arthur in 1894.

These charges of barbarity which are preferred against Japan are numerous and grave, and it behoves to answer them, not in general, but in detail, dealing with each in its turn.

It is quite true that during the sixteenth century almost 300,000 native and foreign Christians were massacred in Japan, and that from that time onward the country was closed against all foreigners, excepting the Dutch, who were allowed to reside for trading purposes on a small isolated spot, the artificial island of Deshima in the harbour of Nagasaki, where they were kept as prisoners. This enormous massacre of 300,000 men seems to sully for ever the fair fame of Japan. Hence we shall investigate why these cruel persecutions were undertaken, and why the country was hermetically closed against all foreigners, and especially against all Christians.

The first Christian missionaries who landed in Japan were exceedingly well received by the Japanese, who eagerly sought to benefit from the newcomers in science, industry, and art. Besides, Christianity itself appealed to the Japanese, and among an intelligent and well-disposed population numerous converts were quickly made by the zealous missionaries. The character of the intercourse between the Japanese and the Christian missionaries is clearly expressed in a letter of St. Francis Xavier, who wrote about 1550:

> I really think that among barbarian nations there can be none that has more natural goodness than Japan. The Japanese are wonderfully inclined o all that is good and honest, and have eagerness to learn.

As a matter of fact, Christians were not only well treated in Japan, but they were shown the greatest trust and were

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treated with distinction. For instance, when Hideyoshi waged a great war against Corea, Konishi Yukimaga Settsu-no-Kami, a distinguished Christian, was appointed by him one of the generals in chief. However, these pleasant relations were not to continue for long. Japan found out the truth of the words of the Bible:

> Think not that I came to send peace on the earth. I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.
>
> A man's foes shall be they of his own household.

The end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century was the time when the Roman Catholic nations had arrived at the height of their power, and tried to convert the whole world to Roman Catholicism, by conquest, and subjection by fire and sword. It was the time when Alva ravaged the Protestant Netherlands in the name of Christ, when the Inquisition in Spain burned its victims by the thousand in *auto-da-fés*, when independent England was assailed by the great Armada, and when, in the name of religion, the Thirty Years' War was begun, which devastated Germany and which cost the lives of at least 10,000,000 people.

The spirit of intolerance and of tyranny and the lust for power which characterised the policy of Roman Catholic nations during the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century became speedily apparent also among Christian missionaries in Japan, who ill requited the hospitality and toleration with which they were received by the Japanese. According to the evidence of Bishop Cerqueira, christian traders robbed Japanese subjects and sold them into slavery to Macao. Christian missionaries destroyed native temples, and incited the converted populace to violence against the non-Christian community. Buddhist priests were robbed of their temples and their lands and ill-treated, and converted native princes, such as Takeyama, gave, at the instigation of

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the missionaries, to their subjects the choice of either becoming Christians or being expelled from their territories.

In Japan religion had hitherto, on the whole, been considered to be a private affair, and revolt against the State in the name or under the cloak of religion was unknown. Hence the rulers of Japan viewed with grave concern and anxiety the progress of Christianity. Though they admired the Christian doctrines, they recognised that the tendency of Christianity was in practice distinctly revolutionary and dangerous to the continued peace of Japan, that the religion of mercy and pity had neither mercy nor pity for the infidel. Therefore, after a lengthy experience of the aggressive and irreconcilable spirit of Christianity as it manifested itself in its actions against all non-Christians, the same Hideyoshi who had heaped favours and honours on foreign and native Christians at last, on July 25, 1587, issued the following edict:

> We have learned from our faithful councillors that foreign clergy have come into our estates, where they preach a law contrary to that of Japan, and that they have even had the audacity to destroy temples dedicated to our *Kami and Hotoke*. Although this outrage merits the most extreme punishment, we nevertheless wish to show them mercy. Therefore we order them to quit Japan within twenty days under pain of death. During that space of time no harm or hurt will be done to them. But we order that if any of them be found in our states at the expiration of that term they shall be seized and punished as the greatest criminals. As for the Portuguese merchants, we permit them to enter our ports and to continue there their accustomed trade, and to remain in our estates provided our affairs need this. But we forbid them to bring any foreign clergy into the country, under the penalty of the confiscation of their ships and goods.

Hideyoshi was perfectly justified in taking this step, which, considering the spirit of the times, was incredibly moderate; for we cannot help asking ourselves what would Philip II. have done if Christian Protestants or Buddhist priests had attempted to act as missionaries in Spain and to incite the populace to revolt against their ruler. According to Llorente, the learned Spanish historian and the celebrated author of "The Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition,"

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31,912 people were burned alive by the Inquisition, and it can hardly be doubted that death at the stake would have been the fate of missionaries who at that period should have tried to convert Roman Catholic Spaniards to another faith.

Hideyoshi's distrust of the ultimate aims of the Christian missionaries, which was awakened by their violence and by their intrigues, was strengthened by the indiscretion of a Spanish captain named Landecho, who was wrecked off the coast of Japan. According to Charlevoix, he forgot himself so far as to boast:

> Our kings begin by sending into the country they wish to conquer their priests and monks, who induce the people to embrace their religion, and when these have made considerable progress, troops are sent to combine with the new Christians, and then our kings have not much trouble in accomplishing the rest.

When this speech was reported to Hideyoshi, he cried:

> My states are filled with traitors, and their numbers increase every day. I have proscribed the foreign clergy, but out of compassion for the age and infirmity of some among them I have allowed them to remain in Japan; I shut my eyes to the presence of several others, because I fancied them to be quiet and incapable of forming any evil designs, but they are serpents which I have been cherishing in my bosom. These traitors are entirely employed in raising enemies against me among my own subjects, and perhaps even in my own family, but they will learn what it means to rouse me! I am not fearful for myself, and as long as the breath of life remains within me I defy all the Powers of the earth, but I may perhaps leave the Empire to a child, and how can he maintain himself against so many foes, domestic and foreign, if I do not provide for everything?

Unfortunately the Christian missionaries tried in every way to elude Hideyoshi's law. Missionaries who could no longer openly land in Japan were smuggled in under various disguises and their aggressive agitation, of which Hideyoshi had complained, continued in an accentuated fashion. Nevertheless, Hideyoshi endeavoured to avoid employing the utmost rigour of the law against the rebellious and dangerous intruders and their misguided native adherents. However, generosity

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failed to affect the trend of the missionaries' action in the slightest degree.

It cannot be doubted that the missionaries considered themselves the political agents of their country. In 1617 a ship was captured at Sakai which brought letters from the Portuguese, by which orders were given that the Japanese Christians should be stirred up into a revolt. The despatch of men-of-war was promised as soon as the news of a successful rising should come in. Unfortunately the information contained in this letter was confirmed by the reports which Japan had received from independent sources. Various Japanese rulers had, with that thirst for knowledge that has always been characteristic of Japan, sent emissaries to Europe in order to study the countries of the West. Their reports describing the terrible persecutions which in the name of religion took place in Europe and in the Spanish colonies through men like Cortes and Pizarro made, no doubt, a deep impression on the rulers of Japan. They were terrified when they learned of the religious fanaticism of Spain and Portugal, which more often than not was a cloak for their lust of conquest and of gold, which dictated their merciless treatment of Holland, Mexico, and Peru.

In the year 1637, occurred the bloody Shimbara revolt which devastated Japan. According to Japanese chroniclers, this revolt was a purely Christian upheaval, in which about 100,000 people lost their lives. These experiences of the action of Christians in Japan, together with the reports which the Japanese princes received from their emissaries abroad as to the destructive action of Christianity in various non-Catholic countries, naturally made Christianity appear, not as a power of light but as one of darkness, favouring and causing revolt destruction and desolation. Consequently it can hardly be wondered that at last the rulers of Japan became exasperated by the growing danger to their country which they saw in the spreading of Christianity.

At last, when in 1640, fifty-three years after the proclamation of Hideyoshi, the Portuguese again tried to insinuate

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themselves into Japan by sending, in contravention of the repeated and most stringent edicts, a ship to Japan, the whole ship's company was sentenced to death in order to give peace to the country. In the sentence it was said:

> The crimes committed by these men during a long series of years are very numerous and exceedingly serious. Last year (1639), the Shogun has under the gravest penalty forbidden any one to sail from Macao for Japan, and he has decreed that in case any vessel should disregard this prohibition, the said vessel shall be burned, and all her crew and passengers be put to death without exception. . . . In view of the fact that the Shogun has rigorously forbidden this navigation exclusively on account of the Christian religion . . . all who have come in this ship merit the extreme penalty, and not even one should be left to announce the catastrophe. It is decreed that the vessel shall be burned, and that the Chiefs of the Embassy with all their suite shall be put to death, in order that a report of this example may reach Macao and Europe, so that the whole universe may learn to obey the Emperor. . . .

The survivors who were sent back to Macao to tell the tale were shown an edict in which it was said:

> So long as the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that King Philip himself, or the God of the Christians, or the great God of all, if he contravene this prohibition, shall pay for it with his head.

The curious fact that "the God of the Christians" and "the great God of all" was threatened with beheading if He should come to Japan, indicates that the Japanese were taught to consider Christ and God Himself as human personalities.

In dealing with the Spanish and Portuguese Christians, the Japanese had discovered the truth of the Spanish proverb: "Detras de la cruz está el Diablo."

Henceforth Japan was rigidly closed against all foreign intercourse which, during a long period of toleration and hospitality, had proved so unfortunate and dangerous to Japan. In order to make all intercourse with foreigners impossible, the rulers of Japan not only punished with death foreigners who landed in Japan, but also Japanese who came in from abroad. Detailed regulations as to the building and rigging of

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ships were issued which made it impossible to build big or seaworthy vessels, so as to make the deliberately chosen seclusion complete. The effect of these regulations was that Japanese ships were since then so small, cumbrous, and crazy that it was impossible for them to sail the ocean.

From the foregoing short description, it seems that the Christian missionaries brought about the persecution of the native Christians and the exclusion of all foreigners by their misplaced zeal, their aggressiveness and their political intrigues.

After the persecution of the Christians and the closing of the country against the foreigner who had proved so meddlesome, quarrelsome, and dangerous, peace reigned in Japan during two centuries. Art, literature, and learning were assiduously cultivated, and the classic period of Japan of the sixth and seventh centuries found a glorious renaissance in the revival of all the arts. Peace and happiness reigned in the secluded islands of Japan, but suddenly the Russians appeared on the scene, and brought the spectre of war in the midst of the happy people.

In 1806–1807 and following years the Russians attacked and raided Japanese islands in order to frighten them into subjection, and such was their brutality that, though all foreigners were hated and despised, the Russians were most feared and most hated by the Japanese. Unprovoked murderous attacks on peaceful Japanese, and the bombardment and conflagration of many villages on the coast, were committed in order "to open Japan to trade and to introduce civilisation," and in a famous declaration the Russians promised that they would return and ravage the coast of Japan year by year until the country was opened to trade. The brutality of the intruders exasperated the Japanese Government to such an extent that it issued in 1825 the following order, which evidently sprang from despair:

> In case there be any foreign ship approaching the coast of Japan, the officer in charge need not ask the reason why they have come, but should fire at once on such ships.

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Japan's first experience of Europeans and their ways had been an unfortunate one. The agitation of Christian missionaries had convulsed the country and plunged it into revolution. When Japan came in contact with Europeans for a second time she fared even worse, for she saw her people attacked and butchered and their villages conflagrated without even a pretext.

Under these circumstances, it is but natural that the people were greatly incensed against the foreigners, and it is significant and perhaps natural, that the first murder which was perpetrated in Japan was that of three Russians in August 1859.

However, the Japanese masses could hardly be expected to discriminate between the Russians who had murdered, burned and pillaged defenceless villages, and who had by force taken possession of Saghalien, which was considered to be Japanese, and which was inhabited by the Japanese, and the British, who had frustrated Russia's attempt to annex the—strategically—most important island of Tsushima, through the vigilance and energy of Admiral Sir James Hope.

The masses had been taught to hate and to despise the foreigners regardless of their nationality, and they were aware of the sufferings through which Japan had gone in former centuries owing to the invasion of foreigners. Consequently the blindly patriotic and conservative samurai, the warriors of Japan, tried singlehanded to rid their country of the foreign barbarians who had by force and cunning gained a foothold in Japan, and of those Japanese who sympathised with them. Therefore, the swords of the fanatical samurai were as much turned against those who were in favour of opening the country to foreign intercourse as against the foreigners themselves. It is true that in isolated cases foreigners were attacked and cut down by fanatics, who considered their country endangered and disgraced by the presence of the despised and hated foreign intruders; but the fact that in 1860 the enlightened Prince of Mito also was murdered shows that these murders in the early 'sixties were acts of individual fanaticism which were not exclusively directed against foreigners.

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The isolated instances in which foreigners were attacked by ultra-patriotic and irresponsible free-lances were revenged by the European Powers upon the Japanese nation with incredible and unpardonable severity. For instance, a Mr. Richardson, who for many years had been a merchant at Shanghai, rode on September 14, 1862, with a party on horseback from Kanayawa towards Yedo, and met on the road the *cortège* of the great prince of Satsuma. The etiquette of the road in Japan was that all people meeting a prince's procession had to dismount and stand at the side of the road in order not to "look down" upon a daimio, and the punishment for offering to a prince the grave insult of looking down on him was death, according to the custom of the country.

Mr. Richardson and his friends nonchalantly rode through his procession, little heeding the irritation which was clearly visible on the faces of the prince's armed retainers, and approached the prince himself. Seeing from the infuriated faces of the Japanese that a collision was to be feared, and, dreading the consequences, one of his friends, according to the evidence, implored Mr. Richardson. "Don't go on, we can turn into a side road," whilst another entreated him, "For God's sake, let us not have a row." But Mr. Richardson answered, "Let me alone. I have lived fourteen years in China, and know how to manage these people," thinking the Japanese would as meekly submit to insult and ill-treatment at the hands of Europeans as the Chinese at Shanghai. However, Mr. Richardson misunderstood the temper of the Japanese, and he had to pay dearly for his stupid and wilful provocation. At the moment when he had passed the prince, a retainer sprang towards him and cut him down. Thus Mr. Richardson brought the punishment on himself by his own folly, notwithstanding the warnings of his alarmed friends.

Dr J. C. Hepburn, who attended the wounded in the Richardson affair, confirms that Mr. Richardson himself was to blame for this affair, for he wrote:

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It was the common report at the time that Richardson did ride into Satsuma's train. It was the general belief that Richardson brought the whole catastrophe on himself.

It was clear that Mr. Richardson's foolhardy provocation had led to his death. Nevertheless, the British Government exacted from Japan the staggering indemnity of £100,000, burned three valuable new steamers bought by the Daimio, destroyed by fire Kagoshima, a flourishing town of 180,000 inhabitants, and demolished its fortifications. A single man had been killed by a fanatic, owing to his own folly, and the Government of that man not only exacted a money indemnity from Japan which was out of all proportion to the slender resources of the country, but destroyed a large, populous and peaceful town. The attack on Mr. Richardson was a rash crime of a single man, but it was a greater and more deliberate political crime of the Government to avenge it in the way in which it was avenged.

Another serious collision between Japan and foreign nations occurred in 1868. Batteries on the sea-coast belonging to the rebellious Prince of Choshu had fired on foreign ships which passed by, without, however, doing more than trifling damage. The Government at Yedo, apprised of the occurrence, disavowed the action and apologised for this attack of a rebel, whom it promised to punish. The Government at Yedo acted in *bonâ fide*, and meant to fulfil its promise, but before it could do so the united fleets of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States took the law into their own hands, bombarded Shimonoseki during five days, and exacted an indemnity of 8,000,000 dollars from the impoverished Japanese.

The Prince of Choshu had wantonly fired on foreign ships, but he had done no serious damage, and Japan could not properly be held liable for this isolated act of folly. Therefore, the punishment meted out to the country by the bombardment of Shimonoseki was certainly unjust. Besides, it was out of all proportion to the trifling act of aggression and

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to the damage done. Great Britain, the United States, France, and Holland are rightly considered far more to blame for their merciless proceeding than Japan for the Prince of Choshu's rash act of aggression, for which, rightly considered, the country was not responsible. As a matter of fact, the British Government disavowed the action of the fleet after it had taken place.

It is true that death was in feudal Japan the punishment for most crimes, for the law merely discriminated between law-abiding and rebellious citizens, between law-supporters and law-breakers. A citizen who was unruly enough to break one law was considered equally ready to break any other law. Consequently, no nice distinctions were made with regard to the "degree of criminality." Jurisprudence was not then thought of in Japan.

Since the Restoration, Japan has taken to studying jurisprudence as it is taught in the West, and has, among others, introduced a most excellent criminal code, in the compilation of which the criminal legislation of the most enlightened countries has served as a model. At the present moment crime is punished in Japan no longer indiscriminately, but with the same leniency, the same humanity, and the same conscientious discrimination with which it is punished in the most advanced European countries.

Those who declaim against the barbarity and the frequency of the death penalty in Japan during feudal times and do not mention the humanity of her present laws, probably do not know the cruelty with which minor transgressions were not so long ago punished in Western countries. Blackstone mentions no less than 160 offences which are punishable by death, among which were thefts from a house to the value of forty shillings, thefts from a shop to the value of £5, counterfeiting stamps, forgery, and many minor offences. At present there are only four offences which are punishable with death in England. A hundred years ago sheep-stealing was punished with death in England. On December 31, 1829, the last execution for forgery took place, and in 1831 no less than 1601 persons were

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sentenced to death in England. Therefore those who condemn the former barbarity of Japanese justice might be reminded of the Japanese proverb, which says: "Sweep the snow from your doorstep, and do not trouble yourself about the icicles on your neighbour's roof." In Japan suicide is not merely an act of self-destruction as it is in Europe, but it has a deep ethical foundation and justification. If by the suicide of a subject a ruler could be turned from an evil purpose, the memory of the man who committed suicide would be honoured for all time. This was, perhaps, the most frequent cause of suicide in Japan. Suicide was also often committed for expiation. A typical and touching case of suicide for expiation occurred when an obscure young girl committed suicide in a grove for her country's sake after a murderous attempt had been made by one of her countrymen on the present Czar when, as Czarewitch, he travelled in Japan. By her death she hoped to expiate the crime and to save her country from the wrath of the gods and of Russia, as she said in a letter which she left behind her.

Suicide by ripping up the belly is, no doubt, the most horrible form of suicide existing, because it is by far the most painful one. Whilst any coward can take poison or shoot himself, it requires the nerve and spirit of a hero to commit hara-kiri deliberately, slowly, and without flinching, as it had to be performed in accordance with the established rule. Thus hara-kiri became the favourite mode of suicide of the samurai who had disgraced himself, who had fallen out of favour with his lord, who did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, or who wished to sacrifice his life for ideal purposes, such as changing the mind of his master or the policy of his country. By committing the most gruesome and the most painful form of suicide, a soldier could show his fearlessness at the supreme moment and die like a man. By a final act in which he could show bravery and contempt of death, he would live in the memory of his people, who would glory in his memory. In a country where ancestor-worship is practised

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like Japan, such an opportunity of improving one's reputation was naturally often made use of. Surely the national institution of hara-kiri is rather a proof of the spirit of heroism, though it may appear useless heroism, than of barbarism in Japan.

In Japan suicide is very frequent, but not so frequent as it is in various other countries, as the following figures prove:

AVERAGE NUMBER OF SUICIDES PER ANNUM PER MILLION INHABITANTS:

France . . .	1894–1897	...	246 per million.
Denmark . .	1894–1898	...	238 „ „
Switzerland . .	1894–1898	...	233 „ „
Germany . .	1894–1898	...	206 „ „
Japan . . .	1894–1897	...	177 „ „

Though the proportion of suicides in Japan is large if compared with the suicides occurring in Anglo-Saxon countries, it is much smaller than in France, Denmark, Switzerland, and Germany. Consequently Continental observers are hardly justified in seeing in the frequency of suicides in Japan a sign of her barbarism.

During the Chinese-Japanese War, Japan treated her Chinese prisoners with the greatest humanity in accordance with civilised usage, whilst the Chinese inflicted unspeakable tortures on the unfortunate Japanese soldiers who fell into their hands. Exasperated by the cruelties practised by the Chinese upon their countrymen, the Japanese soldiers got out of hand at the storming of Port Arthur and massacred many Chinese without pity. It may be possible that the Japanese officers did not try to stop a revenge which was not unnatural under the circumstances. If the did so, they acted exactly as the British did in burning the Summer Palace at Pekin because some British emissaries had been tortured by the Chinese.

From the foregoing facts, it would appear that the charge of barbarism which is so frequently brought forward against Japan on the continent of Europe has little or no foundation in fact. X.

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SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

THE hand of one who has viewed political life during the last five-and-twenty years from the Conservative benches of the House of Commons, may not be deemed the fittest to deal with the memory of a contemporary Liberal leader; and when, in addition, the present writer confesses himself an agricultural county member, a landowner, and a disciple of the sect known as "Whole-hoggers"—then, indeed, it may be thought that arrogance, rather than confidence, is his chief qualification for the attempt. Yet the House of Commons, with all its faults (and many there be who love to dwell thereon) is a school of unconscious discipline, imparting a spirit of philosophic detachment to those who live through two or three parliaments, enabling men on one side of the Speaker's chair to view the action and character of those on the other through no distorting medium. It is surprising, considering the language sometimes heard in the House, what dispassionate criticism may be heard spoken of political opponents, when the coloured spectacles of party are laid aside in the confidential atmosphere of the dining- or smoking-room. Fear lies at the root of all hatred. There was a time when we Tories (the rank and file, anyhow) really hated Mr. Gladstone, because we feared what he might do next. The Liberals of to-day, to judge from their ordinary conversation, entertain much the same feelings towards Mr. Chamberlain, because they fear that, if he prevails, their field of action will

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be greatly contracted for many years to come. But strike out the element of fear, and there remains no hindrance to a man fairly exercising upon the character and career of a political opponent such critical faculties as he may have at command. There may be some not unwilling *ab hoste doceri*—to hear the estimate of a leader by one who never followed his lead.

With such brief apology let me make a few respectful observations upon the great parliamentary figure which has just passed beyond the sight of men.

Of the high lineage and early life of Sir William Harcourt, every one who cares to know must be fully informed by this time, so fully have they been dealt with in the daily press. The less need to refer to them here, save as they may seem to have had influence upon his character and conduct. A scion of the Norman house of Vernon, he traced direct descent from that Richard de Vernon who came with William the Conqueror, and was created Baron of Shipbroke by Hugh of Avranches, Earl of Chester, whose ferocity among the Welsh gained him the title of Lupus—the Wolf. Supposing that position and disposition allow the spirits of the departed to concern themselves with current mundane affairs, how grimly must Hugh Lupus have smiled in 1900 to see a Norman Vernon elected representative of the Welshmen of West Monmouth, by a majority of 5287 over one of their own race!

The name of Harcourt was assumed in 1831 by Sir William's grandfather, Archbishop of York, whose third wife brought him the Oxfordshire estates of Stanton-Harcourt and Nuneham-Courtenay. She traced descent, not from Anguerraud de Harcourt, one of the Conqueror's army of invasion, but from Anguerraud's brother Robert, who stayed at home and built the castle of Harcourt in Normandy. Claims to Norman lineage are often and lightly made, but well-authenticated descent in separate lines from two barons of the Duke of Normandy's court is rare indeed; and nobody was less inclined to despise the distinction than Sir William himself. Add to all this that Sir William's father was for forty-seven

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years Canon of York, his grandfather for forty years Archbishop of York, and here is a set of associations little favourable, you will say, to the development of a militant radical. "Train up a child and away he will go," was the village mother's pious rendering of the Scripture when her son ran away to sea; but William's elder brother, Edward, better exemplified the authorised version, recording docile, and mostly dumb, votes as Tory member for Oxfordshire during many years. "William," Edward would say to his peccant brother, "I wish to goodness you would give up your ideas about land." "Ah, my dear Edward," was the younger son's reply, "you have got the land; leave me the ideas."

In one respect William Harcourt was at a disadvantage in entering public life. The enervating effects of aristocratic birth and environment meet their surest prophylactic in the rough-and-tumble of a great public school. In a bygone age, the younger Pitt is the only statesman of note who occurs to random memory as having missed that wholesome experience. Among Harcourt's own cabinet colleagues there were men who had been educated as Quakers, like John Bright and W. E. Forster, men who had received a sound commercial training, like Mr. Chamberlain, and, on the other side of politics, men like the present Lord Cross and the late Mr. W. H. Smith—the Marshall and Snelgrove of Lord Randolph Churchill's petulant flout—who had never been at a public school; but none of these, except Pitt, was born in the close aristocratic atmosphere, which requires the bracing draughts of public school life to purge a lad of prejudice and self-consciousness, and bring him into right relation with the workaday world. University life does not serve this purpose. We have testimony from the few persons who now remember Harcourt in early manhood, that he brought with him from Cambridge, after taking a first-class in classics, intolerable airs of superiority and a dangerous habit of sarcasm, untempered by tact or experience. The most unpopular young fellow in London, they say; in proof whereof runs the story about four friends

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who, dissatisfied with the result of conventional amphitryonic effort, resolved each to invite to dinner the most disagreeable man he knew. The table, of course, was laid for eight, but three places remained vacant, for the only guest was Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, who had received *four* invitations. The tale is sure to be untrue, but the fact that it was current at the time shows how Harcourt's acrid wit must have mellowed with maturity and his native kindliness have overcome youthful asperity and truculence; for the present generation remember him as a charming dinner companion.

Harcourt's slashing humour and facile pen made him a likely recruit for Mr. Beresford Hope, whose weekly journal was about earning for itself the title of "Saturday Reviler." Here the young barrister found himself rowing in the same boat with Lord Robert Cecil, his junior by three years. Both men were to work their way to the forefront of politics; both chose the same means—ruthless belabouring of friend and foe, friend for choice—as the surest way to gain attention.

Called in 1854, Harcourt soon was in lucrative practice at the parliamentary bar; but his ambition lay in the senate, not the forum. Perceiving the Liberal star to be in the ascendant and that Providence apparently had created Scotland for the purpose of providing Liberal seats for English lawyers (purpose which it fulfils to this day), he contested the Kirkcaldy Burghs in 1859, but without success. Then came the American civil war, people in England taking sides according to their circumstances and sympathies. Earlier in the century, popular revolt against authority always had commanded Whig and Liberal support; had not Canning's recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American colonies and the suspicion that he covertly encouraged the Greeks in their struggle against Turkish dominion, been chief grounds of his quarrel with the High Tories in 1822–27? But now the boot was on the other leg. The Conservatives and upper classes generally hoped for Confederate success, the South being vaguely understood to be more aristocratic than the North. Besides this, many persons

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beheld poetical justice in the United States grappling with a revolution on the lines of that which won for them their own existence as a nation. Even Mr. Gladstone inclined to concede belligerent rights to the Confederates, on the old Whig principle that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation."

This view was trenchantly handled and its fallacy exposed in a series of long and remarkable letters to the *Times*, over the signature "Historicus." These carried great weight, both in this country and abroad, proclaiming, as they did, the sound doctrine that a friendly State had no right to recognise an insurgent government "until all substantial struggle for sovereignty had ceased," and supporting the policy of non-intervention by a wealth of historical precedent and close argument. It was not long before "Historicus" was identified as young Harcourt (he was thirty-two in 1862), and political seers pronounced him to be a coming power in Parliament.

Let me, as a Tory, bear willing testimony to the valuable service rendered to the country in these letters. Public opinion was in a dangerous state of flux upon the American question, and was far more amenable forty years ago to the influence of the *Times* than it is now; peopled required a clear, confident statement of principle to steady them among mere gusts of sentiment, and that was exactly what these letters supplied. Had Harcourt's career closed with the last of them, he had been entitled to a lasting meed of gratitude from his countrymen.

It was not till 1868 that Harcourt entered Parliament as member for the city of Oxford. His first speech in the House was on February 23, 1869, in opposition to a proposal to relieve ministers from the obligation of re-election upon accepting office—an antiquated precaution, dating from Queen Anne's reign, against the undue influence of the Crown. Eleven years later he took a fall at this very fence. Having accepted office as Home Secretary under Mr. Gladstone in 1880, he presented himself to his constituents for re-election, was opposed by Mr. Hall, and was beaten by fifty-

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three; Oxford suffering disfranchisement during the rest of that Parliament because of the flagrant corruption proved before an election commission.

The House of Commons is never predisposed to listen with favour to a lawyer, but it soon conceived a relish for Harcourt's style; the more so that, so long as he was a private member, it was never certain when he rose whether he would attack his own leaders or the Opposition. Perhaps it is doing no injustice to Harcourt to say that he differed from the ordinary Radical in his want of earnestness. Not of earnestness in manner; he never lacked that, having at command a vehemence of speech and gesture to which his towering stature and handsome features lent unusual dignity; but in earnestness of conviction he was in striking contrast to Gladstone and Bright, Forster and Fawcett. In truth, one can recall but two periods in Parliament when Harcourt seemed to be speaking, not from a brief, but from honest conviction. The first—when he supported Russell Gurney's bill, described by Disraeli as one "to put down ritualism"—the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874—and the second during those stormy years 1881–88, when Mr. Gladstone's government was grappling with Irish sedition and outrage, and Harcourt had the conduct of the Arms Bill, the Crimes Bill, and the Explosives Bill in three successive sessions.

In the first of these periods it seemed as if Harcourt was about to throw over his allegiance to the Liberal leader. In November 1873, Mr. Gladstone had muzzled his turbulent and formidable follower by making him Solicitor-General. The dissolution in the following year disclosed a strong Conservative reaction; Disraeli going into power with a majority of over one hundred in the House of Commons; Harcourt regaining his independence in the brisk air of opposition. Mr. Russell Gurney, a Liberal, having moved the second reading of his Public Worship Regulation Bill, Mr. Hall, Harcourt's Conservative colleague in the representation of Oxford, moved its rejection, and was seconded by Mr.

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Gladstone himself—deeply moved by the threatened interference with priestly privileges. Here was a fine cross-firing of parties; and the confusion was complete when Harcourt rose from beside Gladstone on the front opposition bench, and proclaimed the Erastian principles of a Whig churchman. It was a scene such as will always absorb the excited attention of the House, and it was re-enacted many times during the debates in Committee. No one who heard is likely to forget the castigation bestowed by Mr. Gladstone upon his insubordinate colleague; no one can supply, except from memory of the thing seen and heard, the necessary complement of unfaltering fluency, flashing eye and stately gesture.

> Finding that he has delivered to the House most extraordinary propositions of law and history that will not bear a moment's examination, my hon. and learned friend has had the opportunity of spending four or five days in better informing himself upon the subject, and he is in a position to come down to this House, and for an hour and a half to display and develop the erudition he has thus rapidly and cleverly acquired. . . . I will not, however, follow my hon. and learned friend over the ground he has taken. I do not think it would be to the edification of the House, or of the public, or of the party to which, I believe, we both belong. . . . I cannot, moreover, say that the three canons of good taste, good feeling, and courtesy, which we are accustomed here to regard, and which may be very old fashioned, are entirely conformable to those of my hon. and learned friend, and therefore it is better that the controversy should be carried no further.

Whereupon he devoted what fills four or five columns of "Hansard" to the further pulverisation of his hon. and learned friend. It was a notable chastisement, but it did not daunt him whom Gladstone declared to be "the last of the Erastians." Harcourt spoke forty times save one in the debates on that Bill, and with evident sincerity. It was in consultations over that measure that his acquaintance with Disraeli warmed into an intimate friendship, and men foretold his speedy enrolment among the followers of the Conservative leader. Certain it is that visits to Hughenden were very frequent in 1874 and 1875, seeming of deeper significance than they would suggest in these days, when week-end visits have

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received official recognition; but nothing came of it, and Sir William Harcourt soon developed into one of the staunchest party men that ever stood in shoe-leather. Nothing, at least, except this, that from that day forward Harcourt always refrained from attacking Disraeli in debate or on the platform —singular forbearance on the part of one who revelled in rough-handling other Conservative Ministers. That it was deliberate and intentional appears from an incident related by one now living. Harcourt had been describing to him a visit at Hughenden from which he had just returned, and finished by saying: "Now mark what I am going to say: you will never hear a word from my lips hostile to Disraeli, either in Parliament or anywhere else."

He did not extend the same consideration to his dissentient colleagues after the Home Rule split in 1886. One of those with whom he had been most intimate proposed that they should agree not to attack each other in their speeches; but Harcourt would consent to no such understanding. Indeed it would have been difficult to keep to it, for, after the country had pronounced emphatically against Home Rule, what argument remained to the promoters of that policy except denunciation of Liberal Unionists and their Leaders?

It were a profitless office to enumerate the occasions on which party served Harcourt for a motive in place of principle, and vain to reproach a politician for fidelity to party in default of all stable principle. Men of the most sensitive honour and inflexible fidelity in private life have been known, times without number, to hold themselves free, under altered circumstances, to depart from a course in public affairs to which they were deeply committed. Wellington and Peel were leaders of the two Houses in that Parliament which emancipated the Roman Catholics. Wellington, it is known, had always been privately convinced of the justice of that measure, and resisted it for long years only on the ground of what was expedient. Peel, on the other hand, had opposed it on principle, and only yielded to expediency and what he saw to

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be inevitable. Harcourt's attitude to Home Rule was what Peel's had been to Catholic emancipation. If there was one subject besides Church discipline upon which he held strong conviction, it was upon the government of Ireland by the Imperial Parliament. Let those who were intimate with Harcourt in that perplexing winter of 1885-6 describe his indignation when his chief's rumoured conversion to Home Rule was confirmed. "Let them stew in their Parnellite juice!" had been his contemptuous allusion only a few weeks before to the alleged negotiations between Conservative Ministers and the Home Rule leaders; yet he followed Mr. Gladstone with touching fidelity through the discouragement and reproach of the coming years. He accepted the Home Rule brief and flung the Union cause aside; though he never succeeded in concealing that his heart was not in the work.

In the end, he missed the palm to which most men thought he was better entitled by his services than any other of the Liberal leaders. He made stormy expression of indignation against the House of Lords for their "contemptuous" rejection of the second Home Rule Bill in 1893, and cared not to conceal that his Budget of 1894, inflicting the heaviest blow that was ever struck against the landed interest, was something to account of retaliation. Mr. Gladstone's sands were running low. In his frequent absence from the Treasury Bench, Harcourt acted as leader of the House. Members grew accustomed to him as the natural heir and successor to his chief, and, when the Prime Minister's resignation was announced in the spring of 1894, the turn of events came as a surprise to most men. Harcourt, if he had disquieted the Whig mind, at all events had travelled very far to conciliate the Radicals. He had denounced the Imperial renaissance as Jingoism; he had encouraged Mr. Gladstone in his disastrous Egyptian and South African policy, culminating in the abandonment of Gordon and the disgrace of Majuba Hill, and he had atoned for his stout defence of the Union by revoking everything he had uttered upon the Irish question down to the close

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of 1885. Nay, was not the very Budget which he was in the act of driving through the House—the memorable Budget of the Death Duties—peculiarly designed to gratify the masses at the expense of the classes? What more would the Radicals have? Yet they turned against him, and acclaimed Lord Rosebery as the true heir of Gladstone. Harcourt had been more or less than human had he not felt the slight; yet he carried a proud front; he brought his Budget to a successful issue, and during the next four years the public had to nourish its curiosity by nothing more substantial than rumours of intestinal trouble in the Liberal councils. Lord Rosebery's brief administration came to an end with the Unionist victory of 1895; Harcourt continued leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons until he wearied of the barren strife, and resigned his position in what he described in his letter to Mr. Morley as "a party rent by sectional disputes and personal interests."

None would have blamed him if, after the treatment he had received, he had spent his declining years in ease and retirement; but the silvan charm of Malwood, dear as it was to his wounded spirit, could not hold him back when the fray was joined. A private member, "with all his future behind him," as an Irish politician is reported to have described Sir William's position, he might have ridden a free lance as of yore; yet so deeply had party discipline become engrained in his habits, that there is little to be learnt of his private opinion upon public affairs from his votes and speeches during his last few years. Upon the question of the Boer war, he steered a middle course. He detested the war, and condemned the policy that led to it, but he never attempted to embarrass the Government in their conduct of it. He expressed himself, as no doubt he felt, very angry with Ministers for the device of a "Khaki election" in 1900; but he never denied the obligation upon Great Britain to take over the administration of the South African Republics when they were reduced to subjection. If he swayed rather to

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the line of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley than to that taken by the Imperialist section of the Opposition, that came naturally out of his previous estrangement from Lord Rosebery. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that he entertained very serious misgivings about the increasing burden of empire. Unfortunately, the statesman who can contribute nothing but misgiving ceases to be of much service to his country, and Sir William Harcourt, like the other critics of the Government, had no alternative to recommend but a policy of scuttle. This found little response among the people of Great Britain; but the Boer leaders read the speeches in Parliament and on platforms as diligently as Napoleon did during the war of 1801–15; misunderstanding, as he did, the peculiar nature of the British Opposition, they drew encouragement from what appeared to them the divided councils of their enemy.

While we gladly exonerate Sir William Harcourt from the recklessness into which some of his party were betrayed in their anxiety to discredit the Government, it cannot be forgotten that, although he was present, he made no protest when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accused our army of pursuing "methods of barbarism" in the field. Harcourt would have played a greater part had he sunk the personal grievance and taken his stand on this question beside Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith.

As a platform and parliamentary speaker, Harcourt, until ten years ago, was very effective. His massive figure, lofty crest and fine countenance commanded the attention of any audience; fiery sally and witty phrase were not wanting to hold the interest of hearers; while fastidious listeners relished the agreeable classical flavour of his discourse, which, without a trace of pedantry, revived echoes of that indefinite golden age of Parliament, ever lying a couple of generations behind the present. But the effect was sadly marred when Sir William's sight began to fail. He always wrote his speeches out at length and spoke from the manuscript—read them, in

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short—and would even be at the pains before addressing a public meeting to recite his discourse before a press reporter. So long as his eyes served him well, he had the art to read from papers carefully arranged beforehand out of sight of the audience, and none could detect that he was not speaking *extempore*. But of late years the effect was sadly marred by a halting delivery, result of failing sight, and the House of Commons listened only out of respect to the veteran gallantly bearing up against the infirmity of age. He lunged as fiercely as ever, but there was an end to the exciting sword play and adroit parry.

Of Sir William Harcourt in private life, others can speak with far fuller knowledge than I. Etonians—probably all public school boys—know the special meaning of "knowing a fellow at home." Well, I never knew Sir William at home—can only tell of an acquaintance formed in Parliament during the early 'eighties. But the manner in which that acquaintance was formed reveals something of the kindly nature underlying the frowning official front he turned upon the Tory Opposition. I had been put up by Sir Stafford Northcote to move the rejection of one of the Irish Land Bills introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government. It was near midnight: the House was very full and excited—trying to a young member who had by no means rid himself of that paralysing "House fright." I floundered through my twenty minutes' task and sat down. After the division had been called, I was surprised by the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, with whom I was not then personally acquainted, crossing the floor and taking me by the hand. "That was very well done," said he, with a kind look, and passed into the Aye lobby. Over and above the flattery, which of course was extremely agreeable, there was something of old-fashioned chivalry in the words and action, which has been associated ever since with my regard for Sir William Harcourt.

He was a delightful man to meet in society, having the art of imparting his ample lore, social and historical, with none of

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the *pose* or other vices of the regular *raconteur*. As a smoker he was as insatiable as Mr. Chamberlain, but, unlike his old colleague, absolutely undiscriminating in the quality of his cigars, consuming tobacco in quantity and of a quality which would lay most men low.

It will be long before the House of Commons ceases to miss the figure so closely associated with its life. Members will remember it latest accompanied by another figure, as tall, but more slender—the son, with whom the father was seen taking counsel more and more frequently as the shadows deepened—the son, of whose touching devotion much might be said, were this the place.

In parting with Sir William Harcourt, one will pronounce him a powerful statesman—not a great one. With intellectual gifts far above the parliamentary average, he never possessed that inappeasable conviction which raises a leader above the mere exigencies of party, nor that concentration of purpose which draws his party after him to any cost of sacrifice. Peel showed the first, when he wrecked his party over the Corn Laws; Gladstone the last, when he forced upon his reluctant colleagues his new-born purpose of Home Rule. One cannot imagine Harcourt prevailing in like manner over the immediate circumstances of his environment; yet he will be long remembered as one who did honour to the House of Commons, and one whom the House of Commons delighted to honour—one to whom his most resolute opponents willingly assign a high rank among British statesmen.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

EXCEPT by way of emphasising, and, perhaps, here and there expanding, the remarkable article which Mr. A. Maurice Low contributed to the October issue of this REVIEW,[1] there is really little to be written about the Presidential Election. It was Mr. Low's thesis that the two great American parties have virtually merged, not, of course, in organisation, but in doctrine and principle; that though their respective platforms breathe a fiery antagonism, it is for form's sake merely, and corresponds with no real vitality of belief; that both Republicans and Democrats have approached a practical identity of Conservatism which is yearly making it more difficult for "the man of extreme views" to associate with them; and that a new and sinister Radicalism, the inevitable reflex of the overwhelming and remorseless power of organised wealth, is destined to shatter the mechanism and revolutionise the spirit of the older organisations, splitting the politics of the country into the party of the Haves and the party of the Have-nots. All that in Mr. Low's article comes within the category of assertion is not merely true, but has long been true. All that belongs in it to the category of speculation has to support it the evidences of a strong and cumulative probability. Like the Guelfs and Ghibellines for the two final centuries of their warfare, like the inheritors of

1 "The Coming Radical Party in America." By A. Maurice Low. THE MONTHLY REVIEW. October, 1904.

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a Highland clan feud, Republicans and Democrats go on delivering attack and counter-attack from sheer force of habit. They are a singular instance of how little, under modern conditions, it is essential for a party to have a reasoned faith. Cement of some kind there must be; and we in England have succeeded for two hundred years in manufacturing it out of principles, tradition, and the ascendency of individual leaders—not, however, without signs that the stock of material is nearing exhaustion. In America it has long since been worked out. What keeps American parties from falling to pieces is simply the strength of party ties and particularly the strength of party organisation, reinforced by, if not based upon, the hope of office and the influence of mere use and wont. "The American parties," says Mr. Bryce, "now continue to exist because they have existed. The mill has been constructed, and its machinery goes on turning even when there is no grist to grind." The very complexity of the machinery is in itself a preservative. Men feel that there must be a purpose and a use in what has been so laboriously and intricately fashioned and may so often be seen alive and whirring; and the belief is one that the Bosses, whose hands are on the levers, do all they can to encourage. Their task is not a difficult one in a country like America, where political discussion is in inverse proportion to political education, where the average man passes for something of an intellectual authority, and is quite happily convinced he "knows it all," where quick views and short views attain to a mastery unparalleled elsewhere, and where the people have a positive genius for mistaking appearances for realities. I believe, with Mr. Low, that the time must come when a great and vital issue will arise to penetrate the monstrous pretences that now enfold political parties and the political system; and I think, as he does, that Bryanism, purged of its heresies on the currency question and standing on its merits as a movement of social protest against "the despotism of plutocracy," is a forerunner of what that great and vital issue will be. There will then be a genuineness, possibly a desperate genuineness, about

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American parties and an American Presidential Election that no one at present can affect or discover in either.

Nor is it merely the flaccidity of parties that gives to the present campaign an air of such stupefying unreality. Important issues there cannot be when neither party has convictions, and when each is engrossed with the problem of playing for position. But to run a campaign to the satisfaction of the American people it is not essential to have any important issues. It so happens, however, that there is a dearth of even secondary questions. The normal conflicts of the party in power with the party in opposition, and the ordinary routine of events, have alike failed to produce anything that at once interests the electorate and divides the two parties. An election is not taking place because there is any political or popular desire for one, but simply because the Constitution decrees that every four years a President has to be voted for. To the general agreement on all large matters of policy that exists between Republicans and Democrats, and to the all but total absence of specific minor questions, must, therefore, be added as a further influence in the direction of apathy and make-believe, the excruciatingly depressing fact that they are fighting one another to order. I have never been able to decide why the Constitution, having insisted on a fight, does not go a step further, and provide something to fight about. A "live" and "hustling" Constitution, such as Americans ought to be charmed to live under, should surely be supplied with an assortment of stock issues, harmless schoolboy-essay subjects, "popular" problems of the light domestic or religious order, that it could authoritatively propound to the contestants. There are plenty to be had, and everybody would enjoy discussing them. Parties would line up, each taking its appointed side, every wheel in the electioneering machinery would revolve, primaries and conventions would be held, and the votes would be counted, just as usual; and all the bother of deciding what the issue is, or whether there is any issue at all, would be saved. As a rule, I must admit that American versatility rises to the

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emergency without extraneous assistance. There is no healthier industry in the country than the manufacture of campaign issues, and during these quadrennial elections it works overtime in its patriotic eagerness to state a case. But this year something appears to have got seriously out of order, and even the meticulous ingenuities of American platform framers have failed to establish a *casus belli*.

It is, therefore, almost a waste of time to examine the Republican and Democratic platforms with any hope of finding out what they really stand for and wherein they differ. Even the Republican platform, which is for the most part a record of achievements and singularly abstemious of pledges for the future, contains two planks, one of which—threatening to reduce the representation of such Southern States as have disfranchised the negroes—it knows, and everybody knows, there is not the least intention of acting upon, while the other is platitudinous to the extent of being absolutely meaningless. What *can* a voter who wishes to know something about the Republican attitude towards the Trusts make of this?: "Combinations of capital and of labour are the results of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the rights and interests of the people. Such combinations, when lawfully formed for lawful purposes, are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws, and neither can be permitted to break them." One would think that puerility could go no further, but one has only to turn to the Democratic platform to find that it can. The truth is that these documents are composed simply in view of the electioneering present, and not of the legislative future. They must never be taken to mean what they say, but should always be judged in the light of political conditions, of what is and what is not possible. Unless this is constantly borne in mind, there is a grave risk of missing some of their exquisite humour. It is, for instance, perfectly well understood that the United States intends to keep the Philippines, and to govern them with at least a modicum of respect for local needs. The

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Democrats realise this just as fully as any other Americans. Nevertheless, when they find themselves in national convention assembled, they at once proceed to incorporate in their platform this amazing plank:

> We oppose as fervently as did George Washington himself an indefinite, irresponsible, discretionary and vague absolutism and a policy of colonial exploitation, no matter where or by whom invoked or exercised. We believe with Thomas Jefferson and John Adams that no Government has a right to make one set of laws for those "at home," and another and different set of laws, absolute in their character, for those "in the colonies." All men under the American flag are entitled to the protection of the institutions whose emblem the flag is: if they are inherently unfit for those institutions, then they are inherently unfit to be members of the American body politic. Wherever there may exist a people incapable of being governed under American laws in consonance with the American Constitution, that people ought not to be a part of the American domain. We insist that we ought to do for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans, and it is our duty to make that promise now, and upon suitable guarantees of protection to citizens of our own and other countries resident there at the time of our withdrawal, set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent, to work out their own destiny.

That is an excellent specimen of the average platform plank. It would be cruel to examine it in detail, to point out that the Supreme Court has settled once and for all the question of abstract right, to weigh the full deliciousness of the proposal to govern the Philippines as though they were a larger Wisconsin, or to gauge the advisability of making a promise that eventually the Filipinos are to have independence dumped upon them. It would not only be cruel to do all this but unnecessary, because every American knows that were the Democrats to come into power, they would at once proceed to carry on without a break or change the policy of the Republicans; and that a Democratic President, who tried to act up to the platform pledges, would find himself openly abandoned by nine-tenths of his party. But then it is supposed, for a reason I have never been able to fathom, to be "good politics" to fill up a platform with such planks as this, to promise what you have no idea of performing, to be exceedingly definite on sub-

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jects that are infinitely remote, vague on such as the near future may bring into pressing imminence, and magnificently non-committal and diffuse on those that are immediately before the country. Thus the Democrats are whole-heartedly and enthusiastically in favour of the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, a question that may conceivably come up within the next half-century; but when the relations between Capital and Labour are mentioned, or any other subject with which the very next Session of Congress is as likely as not to be concerned, they fly at once, like the Republicans, to the safe shelter of generalities. The only planks in either platform which it is safe to take at something like their face value are those which appear in both and are virtually identical. When Republicans and Democrats unite as they do in the present campaign, in advocating the building of the Panama Canal, the development of irrigation in the Western States, the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, the extension of civil service reform, the protection of American citizens abroad, the open door in China, and a system of liberal pensions, one may assume, not necessarily that either party is quite sincere, but that it is afraid to fly in the face of public opinion.

There is this much excuse to be made for the Democrats, that they are not really a party, but an assortment of odds and ends. The Southern States are always referred to by American politicians as the stronghold of Democratic strength. I should rather call them the source of Democratic weakness. Southerners are Democratic, not positively and inherently, but simply by the power of reflex action. They are Democrats because they are not Republicans; and they are not Republicans because it was the Republicans who waged the Civil War, who were responsible for the horrors of the Reconstruction Period, and who still show a desire to worry the South over the negro question. That is to say, their allegiance to the Democratic party is determined by the race issue alone; and the race issue, so far from being a party, is not even a

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political question, and stands in no tangible relation whatever to the programmes and policies of the day. High-tariff Southerners and low-tariff Southerners, Southerners who are for gold and Southerners who are for silver, Southerners who are Imperialists and Southerners who are anti-Imperialists, Southerners who stand on every side of every public question, all join the Democratic party, because that party took the Southern side during the war, and is supposed to be "sound" on the race issue. A more factitious and unhealthy alliance could scarcely be imagined. It is fairly safe to say that the development of Southern manufactures has made the opinion of the South predominantly Protectionist, and therefore in sympathy with the cardinal doctrine, not of the Democrats, but of the Republicans. Nevertheless, the South, in obedience to tradition, still automatically supports the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, even on a platform that advocates a sweeping revision of the tariff. They will put him in the White House if they can, but, when there, they will not allow him to act on his convictions or carry out his election pledges. Mr. Cleveland discovered this. The Southern votes that were mainly responsible for his victory were turned against him the moment he tried to fulfil his promises to the people and reduce the tariff; and the result was a measure that so utterly belied all the Democratic professions that Mr. Cleveland angrily refused to sign it. The significance of that incident still endures. It will probably continue to endure until the South splits up into political parties that correspond to its real opinions, not on the policies of the sixties or the seventies, but on the policies of the present. That time, however, is still far distant—Mr. Roosevelt, with a certain belligerent clumsiness, has made it more distant than ever—and the Democratic party will continue for many years yet to depend on the South for its electoral votes, to be thwarted by the South should it ever elect its President, and to owe to the South its proverbial quarrelsomeness and impotency in office and its hesitancy in attack.

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And besides this fundamental flaw at the very root of its being, the Democratic party is at this moment still further weakened by the after-effects of Bryanism. I wonder whether Americans themselves quite realise how great a political miracle was performed at St. Louis, and how enormously the Convention system contrived to justify at least one phase of its usefulness. For what was the outcome of the St. Louis Convention? It was this, that a party repudiated, or, what amounted to the same thing, silently ignored the men and the measures that eight years ago roused the delirious enthusiasm of all but a section, and that four years ago were again formally inscribed on its banners. That is an achievement which must surely be almost unique in the history of party. As a rule, the most difficult of all operations in politics, as in warfare, is a retreat. To ask a party to erase a policy that has once been incorporated in its programme is to ask what is nearly impossible. A measure, once accepted, once made the battle-cry of a party, acquires by that fact alone an unnatural longevity. It is not the way of political parties to come out in the open, recant, repent, and confess they have erred. In a moment of panic, rashness, or subserviency a party pins itself to a certain policy. That policy is repudiated by the country, not once or by small majorities, but repeatedly and overwhelmingly. Even those who have subscribed to it realise its hopelessness, and confess among themselves that until the unprofitable cargo is thrown overboard they can never expect to make the haven of office. Nevertheless, the zeal of some, the half-heartedness, timidity, or sense of shame of others, and the vigilant taunts of the opposing party, combine to prevent the sacrifice; and for a period altogether irrational in length the party continues to represent and suffer by a cause in which it has lost all faith, which it acknowledges to be fatal to success, and which it is yet debarred from disowning. This has been conspicuously the case with the English Liberals in their relation to Home Rule, and with the American Democrats in their relation to Free Silver; and a party situated as these two

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have been inevitably splits into two sections. One section prides itself on recognising facts, realises the folly of perpetually advocating policies to which the country is hostile, and endeavours to steer the party back to its old anchorage. The other section, from nervelessness or conviction, or under pressure from a commanding and indispensable leader, or in obedience to the blessed principle of "party regularity," reaffirms the new programme, braves the country's hostility once again, and, of course, is roundly beaten for its pains. Among English Liberals these sections have been roughly represented by Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and among American Democrats by the Conservative element and the Bryanite element. The Rosebery movement—an attempt at regeneration from within, an effort of a great party to conquer, not its opponents, but itself—precisely corresponds to the movement of the Conservative Democrats, who, after the defeats of 1896 and 1900, set themselves to eliminate Free Silver. But in English politics there is nothing that at all resembles an American Convention. There is no representative body that is qualified to speak for the party as a whole. There is, therefore, no sharp and decisive method of discarding an issue that has once been raised, or of rejecting a measure that has once been adopted. The Liberals have no means of freeing themselves from their entanglement with Home Rule. They can but wait until time or chance or the growth and predominance of some other question obscures and overlays it. It must have been with an envious amazement that they watched American Democrats, in the short space of eight years, shaking themselves free from the grip of Free Silver.

Many things helped the Conservative Democrats in their effort to extricate the party from the control of the extremists. Time had accentuated the political hopelessness of Bryanism and raised fresh issues to compete with and overshadow it. Prosperity had taken the edge off the social discontent which was the real backbone of the Free Silver movement; and Mr. Roosevelt, rightly or wrongly, had earned a reputation for a

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militant and somewhat Radical activity. This gave the Conservative Democrats a capital cue. If the chief complaint against Mr. Roosevelt was his "rashness," the obvious thing for the Democrats to do was to put forward a candidate in whose cautiousness and moderation every one would have confidence. The more people talked of Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness the less possible it became for them to think that safety could be found in Mr. Bryan's fanaticism. If the electorate could be induced to prefer a Democratic President it could only be on the ground that he was a safe and unalarming man, constitutionally incapable of anything at all resembling Mr. Roosevelt's belligerency. The Conservative Democrats set themselves accordingly to unearth a candidate whom they might present to the country as an attractive alternative both to Mr. Bryan and to Mr. Roosevelt. Their search was undoubtedly furthered and favoured by Wall Street, which has its own reasons for disliking Mr. Roosevelt. Electioneering considerations made it essential that the proposed candidate should be a New Yorker; and that was how Judge Parker, the Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, came to be nominated. Under the circumstances the nomination was, perhaps, as good a one as could have been made. Judge Parker is a man of character and position, and there is absolutely nothing to be said against him. He has displayed throughout the campaign a keen and almost un-American sense of political honour and the proprieties of public life. The famous telegram in which he declined the nomination unless the Convention endorsed his attitude on the Gold Standard showed as much courage as sagacity, and revealed a man where people had suspected only an enigma. As the figurehead of Democratic reconstruction on Conservative lines, and as a comfortable, impassive negation of Bryanism, Judge Parker appears to me entirely adequate. For all electioneering purposes the contrast between him and Mr. Roosevelt is complete enough. His career has been nothing like so wide as his rival's, but within its limits he has invariably succeeded. In

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independence and resolution he has not shown himself Mr. Roosevelt's inferior. He has not Mr. Roosevelt's force, but then neither has he his tendency to extremes. He has not his experience, but neither has he his "impulsiveness." He approaches mediocrity; Mr. Roosevelt approaches sensationalism. He has the reputation for being calm and judicial; Mr. Roosevelt has the reputation for being brilliant, pyrotechnical, and full of surprises. Both are Conservatives—but with a difference. If Judge Parker had been an Englishman he would have been a follower of Lord Salisbury; if Mr. Roosevelt had been an Englishman he would have proved a second Randolph Churchill. Both are drawn to an open-air life, but again with a difference, the one belonging to what we should call the country gentleman type, the other to the soldier, explorer, hunter type. Judge Parker's mind is the slower of the two, his temperament more sluggish and restrained, and his manners more dignified. I have read his campaign letters and speeches. They are careful and rather humdrum performances, the efforts of an essentially provincial and circumscribed mind to expand beyond its normal capacity. I cannot detect in them any real grip of affairs, national or international, and they are exasperatingly deformed by a tendency to thin and lamentably elementary generalisations — the uniform characteristic of American "heavy" men. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is anything but "heavy." He is a man of swift decisions, immediate action, and an intense and tingling energy that cares little for appearances and is almost devoid of tact. Judge Parker in the White House would probably prove a steady-going, defendable President in whom all would have confidence. Under his rulership one conceives that the nation would enjoy four years of quietude and comfort, without any great achievement, but also without any adventures. Under Mr. Roosevelt the history of the last three years would be again repeated—the same go-ahead and decisive policies, the same spirit of militant reform, and the same vague sense of insecurity.

But it is obvious that being what he is, and representing

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what he does, Judge Parker cannot be acceptable to the convinced Bryanite. In the Convention the Bryanites fought hard against his nomination, and displayed a strength which even the closest judges of American politics had failed to anticipate; and throughout the campaign their support of his candidatnre has been at best half-hearted. It may easily prove on election day that a good many of them have preferred to vote for the Populist—that is, the extreme Radical—candidate, Mr. Watson, who is certainly far more representative than Judge Parker of the social side of Bryanism, and whose programme may quite conceivably be adopted hereafter by the Radicalism of the future. It is indeed difficult even for the quick-moving American to accommodate himself all at once to the revolution that has overtaken official Democracy. Eight years ago—even four years ago—that party stood on a platform that administered the severest shock the country has sustained since the Civil War. To-day it professes to be not merely Conservative but more Conservative than the Republicans. Four years ago it was shunned by Wall Street and all the capitalist interests; to-day its candidate avowedly owes his nomination to the same influences that tried to depose Mr. Roosevelt and turn over the control of the Republican party to Senator Hanna, and the magnates of "the Street" are conspicuous in its councils and in the direction of its campaign. Four years ago it was the irreconcilable foe of the plutocracy; to-day its Vice-Presidential candidate is himself a "plutocrat" of the first water. The revolution is so sweeping as to arouse suspicion. Do parties, can parties, become "safe and sane"—for these are the adjectives the Democrats now apply to themselves—with such incredible speed and completeness? I imagine the judgment of the average American, while entirely endorsing Judge Parker as a man who might safely be trusted, looks beyond him and his immediate *entourage* to the rank and file of the party, and pronounces it to be still Bryanite at heart.

All this gives the Republicans an immense initial advantage. They are a homogeneous party, they know their own minds, and

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they have behind them a record of eight years' singularly successful administration. The Republican party preserved and buttressed the Gold Standard; it annexed Hawaii; it waged the war with Spain, freed Cuba, seized Porto Rico and purchased the Philippines; it passed the Dingley Tariff Act, and presided over the greatest expansion of prosperity that any country has ever known; it has completely restored public credit; it arranged for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and it has since turned the dream of American statesmanship into fact by actually beginning the construction of an Isthmian Canal; it settled, on terms that no American could find fault with, the vexed and perilous question of the Alaska boundary; it steered a masterly course through the complications of "the Venezuela mess"; it has upheld American interests in China with a vigour and effectiveness that even a decade ago would have been impossible; it has reorganised the army, greatly strengthened and developed the navy, and for the first time in American history has done something to restrain the power of the Trusts. Incomplete as it is, this is a list of achievements which, one would think, is all the guarantee that any nation could require that the party to whose credit it stands deserves a renewal of confidence. There is something, of course, to be set on the other side of the account—the failure to pass reciprocity treaties, and the corruption in the Post Office, for instance—but on the whole it is a record of remarkable practicality and success. For much, if not for most of it, the credit must go to Mr. Roosevelt, and it is chiefly around his actions during the past three years that the campaign has revolved. The Democratic case against him falls, so far as I can make out, under two main heads. He is charged, first of all, with a desire to upset the Constitutional balance of power and to exalt the Executive at the expense of the Legislature and the Judiciary. To substantiate this, the Democrats point to Mr. Roosevelt's settlement of the coal strike and to his recent Pension order, but they know perfectly well that in the first case he acted as a private

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individual, and that in the second he merely extended a principle that had been laid down by President Cleveland and adopted by President McKinley. The other charge against Mr. Roosevelt is that he is an Imperialist, believes in the necessity of a bigger navy, wishes to enlarge the American sphere of interests and action abroad, and is altogether too abrupt and ambitious in his handling of foreign questions. The Democrats are trying their hardest to persuade the country that the atmosphere surrounding his Administration is too militant and Imperialistic for the sober-minded Conservatism of the American people. In a sense there is possibly some basis for this indictment, but it is not a sense that should greatly perturb even the most stay-at-home of Americans. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay probably realise, with greater clearness than the majority of their countrymen, that for America the days of "isolation" are passed, and the policy of perpetual "non-interference" outworn. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that while all Americans realise that this is so, and that a change has come over America's international position, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay go a step further in drawing from the new state of affairs its legitimate and inevitable inferences. In doing so they are bound at times to prod with some severity the inveterate provincialism of the bulk of their countrymen —a provincialism nourished by the practice and precept of a hundred years' self-contained existence, and confirmed by the secluded conditions of American life. Americans, taken in the mass, like to speak of themselves as a "World Power," but they do not greatly relish the responsibilities of the position. They like to talk about the American Empire, but so far they have hardly even begun to cultivate a real spirit of Empire. In other words they have not, as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have, accepted facts and their consequences. It at once gratifies and disturbs them to hear of one American squadron being ordered "on business" to Smyrna, to Tangier, and to Beirut, of another assembling near the scene of the Far Eastern war, and of a third cruising off Panama. And it disturbs with-

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out in the least gratifying them when their President suddenly announces that

> if a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States;

but that

> brutal wrong-doing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society may finally require some intervention by some civilised nations, and in the Western hemisphere the United States cannot ignore its duty.

These words are certainly peremptory, but with Mr. Roosevelt it is always advisable to pay less attention to what he says than to what he does. His foreign policy, while eminently vigorous in its maintenance of American interests, has never, so far as I can see, incurred a single unnecessary risk, and needs no other defence than its resplendent results. Judge Parker does not arraign it in detail, but what he says on the subject is undoubtedly the outcome of an attitude and a point of view to which it is hard to imagine Mr. Roosevelt subscribing:

> I protest [says the Democratic candidate] against the feeling, now far too prevalent, that by reason of the commanding position we have assumed in the world, we must take part in the disputes and broils of foreign countries; and that because we have grown great we should intervene in every important question that arises in other parts of the world. . . . The people of the United States stand at the parting of the ways. Shall we follow the footsteps of our fathers along the paths of peace, prosperity and contentment, guided by the ever-living spirit of the Constitution which they framed for us, or shall we go along other and untried paths, hitherto shunned by all, following blindly new ideals which, though appealing with brilliancy to the imagination and ambition, may prove a will o' the wisp, leading us into difficulties from which it may be impossible to extricate ourselves without lasting injury to our national character and institutions? . . . It is essential more than ever to adhere strictly to the traditional policy of the country as formulated by its first President—and never in my judgment wisely departed from—to invite friendly relations with all nations, while avoiding entangling alliances with any. Such a policy means the cultivation of peace instead of the glorification of war, and the minding of

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our own business, in lieu of spectacular intermeddling with the affairs of other nations.

This, it will be seen, does not to any marked degree possess the quality of pertinence and "actuality." The spirit behind it is different, but would there be necessarily a difference in fact and policy? I do not believe there would be. In foreign policy, in colonial policy, just as in dealing with the Tariff and the Trusts, a Parker Administration would, I am convinced, be indistinguishable from a Roosevelt administration. Methods and manners might change, but the net result would be virtually identical. The contest, indeed, is not over facts, but over quibbles and personalities, and it makes remarkably little difference how it ends. The policies which the Republican party has pursued for the past eight years have been so widely approved of, and acquiesced in, by the people as to have almost lost their party character, and to have reached the position of really national policies. They will not be reversed whatever happens, not even if America turns from the known to the unknown, from Mr. Roosevelt to Judge Parker. There is very little likelihood of her doing so; but even if she does, the ship of State will not swerve a fraction from her present course, and the signal will still be flying, "Full steam ahead!"

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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SULTAN MURAD V.

THE recent death of ex-Sultan Murad removes from the political stage of Turkey the last man but one of important actors in a strange and mysterious drama-tragedy. The only survivor now is Sultan Abd-el-Hamid, the present reigning monarch. All the others have long since gone to their eternal rest and are no more. Abd-el-Hamid alone carries in his breast all the secrets of a terrible tragedy. So much mystery enshrouded that eventful period that, after all has been written and said on the subject, it yet remains an enigma the veil of which the hand of history has not yet uncovered. It is as dark as night, deep as the abyss, and fateful as the hand of destiny.

Murad was perhaps the gentlest and most broad-minded reform-lover of all his dynasty. His gentleness was almost feminine in its softness and delicacy; while his comely, ruddy, round face, and big black languishing eyes, gave him an unusually dignified and tender expression. His political aspirations were of a very high order. He longed for and aimed at giving Turkey a Constitution, and striking dogmatism and despotism a fatal blow. But the man lacked that firm will, daring heart, and iron arm essential in an Oriental ruler who seeks for radical cures.

His predecessor and uncle, Abd-el-Aziz, was a wild, passionate, extravagant man, who brought the Turkish Empire to the verge of complete ruin. In his youthful days his brutal

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nature was even more prominent. He delighted in all kinds of cruel and savage acts, and when he fell into a fit of rage his rage was a thing to be dreaded. In one of these mad fits he actually tore a Greek girl alive because she did not yield to his passion. The crisis of his reign and life was accelerated by his desire to change the succession in favour of his son Izz-el-Din. Murad was often solicited to waive his right as heir to the throne, but without any effect. In this dilemma Abd-el-Aziz sought the help of Russia; and General Ignatieff, who was only too eager for a pretext to land Russian troops in Constantinople, gave him full and hearty support, and twenty thousand Russian soldiers were held ready to march at a moment's notice.

While Ignatieff was perfectly satisfied with himself at this grand *coup d'état*, which was to place both Sultan and Constantinople at the mercy of Russia, the three great men of Turkey, Midhat, Auni, and Kaiserli, were at that moment plotting the destruction of their Sultan. Ignatieff's spies, however, kept him acquainted with every move of theirs; even the day and hour when the conspiracy was to be put into effect were known to the Russian general. But the conspirators were too quick and smart for him. Fearing surprise and unexpected developments, they advanced the time by thirty-six hours. On May 29, 1876, at two o'clock in the morning, the Turkish soldiers fell in, and marched on the Sultan's palace, with Auni, the Serasker, at their head. Simultaneously with this movement, Kaiserli drew in with the Turkish fleet towards the shore to prevent the Sultan's escape by sea. Aziz was roused from his sleep to find himself a State prisoner.

Though he declined to relinquish all claims to the throne, Murad never dreamt of plotting against his uncle. That was against his gentle, generous, and loyal nature. At the same moment when Abd-el-Aziz was roused from sleep to be dethroned, Murad heard a hard knock at the door of his chamber. He rose to find before him Auni, stern and des-

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perate. "Rise, Sultan Murad!" said he to the frightened prince. Murad stared at him, and turned deadly pale. He always felt a repugnance towards this cruel-featured, unscrupulous Auni, and his first fears were that this man was commissioned to murder him. "Why does my uncle, Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, seek my life?" said he to the Serasker; "what have I done against him? A loaf of dry bread and a cup of water are all I ask; why does he want to murder me?" In vain did Auni protest. In vain did he call him Sultan. The words sounded like strange mockery in the prince's ears. "Kill me in my bed," rejoined he to the Serasker. "Why take me to be strangled somewhere else?" "Hesitate a moment longer and it shall be even so," answered the impatient Serasker; "your uncle is deposed; you are his heir and successor. If you hesitate we shall be obliged to murder you before inviting your brother to the throne. Here," continued the stern commander-in-chief, "here is my loaded revolver. Take it, and the first moment you suspect treason kill me with it." Murad at last yielded and took the proffered weapon. On the way, in a moment of suspicion, he was on the point of throwing himself into the sea, but he soon checked this impulse, and regained his self-control. However, not till he stepped on shore, and there was met and saluted by the highest Turkish officials as their Padishah, were his fears dispelled.

Ignatieff was sound asleep, dreaming, probably, how the Turkish Capital was, in a day or two, to fall under the sway of Russia; he could almost hear the well-known tread of his Cossacks already resounding in the streets of Constantinople, and see the aspirations of centuries realised in one single *coup d'état*, when deafening thunders of salvoes from forts on land and fleet on sea suddenly echoed and re-echoed as the sun of another morning rose to dissipate the visions of the night. The Russian Ambassador rose from sleep to find Constantinople in panic and wild confusion. The startling truth, however, dawned upon him when the public criers passed by crying, "Long live Sultan Murad!".

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The ovation which Sultan Murad received on this occasion from all classes of his people, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians, plainly showed how beloved he was, and what great hopes his subjects held of his future reign. Cheers burst forth on all sides, like an overwhelming tide. Never had Constantinople heard such a deafening pæan of loyalty. On all previous similar occasions the crowds had to stand on both sides of the road, mute and motionless, with their arms crossed on their breasts, and their heads hung down, as if they were marble statues. None dared to lift his voice in token of loyalty, for this would have been a fatal breach of etiquette, for which the transgressor might have paid with his head. The procession resembled more a funeral than a coronation ceremony. But, on the present occasion, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. "*Padishahim chok yasha!*"—long live our Sultan!—burst from hundreds of thousands of throats, and was carried far and wide, making the very hills and valleys resound. The people believed that a new era in their life and history had just dawned, and that the long-expected age of reform, equality, liberty, and fraternity had arrived. Contrary to all old-established royal etiquette, the new Sultan returned the salutation of his subjects, at which the multitude, drunk with joy and happiness, rushed in and tried to unharness his carriage and drag the royal chariot to the palace. It was the greatest, but the last happy, day in Murad's life.

When he retired to his palace, Sultan Murad was worn out with fatigue and excitement. The terrible shock of the previous night and the long tedious ceremony of the day had told severely on his delicate and susceptible constitution. Early in the morning, while his boat was approaching the royal palace, he caught a glance of his unhappy uncle just leaving the royal abode in another little boat. Murad's kind heart melted within him, and his eyes were wet with tears. The fate of his uncle haunted him day and night. He was in constant fear and alarm lest his unscrupulous Ministers might plot the destruction of the dethroned Sultan. He accordingly issued

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strict orders that every wish of Abd-el-Aziz should be gratified, and every attention paid to his personal comfort. But he nevertheless knew the unscrupulous and treacherous conduct of those that surrounded him. Auni, the Serasker, was Murad's nightmare. The mere sight of that cruel man was repulsive to the new Sultan, and after each interview with the Serasker Murad shuddered with well-grounded apprehension.

The fears of Sultan Murad regarding the life of his uncle were, unhappily, too soon realised. On the morning of May 8 —five days after Murad's accession—ex-Sultan Abd-el-Aziz was found dead on the floor of his bedchamber, with a pool of blood round him and two cuts on the bend of both elbows, which opened the arteries and veins. To this very day his death remains a mystery. It is alleged that he committed suicide, and the official announcement of the time was that Abd-el-Aziz, rising up early in the morning, called for a pair of scissors to clip his beard. When left alone he took off his coat, tugged up the sleeves of his shirt, and inflicted the wounds upon himself, till he bled to death. However, the rumour that found popular credence in those days, and which is still believed by a great majority of people, who are better acquainted with the modes of death in Turkey, is that the three conspirators themselves, Auni, Midhat, and Kaiserli, fearing counter-revolution and the reinstatement of the ex-Sultan, resolved to do away with him. Disguised, and with muffled faces, they entered into the ex-Sultan's chamber with a few powerful wrestlers and overpowered Aziz. Throwing him on the floor and kneeling on his knees and elbows, they opened his veins and waited there till he bled to death.

Murad spent the previous night in sleepless anxiety. He rose up in the morning feverish, irritable, and exhausted when the three conspirators suddenly entered into his presence. Their wild looks and agitated manner terrified him, and a vague dark presentiment took birth. When they broke the news he fell into such a wild rage that, mild by nature as he was, they trembled at this unexpected burst of righteous anger. In vain

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did Auni produce the doctor's certificate; in vain did he establish Aziz's previous attempts at suicide. Murad overwhelmed them with contempt and reproach. He told them that they had covered his name and memory with infamy; that Europe would henceforward look upon him as a murderer and assassin, and with a dignified wave of the hand dismissed them from his presence. From that hour Sultan Murad was doomed, and his righteous and noble indignation cost him his throne.

This last terrible shock completely shattered his already exhausted nervous system. Murad developed intense irritability, and became a prey to obstinate insomnia, great prostration, and occasional hallucinations. His temperature was high, his eyes bloodshot, and his brain unsteady. The ghost of the dead Sultan haunted him day and night. He firmly believed that Abd-el-Aziz was murdered by, or through the instigation of, his Ministers. He felt that this crime was in some way or other reflected upon himself, and that he was held in horror by all European Courts. He furthermore feared the verdict of history, which, he imagined, would hand his name down to posterity as that of an assassin. He also felt himself more of a State prisoner than a sovereign. His intimate friends were kept away from him through the agency of the conspirators, and all his attempts at reform were thwarted by the strong-willed but narrow-minded and bigoted Auni.

After the departure of his Ministers the Sultan's wrath continued to boil, all the more because he felt himself impotent to punish these malefactors and criminals, who formed themselves into a dangerous triumvirate. Once, while he was pacing his royal saloon and nursing his wrath, another incident happened, which greatly aggravated his condition. A wild, rash, reckless young officer, of high military grade, rushed unannounced into the Sultan's presence. Murad instantly drew his revolver and directed it towards the intruder, who was Abd-el-Aziz's brother-in-law—the brother of the

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ex-Sultan's wife. He came to demand justice on the heads of the assassins of Aziz. The interview was short and stormy and left the Sultan perfectly exhausted, with his nerves worse shattered than ever, and his brain in a whirl of confusion.

Hassan Effendi—for this was the name of the officer—was a dissipated, reckless, hot-tempered, but brave and daring man. He belonged to one of the wildest tribes of the Circassians. Feeling the weakness and impotence of Murad he resolved after his stormy interview to take the law into his own hands, and wreak full vengeance upon those men whom he felt convinced to be the murderers of his Sultan and brother. Armed with a gama—a sharp triangular Circassian dagger—and three revolvers, he directed his steps towards Auni's house. Auni had already issued orders that Hassan be transferred to Bagdad, and the latter under the pretext of taking leave of the Serasker sought an interview with him. Auni, however, was not at home—he had gone to Midhat's. An instant of disappointment, an instant of reflection, a determined smile on his flushed face, and Hassan's resolution was made. He went straight to Midhat's, all the Ministers were duly there at an official *séance*. Hassan asked admission to the Serasker; "*Yasak!*" — forbidden — said the porter. The Circassian, affecting calmness and compliance, took a seat for a little while, and then, profiting by the carelessness and indolence of the sentry, ran upstairs. "*Yasak*" was again the order from the other sentry. Unceremoniously pushing him aside, he rushed into the spacious saloon. Midhat was seated on the sofa, with Auni to his right, the other Ministers forming a semi-circle round them. "Keep your seat, Serasker," cried the stern voice of Hassan, and rapidly drawing his revolver he first aimed at Auni and fired. The bullet struck but failed to kill. Throwing himself with all his strength and impetuosity at the assassin, Auni rushed forward like a wounded tiger. But Hassan was too quick for him, and lodged another bullet in Auni's breast, and this time the latter fell motionless on the floor. An indescribable panic ensued, and the Ministers in wild confusion

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trampled each other as they rushed towards the door and took refuge in the opposite saloon, which they promptly locked. Midhat fled through a secret door to the harem chambers. Kaiserli, one of the triumvir, and Rashid Pasha alone were left behind. With a single shot Hassan killed the latter and mortally wounded the former. He then rushed towards the opposite saloon, where the trembling Ministers had taken refuge, and began to hack the door with his gama, firing at the same time several shots, which pierced the wood and struck the opposite wall. By this time Auni, who was not yet dead, gathered his last remaining strength and made a supreme effort to reach his assailant. No sooner did Hassan see this than he turned like a maniac upon his victim. Before the very eyes of the other Ministers, who were tremblingly witnessing the scene from the opposite locked saloon, Hassan, holding his victim by the left hand, drew his gama and gashed at the face of the unhappy man, cutting off all the lower jaw, which he actually amputated. Then, plunging the weapon several times into his bowels, he ripped open the abdomen till the intestines protruded from the horrible wounds; the unhappy Auni still moaning and groaning in the very grip of death.

On his way down the steps, the Circassian met another brave officer, who was hurrying with a drawn sword to the rescue of the Ministers, but the Circassian left him no breathing time, and shot him through the head, the unhappy man falling dead on the steps. In the court below, the assassin met a body of gendarmes, who had been urgently summoned to the aid of the pashas. But before they could stop the enraged Circassian he had killed several of them; and not till a whole regiment was on the spot, and not till he was covered with wounds and fell exhausted to the ground, were they able to arrest him. In the hospital Hassan declined all surgical help, and expired towards the morning in terrible agony.

When these painful details were related to Murad he was horror-struck. It was fuel to his burning brain, and not until now had he realised the great danger he had incurred by the

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sudden entrance of that wild, reckless Circassian into his presence. Neuralgic fits produced exquisite and excruciating headache, and he was often seen applying both hands to his temples and pressing tightly against them. Insomnia was one of his most painful symptoms, and whenever he had a snatch of sleep he woke up suddenly, terrified by oppressive dreams and the ghost of his murdered uncle; so that he preferred wakefulness to nightmare, and by degrees fell into that morbid mental condition where it is impossible for the patient to distinguish between the real and the imaginary, and his mind began to give way.

As bad luck would have it, Murad's treatment was entrusted to a certain Neapolitan quack, dignified with the title of a doctor—Capoleone by name. Trying to aid nature by art, Capoleone ordered repeated hot baths and debilitating drugs, followed by the application of forty leeches to the temples. This disastrous treatment was the very one needed to complete the Sultan's ruin. The royal patient woke the next morning quite exhausted, with a pale face, trembling limbs, weak pulse, and indescribable apathy and melancholy. His nervous system was so weakened that the least noise disturbed him, and his illusions and hallucinations increased to an intolerable extent. The Sultan's mother, who placed unbounded confidence in this great physician, began at last to feel alarmed at the desperate condition of her son. She accordingly sent after a certain famous dervish, known by the name of Ali. If there was anything left undone by Capoleone to undermine the health of Sultan Murad this pious dervish finished it. His diagnosis of the case was prompt and final: the Sultan was possessed with evil spirits, which the good dervish took upon himself to drive away. He so filled Murad's morbid mind with dreadful stories of demons—genii and supernatural beings—that the poor Sultan was overwhelmed with awe and superstition, as if his illusions and hallucinations were not enough to drive him mad!

It was in this deplorable condition that the expert Vienna alienist, Dr. Leidersdorf, found the Sultan, when he arrived in

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Constantinople to take charge of the case. He at once saw that the aberration of mind was only temporary, and quite curable. The moment Murad was out of the hands of Capoleone and Ali, and put under proper and sensible treatment, he at once began to improve. The hot baths and leeches were done away with, and the demons, genii and evil spirits, driven from his mind. Excursions on the sea of Marmora, where he could breathe the pure invigorating breeze, gave him fresh life and vigour. His hallucinations disappeared, and his mental faculties became clearer and clearer every day. In brief, Murad was on the sure way to perfect recovery.

However, about this time a fatal interview between the Sultan and Midhat took place. The latter had hitherto been deceived regarding the former's feeling towards him. Midhat was all along a great favourite of the new Sultan. Both had a high and refined education; both read the French Revolution, and learned much by it; and both aimed at giving Turkey a Constitution. But there was this difference between them: Murad's programme for reforms was too sweeping and too liberal for Midhat's ideas, who was loth to relinquish the privileges and prerogatives of the Turk and put the other races of the Empire on equal footing with him. Murad wanted to strike at the very root of the evil. Midhat only wanted to parade the Constitution to disconcert Russian intrigues and gain England's support; he desired a slow and superficial reform. Murad wanted to lift up Turkey from decrepit rule, decay, and corruption, and to place her among the respected Powers of the world. The Minister wished to throw dust into Europe's eyes; the monarch, to regenerate and revivify his Empire. Midhat Pasha was a *formula;* Sultan Murad was a reality!

This difference of opinion would not have led to any rupture between the Sultan and his Minister had it not been for one vital thing. Sultan Murad, after his short stormy interview with Hassan, the Circassian, was confirmed in his

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conviction that Sultan Abd-el-Aziz did not commit suicide, but was murdered by the conspirators. Midhat believed that Murad attributed his uncle's murder only to Auni, and that the latter having now been despatched by the gama of the Circassian, there was no longer any displeasure in the Sultan's mind regarding himself. Midhat and Rashdi, the Grand Vizier, had an interview with Murad after the latter's mental improvement. When the name of Abd-el-Aziz was mentioned, Sultan Murad's face flushed red. He knew that Rashdi was a puppet, and consequently innocent. But he poured his wrath on Midhat, and told him plainly that he had abetted Auni in Aziz's murder, or at least acquiesced in it. After this burst of indignation, Murad left his visitors alone and entered his private apartment.

This fatal interview was the great crisis in Murad's life. Midhat read his disgrace in the Sultan's eyes. One way was left this unscrupulous statesman to extricate himself from this dilemma: to dethrone the Sultan he had just made, and to set in his place his brother Abd-el-Hamid, little thinking that in so doing he was planning his own destruction.

When Midhat undertook to do a thing, he did it well. He went about the business coolly and systematically, as if he were solving a geometrical problem. He first of all sent back Dr. Leidersdorf and placed the poor Sultan once more under the care of Capoleone, who was a tool in Midhat's hands. No sooner did Leidersdorf leave Constantinople than Capoleone gave it as his opinion that the Sultan's mental aberration was incurable, and took good care to spread this report. Acting on this authority, Midhat proceeded to the residence of Abd-el-Hamid Effendi, and made him acquainted with Capoleone's verdict on his brother's case. He represented to him the dangers that beset the Empire, both from without and from within, and implored him to be the saviour of Turkey. Having gained assent, he next extorted a *fatwa* from Kheirallah Effendi, the Sheikh of Islam, for the dethronement of Murad. The new Serasker was easily won over.

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This done, the Grand Vizierate—Midhat's goal, the height of his ambition—was awaiting him.

One night, while the Sultan was in deep meditation, his chief *agha* entered with an *Irade* from the Sultan Abd-el-Hamid! It was to the effect that his brother, Murad Effendi, should quit Yildiz and repair to the palace Tschegaran, whither poor Abd-el-Aziz had been escorted some three months ago. Murad read the letter without any visible emotion, and stoically resigned himself to fate. A few hours later he left the Yildiz palace—for ever!

Little is known of ex-Sultan Murad in his palace-prison except this: that he was of perfectly sound mind. Several plots and conspiracies were hazarded in his favour, but they all failed. Only once were his lingering hopes and those of his party on the point of being realised, but destiny had decreed otherwise.

KHALIL SAADEH.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

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THE SALVATION ARMY

A REVIEW

"'TIS true," says Bunyan's Mr. By-ends, "we sometimes differ in Religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against Wind and Tide: Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his Silver Slippers; we love much to walk with him in the Street, if the Sun shines, and the People applaud him." About the causes which, in July 1904, led the Sun in his strength to shed his kindly rays upon the Salvation Army, instantly dispelling the "thick and palpable clouds of darkness" that, to the eyes of some careful and not unfriendly observers, had enveloped it for years, there is, unfortunately, nothing supernatural. When worldly enterprises are in a bad way an expensive advertisement will sometimes bring them round the corner, and even facilitate reconstruction by bringing the public in. Nothing succeeds like success—except the appearance of it; and if either advertisement or appearances are indifferent to the present General of the Salvation Army, then my study of his 600 odd pages of "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers," and of their operation in practice, has been in vain. When, a few months ago, a great and curious building of symbolic form and corrugated iron began to spring up on the costliest site in London, when it became known that it was destined to be used by the Salvation Army for an International Congress lasting a fortnight, and then to

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be pulled down, the Londoner, imagining he had seen and known a good deal of the Salvation Army in his lifetime, was dazed, asking himself in his simplicity how all this could possibly pay. If he knew the Army, he certainly did not know its General. When some thousands of warriors of all colours from "forty-nine countries and colonies," mostly British, and "speaking thirty-nine languages," began to flood the Strand, the word Empire was made flesh, and the Londoner was fain to admit that he had not seen and known everything. The association of the Salvation Army with the Empire was a master-stroke, not without its influence on others than the mere Londoner, and not without its part in inducing the august and grateful radiance shed upon the opening of the Congress, as well as the antics of officialdom throughout the country during the wonderful tour which followed its close. That the Press, too, in these circumstances, should—with a few hardened exceptions, like the *Times*—have had a conviction of sin suddenly borne in upon them is not surprising, for an intelligent anticipation of the circumstances of their own conversion could hardly have been vouchsafed even to them. If, however, the doctrine of Justification by Works possesses any virtue, it is reassuring to be able to entertain hopes of the Press, for their indefatigable and unremitting attention of late to the sayings and doings of General Booth must surely go far to outweigh the journalistic indifference and neglect of a quarter of a century.

This new-born interest of Press and public in the Salvation Army impels one to ask whether any essential fact relating to the Army's work has recently come to light—some fact designed to convince the British public that its apparently well-established attitude of tolerant unconcern has in the past been unjust. It can hardly be said that the methods of the Army are either unobtrusive or inaudible. Indeed, there cannot be many men, women, or children in our cities and towns who have not had innumerable opportunities of hearing its message, and estimating the merit of the means

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employed to attain its end. Even the provincial mayors and councillors who have recently tumbled over each other in their tardy haste to do honour to its General cannot all have enjoyed a seclusion quite beyond the reach of its shrill evangel. To keep itself ever before the public is, in fact, indispensable to the Army's existence, for from the general public it has always drawn a considerable portion of its sinews of war. Even the publicity of the great Congress taught us nothing new—unless it be the peculiar need of any Congress at all under an autocratic *régime* like the Army. The answer must be, then, that no essential fact of a nature adequate to change public opinion has been brought to light, that everything remains precisely as it was before, and that the cause of the supposed turn in the tide is purely adventitious.

> The deeper cause (observes the *Westminster Gazette*) is, we think, a general recognition of the work done by the Army in rescue work and amongst the poorest. . . . Gradually people have come to see the excellent work done by the Salvation Army amongst classes almost untouched by older religious denominations.

That any such general recognition was latent in the public mind a few months ago, I, for one, venture to doubt; if it did exist, then I fear it had little substantial basis for its existence. Nevertheless, it is quite true that a tolerably large number of people outside its ranks do take the Army at its own estimate, supporting it more or less liberally and good-humouredly, for the most part cordially approving its aims while reluctantly tolerant of the peculiar means by which those ends are alleged to be realised. It seems not a little strange that such good people should believe the result of means so universally disliked by them to be so generally beneficent, but there is little reason why their faith should be shaken so long as the "vile bodies" operated upon are not their own, or of their own kindred or class. Of the still larger section of the public, which the astuteness of General Booth has now enabled him to rope in, it is fair to assume that they are enamoured of his methods still less, although their faith in

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his "excellent work" would seem—for the moment at least—to be, if possible, greater. But now that the General, flushed with a success beyond his dreams, aspires to make the public his paymasters to a yet greater extent than before, and even to obtain funds from the State for the furtherance of his projects, is it not time to pause and, refusing to take the glowing assertions of interested persons for granted, consider seriously what we are asked to do?

Of late years the public have been led to regard the Salvation Army as being engaged largely, if not mainly, in so-called "social" work, rather than in the work of religious propaganda. This confusion of mind on the part of the public is not, of course, without its advantages to the Army, for the public are, as a rule, well content to leave the cost of spreading particular forms of spiritual truth to those who happen to believe in them. It is true that those officers of the Army who are not exclusively employed under the "Darkest England" scheme are required to spend some portion of their time in this "social" work, and the particular value of this work is one of the things into which I propose to inquire. But I am not aware that the golden harvest of the General's motor tour was understood to be ear-marked for the "Darkest England" scheme, or for any other "social" purpose whatsoever. When a member of the public subscribes to the Salvation Army at large, whether through the local, divisional, or general funds, if he imagines that his money is going solely to propagate "social" work he is labouring under a monstrous misconception. It ought not to be forgotten that the Army is, before everything else, a spiritual body, committed to the dissemination of certain definite forms of religious doctrine, belief in which it deems essential to the welfare of society and of the individual. The Salvationist argument may be stated thus: An immense class of people exists throughout these islands to whom the truth, as we present it, cannot but prove of the utmost spiritual and moral benefit—a class touched, or at least, effectually embraced, by no other

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religious denomination; with this class our special organisation, our special training, and our special methods have enabled us to attain a remarkable measure of success in the spiritual sphere; it follows, therefore, that we, of all people, are the most fitted to deal with the products of that "social" disease which so largely permeates the same class, and to return to society the largest possible percentage of material salvage.

Before examining this argument and the assertions it contains, it may be well to illustrate and make good my assertion that the Army is a spiritual body before everything. General Booth's "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers" give, or gave, the following explicit directions for the guidance of his Prison Gate Brigades in the prosecution of their "social" work:

> The Brigade must understand that, when a man gives himself up to their care, they are under obligation to look after him until he has had *a good chance of being saved*. At the same time, no substantial help is to be given him until he shows proof of the genuineness of his desire for reformation *at the penitent form*, and by what appears to be to them a sincere profession in public, and corresponding proof in private, that he has given up his old life. *When he gives evidence of being really saved*, he must be provided with employment, and with some trifling help in the way of clothes, or payment for lodgings, until his own wages provide these things.

If any one interested in prison-gate work expects, under this ingenious test system, to get more than a shilling's worth of criminal reformation and less than nineteen shillings' worth of the crudest proselytising for every sovereign he invests, he is certainly more sanguine than I am.

Granting the existence of the immense class for whose spiritual benefit the Salvation Army was created, the adequacy and value of the means employed must be judged by the success attained. The only proper test in such a matter appears to me to be growth—not so much intensive as extensive. I greatly fear that the simple method of counting heads can hardly commend itself to General Booth, inasmuch as he does not deem it advisable to issue any annual publication giving

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the location of corps throughout the country, with the number of officers and soldiers attached to each. If such a return were issued, the increase or shrinkage of individual corps would be apparent from year to year, the effective strength of the whole Army might be seen clearly at any given period, while the precise impression made upon the enemy's ranks would at the same time be manifest. For it must not be forgotten that, with the Salvation Army, every captured prisoner is made to serve in its ranks. The Salvationist himself would admit that, otherwise, the work has not been effectually done; indeed, it is only reasonable, on Salvationist hypotheses, to conclude that, if the convert who gets as far as the penitent form does not ultimately join the Army, the work has not been done at all. Any one who has cared to interest himself in the open-air work of the Army of late years cannot but have been struck by two things: the increasing respectability of the officers and soldiers, both male and female, and their increasing inability to interest grown persons of any class to the point of getting them to march with them to barracks. The reformed cracksman and the penitent wife-beater of twenty years ago are now conspicuous by their silence, and in comparison with their picturesque "testimony" that of Methodist maid-servants and seceded class-leaders is tame. So far, then, as observation can help one to a conclusion, the Army now makes no impression whatsoever on the immense class for whose reformation it is alone supposed to exist. Yet few other religious bodies can compare with them in zeal and self-sacrifice. "This being so," writes Mr. Charles Booth ("Life and Labour in London," vol. vii. p. 826), "it becomes the more remarkable that, as regards spreading the gospel in London, in any broad manner, the movement has altogether failed." While agreeing with this conclusion, I cannot see that the Army's failure to influence the masses is more remarkable than that of any other army, however zealous and self-sacrificing, which persists in using obsolete and ineffective weapons. The supposition that the good results of Salvationist propaganda are to

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be looked for in suspension throughout the masses, rather than crystallised in the Army itself, is altogether inadmissible in view of so much visible evidence of impotence. The supposition, on the other hand, that such good results go to strengthen the other religious denominations is also at variance with facts. "Among those who join the Army in England," says Mr. Charles Booth on this point, "many, if not most, have come to it from some other religious body, and may even have been ardent Christians previously." The explanation of this transfer is that such persons find in the Army a more suitable atmosphere for a "forward" spiritual life, and a better means of satisfying their consuming passion for "testifying" publicly than is furnished by their own particular sect. The Army is, of course, quite entitled to "take its goods where it finds them." But while the public might conceivably find it worth while to pay a fair price for the spiritual redemption of the unleavened masses, it is not easy to see why anybody should be expected to finance a scheme which, in practice, resolves itself into the double conversion of a certain number of good people who need no conversion.

Whatever be the sources from which the Army derives its recruits, it is important, on several grounds, to inquire what its actual strength really is. No field more favourable to the Army could be selected than London itself. There it began its operations and there it has an almost unlimited potential harvest everywhere at hand ready for the gathering. If, after twenty-five years of unceasing labour and the expenditure of millions of pounds, the Army could muster in its ranks even a fair proportion of the many hundreds of thousands of souls alleged to stand in need of its ministrations within the capital, then, I admit, society might possibly be justified in responding to General Booth's appeal for further powers and more money. I propose to supplement Mr. Charles Booth's opinion by an analysis of an inquiry of another kind, promoted by an organ which cannot possibly be accused of lacking sympathy with evangelical undertakings generally, and with

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General Booth's in particular—I mean the religious Census recently carried out by the *Daily News*, the voluminous results of which are now published under the title of "The Religious Life of London." This Census dealt with all sects, enumerating the morning and evening attendances at every place of worship in the metropolis, and distinguishing men, women, and children—a "child," for the purposes of the inquiry, being any worshipper of fifteen years and under. As presented by the *Daily News*, the details appear as follows:

SALVATION ARMY.

	Morning.				Evening.				Total for the Day.
	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	
Fern Street, Devons Road .	14	4	8	26	8	12	62	82	108

It will be seen that the totals for the day here given represent attendances, not individuals. But it was established by an ingenious system that the proportion of "twicers"—*i.e.*, worshippers attending both morning and evening service—was 39 per cent. of the morning attendance for the whole of London. The following tables are based upon the *Daily News* figures, and as they are designed to show and compare the effective adult strength of the various religious bodies dealt with, children have been omitted throughout, and the requisite deduction on account of "twicers" has been applied equally to all denominations. The figures are summarised for the four great divisions of London, East, West, North, and South (Tables A, B, C, and D), while a further table (E), supplemented by a diagram, gives the results for the whole metropolis. The percentage accompanying each denominational total is a percentage, not of population, but of the total adult effective of all denominations in the whole division

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or in the whole metropolis, as the case may be. Similarly, the percentages at the foot of the columns in the four divisional tables represent the proportion borne by the effective adult strength of the Salvation Army in the various boroughs to the total adult effective of all denominations in those boroughs. In the four divisional tables the Church of England has not been shown separately, the purpose being to compare the results attained by those bodies working on lines, doctrinal or otherwise, as nearly similar as possible to those pursued by the Salvation Army. For a similar reason missions are shown separately, these comprising Church of England missions as well as Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian. As the aim is to show voluntary attendances only, certain deductions (noted in Table A) have been made from the Army figures in Stepney and Hackney, on the same principle which requires the exclusion of children.

These tables (pp. 65–69) might almost be left to speak for themselves. They certainly seem to explain the absence of official details of strength. What, one must ask, has become of the religious influence of the Salvation Army upon the "submerged" masses—that vaunted influence upon which its claim to conduct the work of "social" reclamation for the entire nation is based? Its influence, far from being the strongest, is everywhere far and away the weakest of any separate religious influence worth mentioning; it is startlingly weak everywhere; and it is, with but few exceptions, weakest of all just in those districts where, if its pretensions were founded, it ought to be strong, not only individually but relatively. Even the editor of the *Daily News* Census is troubled over the wretched Salvationist muster in East London.

> Another point that emerges (he writes) is the extraordinary weakness of the Salvation Army. . . . This is a wretchedly inadequate total for a population of nearly a million after all these years of unremitting work, and points to some serious weakness in Army methods. . . . When we remember that the Congress Hall in Linscott Road, Hackney, furnishes 2549, and Mare Street, Hackney, 708, we can easily see how powerless the Salvation Army is in the remaining districts of the East End.

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TABLES SHOWING THE ADULT EFFECTIVE (ESTIMATED) OF RELIGIOUS BODIES IN LONDON, AND THEIR RELATIVE STRENGTH IN THE FOUR DIVISIONS AND THEIR COMPONENT BOROUGHS:

A.—EAST LONDON

——	Poplar.	Stepney.	Bethnal Green.	Shoreditch.	Hackney.	Total	Per cent.
Salvation Army[1] .	*370*	*800*[2]	*61*	*470*	*1,963*[3]	*3,064*	*3·4*
Methodist	2,210	1,894	891	750	3,520	9,265	10·4
Baptist	1,933	2,001	1,810	1,026	2,723	9,493	10·7
Congregational . .	1,057	1,891	1,469	782	6,110	11,309	12·8
Missions (various) .	*587*	*3,762*	*679*	*709*	*1,531*	*7,168*	*8·0*
All other Bodies (including Church of England) . . .	7,422	17,526	4,881	4,360	14,424	48,613	54·7
Totals . . .	13,579	27,274	9,691	8,097	30,271	88,912	100
Army Percentage in Boroughs . .	2·7	0·7	0·6	5·8	6·4		

[1] 22 stations.

[2] Deducting 2 shelters (432 inmates), where attendance is regarded as being "practically compulsory" (*vide Daily News* Census).

[3] Deducting "about 600 officers" in training at Congress Hall.

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B.—WEST LONDON

	Marylebone.	Paddington.	Westminster.	Kensington.	Chelsea.	Hammersmith.	Fulham.	City of London.	Total.	Per cent.
Salvation Army[1]	*410*	*262*	*1,536*	*314*	*103*	*247*	*260*	...	*3,132*	*2·1*
Methodist	973	1,299	3,819	1,163	291	1,147	1,097	...	9,789	6·7
Baptist	2,118	2,437	226	1,363	644	1,273	310	19	8,390	5·7
Congregational	1,063	1,452	1,420	1,403	935	807	801	5,766	13,647	9·3
Missions (various)	*806*	*225*	*774*	*396*	*418*	*74*	*240*	...	*2,933*	*2·0*
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	21,133	13,600	23,527	22,173	7,016	6,061	6,286	9,196	108,992	74·2
Totals	26,503	19,275	31,302	26,812	9,407	9,609	8,994	14,981	146,883	100
Army Percentage in Boroughs	1·5	1·3	4·9	1·1	1·0	2·5	2·8	...		

[1] 16 Stations.

C.—NORTH LONDON

—	Stoke Newington.	Hampstead.	Islington.	St. Pancras.	Holborn.	Finsbury.	Total.	Per cent.
Salvation Army[1]	*461*	*168*	*1,111*	*667*	*27*	*100*	2,524	*2·3*
Methodist	1,825	1,244	4,166	2,325	286	1,930	11,776	10·8
Baptist	1,794	942	3,315	3,238	1,346	2,675	13,310	12·2
Congregational	814	1,764	6,671	2,357	...	918	12,524	11·4
Missions (various)	*293*	*467*	*4,735*	*1,060*	*334*	*404*	7,233	*6·6*
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	5,006	8,710	23,099	14,925	5,908	4,323	61,971	56·7
Totals	10,133	13,295	43,097	24,562	7,901	10,350	109,338	100
Army Percentage in Boroughs	4·5	1·2	2·5	2·6	0·3	0·9		

[1] 16 Stations.

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D.—SOUTH LONDON

—	Wandsworth.	Lambeth.	Camberwell.	Lewisham.	Deptford.	Greenwich.	Woolwich.	Battersea.	Southwark.	Bermondsey.	Total.	Per cent.
Salvation Army [1] . . .	*412*	*987*	*1,023*	*291*	*166*	*190*	*577*	*321*	*166*	*98*	*4,021*	1·9
Methodist	2,850	3,669	2,458	2,579	1,431	958	1,693	2,712	2,101	3,045	23,496	11·1
Baptist	3,679	5,059	6,099	2,027	1,154	1,607	2,811	1,726	5,116	561	29,839	14·1
Congregational . . .	2,641	4,579	4,282	3,236	1,501	703	1,114	1,029	657	331	20,073	9·6
Missions	*877*	*2,550*	*4,957*	*204*	*388*	*386*	*258*	*428*	*1,218*	*1,446*	*12,706*	*6·0*
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	20,622	20,537	16,208	15,207	6,227	8,230	9,917	8,406	8,977	6,601	120,932	57·3
Totals	31,081	37,381	35,027	23,544	10,857	12,074	16,170	14,622	18,229	12,082	211,067	100
Army Percentage in Boroughs	1·3	2·6	2·9	1·2	1·4	1·5	2·3	2·2	0·9	0·8		

[1] 37 Stations.

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E.—ALL LONDON

Table showing the Adult Effective (estimated) of Religious Bodies in London and their Strength relative to the total Religious Effective

—	East.	West.	North.	South.	Total.	Per cent.
Salvation Army [1] .	*3,064*	*3,158*	*2,524*	*4,021*	*12,741*	*2·3*
Methodist	9,265	9,789	11,776	23,496	54,326	9·7
Baptist	9,493	8,390	13,310	29,839	61,032	11·0
Congregational . .	11,309	13,647	12,524	20,073	57,553	10·4
Missions (various) .	*7,168*	*2,933*	*7,833*	*18,706*	*30,040*	*5·4*
Church of England .	27,556	73,656	39,315	84,426	224,953	40·4
All other Bodies . .	21,057	35,336	22,656	36,506	115,555	20·8
Totals . .	88,912	146,883	109,338	211,067	556,200	100

[1] 91 Stations.

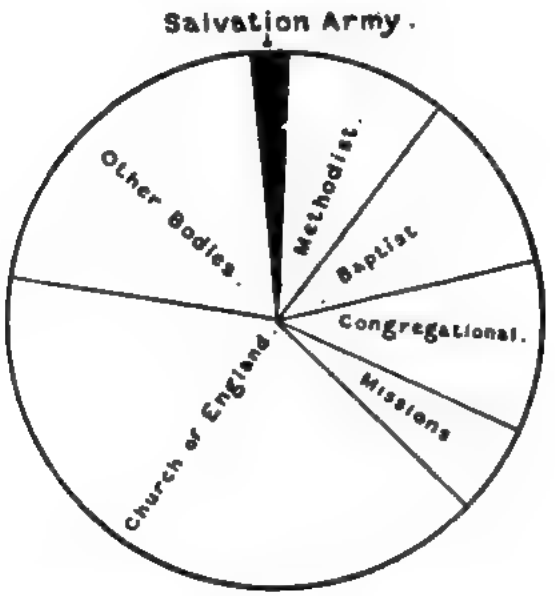


Diagram showing the relative Adult Effective of Religious Bodies in London.

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In regard to the Army's percentage of 8·4 for the whole of East London, which, though small, is slightly higher than the percentage in the three other great divisions, it is necessary to point out that, but for the abnormal attractions of the Congress Hall in Hackney, the figure would have been lower than anywhere else, viz., 1·8 per cent. In London almost any evangelistic mission capable of doing the thing on a grand scale, as it is there done, will draw tolerably well; but in such cases, as the Churches know only too well, it is from their doors that much of the attendance is usually diverted. These figures, moreover, go far to confirm Mr. Charles Booth's assertion—reached, I believe, before the *Daily News* Census was taken—that many, if not most, of the Army's members have come to it from other bodies. The Salvationist shoots seem, in nearly every borough, to be, if possible, least feeble where Nonconformity—and especially such kindred bodies as the Methodists and Baptists—is fairly vigorous. But this parasitic growth is nowhere of any real strength, simply because the particular mentality that goes to the making of the Salvationist is by no means unlimited even among those bodies. One other important point that emerges from the tables is that the Army is outnumbered between two and three times, except in a single division, by the missions of the Churches. These missions, of course, represent the special effort made by the much-maligned "older religious denominations" to reach the masses. The exceptional division is West London, which the other religious bodies apparently regard either as hopeless or else very safe. Here the Army succeeds in more than equalising matters by means of an abnormal force of over 1500 in—Westminster. To show in detail the relation of the Army's strength to population is hardly necessary, inasmuch as in no single borough does it exceed 0·5 per cent., even when children are taken into account.

It would seem that General Booth is disposed to question the applicability to his organisation of the methods and results of the *Daily News* Census upon which these tables are based.

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I am led to think so by the report of an interview with him published in the *World's Work* for August, from which I quote the following passage:

> . . . How can you take a census of the street meetings which are of the essence of the Army's spiritual methods? If you want a religious census, look in at the public-houses, where "we pay eight thousand visits a week and nothing for the good of the house." And then the General told me of a barmaid who had joined the Army, but still took an interest in her customers. So, with a companion, she gained permission to hold short meetings in public-houses—twenty-five or so a day—and it was found that only about 8 per cent. of publicans raised any objection.

The suggestion here is, apparently, that an enumeration of the worshippers at the Army's various halls or barracks on Sundays is misleading, because officers and soldiers are then largely employed elsewhere. But throughout the whole Army the outdoor meetings are merely a prelude to the indoor meetings, and are held for the very purpose of getting people into the halls. General Booth himself, in his "Orders and Regulations," warns his officers that, unless they can secure good indoor meetings, their labours are not likely to be blessed in any way, and certainly not with satisfactory collections. To be a soldier of the Army, one reads further in the same authority, "you must be regular in attending its meetings, outdoor and in, as often as you can." With regard to the eight thousand visits a week to public-houses, certainly none of them could have taken place during the time of morning service. As for the evening, all I can say is that, in order to test the value of the criticism just quoted, I have myself visited several hundreds of public-houses in the vicinity of Salvation Army halls in different quarters of London during the time of their indoor evening services, and I am able with confidence to assure General Booth that any soldiers in or about the licensed premises observed by me neither wore the uniform of his legions nor were they engaged in anything that could be described as holding "short meetings." If, then, the Salvationists supposed to be unenumerated were not in the

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public-houses, where were they? Certainly not engaged in holding street meetings. The banner of the Army, as far as the outside public is concerned, appears to be furled by seven o'clock, whereas innumerable open-air missions of all descriptions, promoted by the "older religious denominations," may be seen holding bravely on at street corners—in many cases with at least an appearance of success—well on towards ten o'clock. I do not for a moment question the Army's eight thousand visits a week to public-houses. That public-houses—in the West End, if not in the East—are regarded by the Army as a favourable field for the collection of funds during the week, I can myself testify; but I have not yet had the fortune to encounter any of the "short meetings" to which the General alludes. In any case, as the number of visits made might be comfortably performed by a couple of hundred soldiers working two hours a day, I do not see that they can affect in any degree my estimate of the Army's strength in London. But when we are informed that "only about 8 per cent." of publicans raise any objections to such visits or short meetings, it seems to me that the moral is only too clear. If there is one class of tradesman more than another that can be depended upon to oppose anything designed to be detrimental to its own particular interests, that class is surely the publican's. There is little virtue in holding "short meetings" anywhere unless they have some results, and the results are certainly not apparent at the Army's halls, where, according to the "Orders and Regulations," they ought to be. This being so, there is no reason why even 8 per cent. of publicans should object. The good-natured toleration of the other 92 per cent. is only explicable on the hypothesis that, whether the Army does good elsewhere or not, it is incapable of doing any harm to the publican, and that the publican is well aware of the fact. The public-house theory, therefore, is not very much to the point. The theory that the Army's strength goes to fortify other denominations is even less so in view of the fact that a Salvationist, on joining the ranks,

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declares his "full determination, by God's help, to be a true soldier of the Army till he dies." Moreover, it must not be forgotten that in a disciplinary body like the Army the proportion of "twicers" is much more likely to be nearer 100 per cent. than the 89 per cent. allowed for in these tables. Finally, the figures given embrace not only enrolled soldiers but also adult adherents and the casual friends of members. Therefore, in spite of General Booth's antipathy to counting heads, and the warning against becoming the "slave of statistics" which he has directed at his distinguished namesake, I am disposed to hold that the figures I have compiled, far from misrepresenting the actual strength of his organisation in London, give, on the contrary, a decidedly magnified representation of it.

Even Mr. Charles Booth is constrained to admit that the Army does show growth, although the belief in its doctrines does not spread. The explanation of this somewhat anomalous statement is that, while the whole Army appears to show a marked falling off in influence from year to year, the number of officers and corps increases and multiplies in a fashion at least as remarkable. The table on p. 74, constructed from the particulars given in "Whitaker's Almanack" each year, gives some idea of this process. These figures, which have no doubt an official origin, do not seem to be obtainable every year, and they are given here only for those years in which some difference is marked. It will be noted that the paid officers have been much more than doubled since 1888, and that the unpaid local officers have been practically doubled since 1894. No return of enrolled soldiers is available since 1896, although, according to the interviewer of the *World's Work*, "this is the best organised army in the world." Can the intention be to convey the impression that the rank and file are increasing with the same breathless rapidity as the officers? If not, the sooner a proper return of all ranks, with the location of corps, is issued the better.

It is only with the Army in the British Isles that this

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review is concerned, and the figures of this table relate to it only as a whole. But Mr. Bramwell Booth has ("Chambers's Encyclopædia") given the number of officers in Great Britain as 4589 for the year 1891, while the article on the Salvation Army in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives the figure for 1901 as 4859. Comparison with the table will show, therefore,

Year.	Corps and Outposts.	Officers.	Local Officers.	Enrolled Soldiers.
1888	2,158	6,663	—	"About 300,000"
1890	2,865	9,560	—	"About 500,000"
1891	3,144	10,833	—	"
1892	4,941	11,109	—	"
1894	4,524	10,740	23,117	"
1895	3,386	11,740	25,126	"
1896	5,469	12,035	25,126	"
1897	5,818	12,769	30,646	No return
1898	6,318	13,894	33,623	"
1899	6,882	13,894	36,224	"
1900	6,882	13,894	44,165	"
1902	7,405	15,710	45,321	"
1903	7,505	15,224	45,730	"

that any increased energy displayed since the earlier of these two years has not been in Great Britain. It would seem, in fact, that the maximum number of paid officers capable of obtaining support for themselves in this country under the conditions that have hitherto affected the Army has at length been nearly reached, and that fresher and as yet more generous soil is being sought elsewhere. Little wonder, then, that General Booth should seek to mitigate the precarious position of his officers at home by finding them something resembling genuine work, for which the public or the State may, with some show of reason, be asked to pay. The total adult strength in London being less than 18,000, it is not easy to see how, on the most liberal estimate, the total adult strength for the

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whole country can exceed 50,000, or 60,000 at most, including adherents. The national strength of few religious bodies is greater than four or five times their London strength, and the Army, unlike some of the others, can hardly be said to exist throughout the vast stretches of rural population in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Taking 60,000, then, as the strength, it follows that close upon 20,000 of this total are officers, nearly 5000 being paid and some 15,000 unpaid. So that, of the whole Army, one man or woman in every three is an officer, while one in every twelve is paid. In case this statement should seem a mere burlesque, I must again quote from the "Orders and Regulations": "Just as Captains are appointed without having any men to command, with a view to their raising a new corps in the town to which they are sent, so it is proper to appoint Sergeants without waiting till it is known whom to place under them" (chap. vii., "The Construction of the Army"). My estimate is at least consistent with this principle.

But captains and lieutenants "without any men to command" must live. Taking twenty-five shillings a week as the average, and excluding staff and Headquarters officers, it is not unreasonable to set down the wages bill of this well-officered army at £800,000 a year at least, for Great Britain alone. How does this compare even with the Churches? If our 60,000 Salvationists were split up into 200 congregations of, say, 300 adults each, every one of them would have to pay its minister £1500 a year in order to get rid of this enormous sum. Obviously they could not do it. Yet, when all is said and done, every one of the fifteen or sixteen hundred Salvationist corps in the country is nothing but a congregation of worshippers, existing, like the others, for no other effective purpose than its own spiritual gratification. If the Army really exists to quicken religious life generally for the benefit of other bodies, it is strange that it does not collaborate directly with them for that purpose—always supposing the other bodies to desire the aid of its special gifts and methods, which, so far

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as can be judged, is far from being the case. But if such direct collaboration were desirable, I fear it would be found rather costly when it came to counting results. The Evangelisation Society, which does its work in this way, drew over 10,000 adults to its meetings in London—as against the Army's 12,741—and the salaries of the Society's evangelists for the entire country amount to only £7198, the total expenditure for the year being under £12,000. What the total expenditure of the Army is annually no one outside Headquarters appears to know. The receipts from all sources at home and abroad in 1899 were, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "reported as £1,659,782." The total annual cost of the Army in this country alone, therefore, can only be conjectured, for the Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts issued to the public cover only a comparatively small portion of the whole ground—practically only the money received and expended by Headquarters. But if salaries amount to £300,000, the remaining expenses, such as rents of halls, gas and water, rents of officers' quarters, cleaning, advertising, &c., may very well bring the British total up to £600,000, or even three-quarters of a million. Taking the lower of these sums, it would be instructive to know just how much of it the general public contribute on the strength of the Army's "social" pretensions. This, the most important point of all, is just the thing which no one, whether inside or outside Headquarters, can possibly tell. The public are appealed to in innumerable ways; they are induced to contribute to outdoor collections, to self-denial funds, harvest festival funds, the general funds, and even to the "grace before meat" boxes of the soldiers themselves. The ingenious division of the Army's finance into three great distinct but interdependent departments—local, divisional, and central—and the practice of permitting neither the public nor the members of the Army themselves to see more of the accounts than is held to be each individual's particular concern, effectually debar any one from knowing precisely what the whole organisation costs, and where the money really comes

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from. General Booth would seem to be anxious to minimise the public's contribution. Referring to his unpaid officers, he says (*World's Work* for August): "There are thousands who give five shillings a week out of a wage of five-and-twenty shillings." If so, it would not be very strange if a goodly portion of these unpaid officers aspired to become paid, for, although officering has its hardships and humiliations without men to command, it is still a career open to the talents—as the "Orders and Regulations" are careful to point out—which cannot be said of many occupations at five-and-twenty shillings a week. But, allowing that thousands do give five shillings, the average can hardly exceed two shillings a week, which would account for only about £300,000 a year on my estimate of the number of adults. This would seem to indicate that, in one way or another, some hundreds of thousands annually must be obtained from the public.

The part played by collecting in the Army's operations is necessarily immense, and if the so-called "training" of officers comprises any other subject, I am sorry that it has so far escaped my notice. In the "Orders and Regulations" the subject is treated at great length and with extraordinary minuteness. It is sufficiently important to occupy some twenty pages, and the study of the details is absorbing. How to select the people "most likely to contribute"; how a little "attention" will be found to give a good return; the necessity of repeating the appeals again and again, while at the same time guarding against the risk of overdoing it; the desirability of discovering the plan people "enjoy" in particular districts, such as battering the big drum with their pence—nothing bearing on the subject is neglected. True, there is a passage reminding officers that their "main business" is "not to get money, but to save the people," but it appears to have been interpolated by some one who, coming fresh to the perusal of the dissertation, entertained a fear that it might, in practice, have the effect of causing this business to be overlooked. It is the rule that all liabilities of a corps must be paid before the

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officers draw their salaries. Moreover, officers must not get into debt: "Where officers are willing to suffer instead of going into debt, the way to keep out will seldom or never be wanting." Yet, in his public appeals for money, "the F.O. should let it be known in a straightforward and respectful manner that he is not asking money for himself, but for the Kingdom of God." Those who, at seaside resorts not remarkable for submersion, are disposed to marvel at the consummate art with which an officer, after starting an apparently impossible collection, will succeed in transforming coppers into silver and silver into gold at the expense of the curious onlooker, do not all perceive the motive power behind the operation. Clearly, to collect money it is by no means necessary to have many "men to command."

The fact that the Army accounts are carefully kept, and that those relating to Headquarters are duly audited and partially delivered to the public when demanded, sheds but very little light on points of real public interest. No doubt the professional auditors do their work carefully and conscientiously, but the fact remains that they are appointed and paid by the General, and are not required to represent the interests of the public at all. While it may be within their competence to certify that an annual depreciation of 33 per cent. on £6000 worth of furniture and fittings is reasonable, they cannot be expected to say whether or not the £10,000 paid in salaries to staff officers in Great Britain, out of a total of £46,000 comprised in the General Income and Expenditure Account, bears a suitable relation to useful work done, or whether the amount of wages (not shown separately in the accounts) paid under the "Darkest England" scheme is a fair equivalent for the labour done by the submerged. That not a single penny should be allowed to go astray in its transit between local corps, divisional centres, and Headquarters is, no doubt, essential, and there is no difficulty in believing that the means employed are adequate to that end. What is required, both in regard to the Army proper and the "Darkest

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England" scheme, is a committee of honorary auditors, in whom the public might have confidence, to re-audit, not only the accounts, but the actual work which they are supposed to represent, and to furnish an impartial report upon the finances and work, not merely of Headquarters, but of the whole Army, from year to year. To this, of course, the present General is irrevocably opposed. Yet he does appear to see the advantage of making the public think they are getting some guarantee of this kind in connection with the "Darkest England" scheme. "The accounts and funds . . .," says one official publication, "are kept quite separate from the other accounts and funds of the Army. The books are independently audited." As the name of the same firm of chartered accountants figures on the Statements relating to both sections for last year, I fear my idea of independence differs somewhat from General Booth's.

The General has recently declared, in an interview published in the *Daily News* of September 9, that "every arrangement has been made that human initiative can devise and legal knowledge produce for the continuance of the Army on the same lines and for the use of its property for the same purpose as we have observed since the Salvation Army was created," and also that three eminent lawyers, "Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Sargeant," have "admitted that nothing better could be devised" to ensure those ends. I have not been able to trace the delivery of the opinion of these three gentlemen, but in 1888 Sir (then Mr.) John Rigby, Mr. J. Horne Payne, and Mr. Charles H. Sargant committed themselves to the following: "We are of opinion that, under the present arrangement of the Army, it is reasonably clear that the property of the Army is held by General Booth, and will be held by him, and by any successor of his, as a trustee for the Army, and not beneficially." This might be reassuring if one could be reasonably clear who or what the Army legally is. Even Mr. Haldane might now be disposed to concede that, after all, the identity of an Army may be at least as uncertain legally as the identity of a Church. In view of the General's

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absolute power over his officers, and of the fact that, before becoming officers, they are called upon to sign away everything in the shape of possible claims upon the General or the property of the Army, it is difficult for the mere layman to see how the Army can consist legally of any other person or persons than its General. The *Daily News*, in criticising the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of the Free Church of Scotland, remarks: "There is a great principle involved in this struggle. It is nothing less than the power of religions to develop—to evolve into a fuller growth with the growing knowledge of the human race." If this apparently desirable influence should ever come, by any chance, to affect a majority of the Salvation Army, or if, as is probable, the withdrawal of the founder's commanding influence should be followed by internal dissensions of another kind, some curious property-holding problems may yet be raised.

To deal in detail with the "Darkest England" scheme is not my present purpose. All that Mr. Charles Booth cares to concede in favour of the "elevators" and the Farm Colony at Hadleigh is that they must be regarded rather as "a weapon to be used in dealing with indigence or vagrancy, than as providing a cure." There is, he maintains, in criticising the successes claimed, "no real attempt to follow cases up," in order to ensure that they really are successes, and that the same man is not liable to turn up again and again. Canon Horsley, of Walworth, states (*Daily News*, September 14) that the Southwark Board of Guardians[1] "not only sent men from their 'able-

[1] This growing practice ought to be profitable to the Army. The value of a man's work is given as a guinea a week (*vide* case of W. Tarbutt, *Daily News*, Oct. 6), while the Army hands him sixpence a week wages, the Guardians being required to pay 10*s.* 6*d.* a week for his maintenance. The Army's arrangements with the Mansion House Committee of the Unemployed (1903-4) had a similar basis. The men and their families were supported by the £4000 subscribed to the fund by the public. The Army, while it did not maintain the men, received the entire value of the labour, giving each of them in return a token valued at sixpence a week. Most of the abstracts of the Committee's report that have appeared in the Press overlook the 10*s.* 6*d.* a week per man received by the Army from the Committee.

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bodied' workhouse hopefully to the Salvation Army Hadleigh Farm and paid anything required for them, in the anticipation that they might be made fit and willing for work here or in Canada, but also allowed the Salvation Army official to come and pick out the most likely men. But the experiment proved a failure." Evidently the "Darkest England" scheme stands in need of a really independent audit quite as much as its parent.

The Army's short way with sceptics as to its "social" work is to confront them with some tabular arrangement showing, in millions, the number of meals distributed or sold during the year. It needs no undue subjection to statistics, however, to see that, compared with the entire expenditure, the actual cost of this seemingly stupendous exertion assumes the proportions of a mere item of petty cash. How much longer is this illusion respecting spiritual and "social" influence to be maintained? General Booth has boasted that his Army is now the only religious body that "believes in Hell fire." Are the public prepared to establish the imposition of such religious tests in the "social" work of the nation—upon officials and the submerged alike? How long will the other religious bodies be content to countenance the propagation by others of doctrine which they themselves either openly reject or shamefacedly avoid, and which, instead of being in any degree congenial to the masses, plainly constitutes an insurmountable barrier between them and those who would influence them for good? Why should we continue to cherish the fiction that the best thing to do with a body which has failed wretchedly in its main business in life is to set it up permanently in another sphere, for which it is still less suited—at the public expense, but with as little public control as ever? Is the serious treatment of a problem vitally affecting the nation to be vitiated or postponed indefinitely by the spurious pretensions of an autocratic organisation which, in the delusory strategy of its public presentment, and its virtual non-existence on the real field of battle, combines the characteristics both of a stage and a phantom army?

JOHN MANSON.

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TIBET: THE TREATY AND THE TRADE

WHAT will be the outcome of the Tibetan Mission and Treaty? Will they secure the (*a*) political and (*b*) commercial ends which the British Government have throughout desired to achieve?

The answer to the question, so far as (*a*) is concerned, may be given more or less unreservedly in the affirmative. Although trade relations were the original bone of contention between the Tibetan and Indian Governments, the political aspect of the question overshadowed its commercial side in the end and compelled immediate action. And on the results, so far, the Government have every right to congratulate themselves. Indeed, the issue was scarcely in doubt from the time that Lord Lansdowne put down his foot, extracting an admission from Count Lamsdorff that Russian policy "ne viserait le Thibet en aucun cas." It was obvious that this conceded at once the predominant interest of Great Britain over the whole region. But it does not follow from this that we have acquired, as *Le Temps* alleges, a virtual protectorate over Tibet. Indeed, we could not venture to do this without infringing on the suzerainty of China. The situation, however, is peculiar, for Great Britain is far more concerned in the future of Tibet than China is. The Celestial Empire might easily part with Eastern Turkestan or Tibet at no inconvenience at all; in fact it would probably be much relieved by such an amputation, for

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the enormous distance of these dependencies from Pekin makes their retention by the mother country a practical farce. On the other hand, British India is so close to Tibet, and so accessible, that it can never be indifferent to what goes on at Lhasa.

"Quæ cum ita sint," Great Britain is really bound from motives of interest in not only resenting the intrusion of any foreign Power into Tibet, but also in asserting her predominance there. She has been forced to issue a declaration much to the same effect in the case of the Persian Gulf. But geography, as usual, is a bit of a stumbling-block, and it is this apparently that prevents the British public taking more genuine interest in Colonel Younghusband's expedition. At least, that is the conclusion I am forced to, after hearing the views of some of our chief London publishers. I thought last spring the opportunity was propitious for a popular work on a huge country which is at last to be thrown open to the trade of the British Empire, and indirectly to that of the world at large. But I was assured that the subject was one to which the reading public was quite indifferent. I was a little bit shaken in this view by finding that one conspicuous member of the publishing fraternity was under the impression that Tibet was a division of Afghanistan, while another still more experienced senior partner had it so firmly identified or mixed up in his mind with Corea, that my repeated efforts to differentiate the two were hopeless. Conceding, however, that a book may be too heavy to attract general attention, I feel certain that a brief article on our future intercourse with Tibet would not be inappropriate or unacceptable on the approaching conclusion of our treaty with a homogeneous country of considerable extent and close to our Indian Empire.

It is this that makes Tibet of supreme importance to those responsible for the government of India. Although it has been officially declared that the Tibetan question "concerns trade on the Indian frontier in which general Imperial interests are not involved," such an explanation certainly does not square with the Government of India's policy as set forth in the Blue

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Book. Moreover, it is inconsistent with the declarations of the Home Government. In February 1903 Lord George Hamilton wrote to the Indian Viceroy:

> Her Majesty's Government are entirely in agreement with your Excellency in thinking that having regard to the geographical position of Tibet on the frontiers of India and its relations with Nepal, it is indispensable that British influence should be recognised at Lhasa in such manner as to render it impossible for any other Power to exercise a pressure on the Tibetan Government inconsistent with the interests of British India.

Coupling this with the Secretary of State's announcement that

> The question at issue is no longer one of details as to trade and boundaries, though in these it is necessary that an agreement should be arrived at, but the whole question of the future political relations with Tibet,

we can better appreciate the Imperial side of the problem that confronts us.

But it is impossible to realise the various aspects of the question without clearly bearing in mind what may be called the "inaccessibility" of Tibet, because this extraordinary physical fact governs the whole matter. From a political point of view, Tibet proper is confined to the lower reaches of the Sanpu and Blue Rivers and intermediate streams, but northward and westward lie the bleakest, most unproductive, and difficult tracts of the whole world, outside of the Polar regions. Consequently, when Tibetan trade (in the ordinary sense of the word) is talked about, it practically refers to trade with India on the south, or China on the east. Caravans do traverse at long intervals the inhospitable and lofty wastes to the north, but the distance and difficulties are so great that all supplies have to be conveyed *en route* for five hundred miles or so from the starting-point. Owing to the monopoly of the tea traffic so jealously maintained by the Chinese, that trade is practically confined to the eastward trade route from Lhasa. But the natural commercial route, at once both the easiest and shortest, lies to the south into Bengal. Therefore, when we hear about Russian anxiety regarding the future of Tibet it is diffi-

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cult to refrain from experiencing amusement, not unmixed with some impatience, at the hollowness of the pretence that Russia has any real interests at all in the country.

Ever since I joined the India Office in 1869 I have had to read and study Russia's gradual southward movement in Central Asia from the Caspian in the west to Manchuria in the east. In the seventies every fresh step in this advance was regularly greeted with an outcry from the British Press, and Khokand, Tashkend, Khiva, and Merv imparted successive shocks to our national solicitude for India's security, because nobody saw clearly what could stop the wave of aggression from surging right up to the Indian frontier. It was not then realised that a stable government in Afghanistan and an international demarcation would form for that section of the line a fairly substantial and effective barrier and guarantee for peace. Happily this policy has been successful. But no one acquainted with Russia's methods can be surprised at seeing that, headed off in one direction, her activity has burst out with fresh vigour in another. Her designs in Persia and Manchuria need no comment here. But there was one section in the belt of independent territory south of her long frontier, which promised to remain exempt from any possible danger of annexation, and that was the enormous and sterile mountain mass south of Eastern Turkistan. From the north there was little hope of profitable trade with Tibet, especially as England was bound to succeed sooner or later in opening up commercial relations from her side. Therefore, any coquetting on the part of Russia with the Dalai Lama could only portend those political or military hankerings which have always been the dominant motives in the history of Russia's expansion.

It is due to Lord Curzon's watchfulness and sagacity that this danger is now effectually scotched. But the important question of the hour is, Are the provisions of the new treaty satisfactory, and are the guarantees for its observance adequate? On these points one can hardly feel thoroughly at ease. So far as the exclusion of Russian influence at Lhasa is concerned,

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there is not so much need for anxiety. Lord Lansdowne's declaration to the Russian Ambassador and the Secretary of State's despatches to the Viceroy had made this clear enough; and Russia, so far as can be gauged from the tone of her organs, has quietly acquiesced in what she is powerless to prevent.

But is Tibet able and willing to act up to the engagements her *de facto* rulers have entered into? The whole fabric of administration and the political constitution of the country are most admirably organised to secure its hitherto cherished aim, *i.e.* the exclusion of the foreigner in general and the Englishman in particular. There are two Chinese Residents with a small escort, representatives of the Suzerain Power, convenient puppets to push into the forefront in case of any foreign pressure; in the background there is the Pontiff, ostensibly concerned with ecclesiastical matters only, but through the support of his hundreds of thousands of monks, wielding the real power in the land. As Lord Curzon put it in his despatch:

> China has been always ready to break down the barriers of ignorance and obstruction and to open Tibet to the civilising influence of trade, but her pious wishes are defeated by the short-sighted stupidity of the Lamas. In the same way Tibet is only too anxious to meet our advances, but she is prevented from doing so by the despotic veto of the suzerain.

Truly, this is a "solemn farce," as the Viceroy calls it. But what prospect is there that we shall not see it renewed when once the moral and material influence of our Expedition is withdrawn? We have been at pains to impress the many-sided native mind by solemn durbars, horse-racing, doles of coin, and the more powerful object-lesson of experiments with bursting shrapnel. But the extraordinary crassness and ignorance of the Tibetans are manifest from every page of the Blue Book, and, regret it as we may, this has practically sufficed to keep the explorer, the missionary, the trader and the dreaded foreigner out of the land for over a century. Can we expect that this settled policy, ingrained as it must be in the minds of the rulers and the monkish hierarchy, will disappear for ever, simply because a few of the highest authorities have signed

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a paper arranging certain terms with the British? Sixteen years ago we had a war with Tibet wherein we inflicted signal castigation on the forces sent against us. The quarrel eventually ended in a treaty, the terms of which were fully discussed beforehand and agreed to by the National Assembly, the Shapes, the Dalai Lama and the Imperial authorities at Pekin. It was followed a few years later by a set of regular tions also agreed to by representatives of the contracting parties. The whole thing, as everybody knows, came to nothing, because the Tibetans repudiated and nullified the treaty, alleging falsely that they had never been consulted about it. What guarantee have we that history will not repeat itself in the present instance?

It is of course still uncertain what form the forthcoming Treaty will assume. The usually accurate and well-informed correspondent of the *Times* at Pekin has supplied us with a detailed version of the document as laid before the Chinese Government, but the German Minister at Pekin appears to have objected to Clause IX., giving Great Britain prescriptive rights in "an integral portion" of the Chinese Empire. The inconsistency of this pretension, in attempting to extend to the remote and isolated region of Tibet a principle which the German Chancellor expressly repudiated with regard to Manchuria, has been already exposed. To this it may be added that it is an obvious exaggeration, if not a misnomer, to speak of Tibet as an integral part of China. Integrity with regard to territory is a much-abused phrase, for it is generally brought on the *tapis* and lauded as a *sacro-sanct* canon of international politics by those who, when their own interests or those of their friends are concerned, have shown themselves most indifferent to its observance. But, apart from that, Great Britain, as we have already pointed out, has the predominant interest, and cannot, even if she would, abandon that position. The establishment of new trade marts at Gyangtse and Gartok is absolutely necessary, for without it no effective commerce can be carried on between

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the two countries, and it is the strangling of the trade that caused all the initial trouble. As to the indemnity, the amount seems of less consequence than the plan of paying it by instalments, for by that means we retain hold of the Chumbi Valley and a sort of a hold on the good faith of the Lamas. But from Chumbi to Lhasa is a far cry, and the loss of that tract, even if it were permanent, could hardly produce much effect on the Tibetan Government. The whole outcome of the recent expedition is thus a matter of uncertainty, depending on the particular section that eventually gives the uppermost hand in the Lama councils. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that if the irreconcilables come out on the top—and it is generally the anti-foreign party that is the popular party in China and Tibet—a fresh expedition may become necessary in a year or so to take more stringent means for the observance of the treaty. This may sound pessimistic, but it is better to prepare for eventualities than to delude ourselves with the comfortable assurance that everything must go right and cannot go wrong, now that the expedition is home again.

It is very necessary to glance at the resources of Tibet to enable us to realise the trade that may and ought to arise. From the Parliamentary Return, No. 48, Tibet (Trade Statistics), granted on the motion of Sir Mancherjee Bhownaggree, it would appear that the total value of the exports and imports of merchandise between the two countries is a little over £209,000 per annum. I cannot help believing, however, that this is below the mark, for the Chinese returns, *viâ* Yatung, seem to indicate a higher figure, while we have no exact knowledge of the value of the trade which does not pass directly from India to Tibet, and *vice versâ*, but flows through Nepal and Bhutan on the one side and Ladak on the other. The Parliamentary Return does not specify exactly whence its figures are derived, but I am pretty certain they include solely the trade passing through the Punjab passes on the west and the Sikkim and Bengal passes on the east.

Viewing the articles separately we note that along the

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north-western route, which starts from Leh, in British territory, and runs through Gartok, Tadum, and Shigatze, to Lhasa, the goods conveyed are salt, wool and woollen cloths, borax, yaks' tails, and miscellaneous goods. Musk is an important product, as may be inferred from the statement that the agent of one firm at Shanghai purchases over £15,000 worth annually. These, too, are the chief items in the returns of the trade passing into Bengal.

But the most noteworthy of Tibet's resources is its mineral wealth. So far back as the days of the Capuchin missionaries this was common knowledge, and Fra Orazio della Penna, who knew the language well and resided in the country for twenty-two years, says there are many gold and silver, as well as iron and copper mines, while cinnabar, cobalt, turquoise stones, borax, rock salt, and other stones abound.

North of Lhasa and four miles distant is situated a long hill, called Totiphu, stretching from east to west, and reported to contain immense quantities of silver, but a Government order prohibits any one from exploiting the metal. The Government itself will not undertake the working, as there is a general superstition that in such an event the country would be impoverished and the men would degenerate. Nevertheless, Nain Singh was informed that some years previously a Chinaman did work it and extract a large quantity of silver. Eventually he was denounced and carried off to Pekin, where his hands were cut off. Gold is reported to exist in the same hill and near some of the adjacent monasteries, where the priests work it in small quantities. Should, however, a large nugget be unearthed, it is replaced in the ground under the idea that the large nuggets have life and germinate in time, producing the small lumps which the priests are privileged to search for and extract. Gold workings also exist at Thok Jalung in the west, and at several detached places on the fringe of the Kashgar and Mongolian deserts. The Mongols do not even know how to wash the gold: they dig it out, earth, gravel and all, and sell it in that crude state to the Chinese.

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It is in the east of Tibet that gold would appear to be even more plentiful. Mr. Rockhill states that there and among the Tibetans gold washing is one of the commonest occupations. Captain Gill says much the same, adding that the gold from Litang and the neighbourhood is exceptionally pure.

Huc's account is interesting. He says:

> Tibet, so poor in agricultural and manufactured products, is rich in metals, and gold and silver are so easily obtained that the humblest shepherds are acquainted with the art of purifying the precious metals. They may be seen sometimes at the bottom of the ravines or in the fissures of the mountains, crouching over a fire of goats' dung, purifying in crucibles the gold dust gathered while leading their flocks to pasture. The result of this abundance of metals is that specie is of little value, and in consequence all commodities remain at a high price.

Mr. J. A. H. Louis, the author of "The Gates of Tibet," is one of the most recent authorities. He declares that the country is perhaps the richest gold country in the world; its resources in this respect are practically inexhaustible and untouched. Almost every river and rivulet carries gold dust, which is generally washed, quartz crushing and digging for metallic ores being unknown. He refers also to the laws against extraction by digging; but adds that the people have no idea whatever of the wealth to be gained by scientific mining. Even as to gold washing a very large number of those engaged in the pursuit are profligate Chinese adventurers of the worst class. Between ten and fifteen lakhs of gold is said to be annually taken by the Newars of Nepal, and it is impossible to estimate the quantity exported to China. An interesting list of mines—gold, silver, mercury, copper, and salt—is given by Mr. Louis in his book, but he expressly mentions that the list is far from exhaustive, as it includes only the localities actually visited by missionaries, who have, of course, only touched the outer fringe of the country.

The late Colonel Prejevalsky, who travelled for many years in Northern Tibet, declared that in process of time the country would form "a second California."

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The staple product of Tibet, however, is wool. In the northern and western parts are enormous areas of pasture land over which countless herds of animals breed and roam. From these might be obtained many thousands of maunds of *pashm* or shawl wool—a soft, costly wool much prized in the East and elsewhere. Mr. Hennessey, formerly head of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, who trained many of the native explorers, remarks that *pashm* can only be grown in cold countries, and the conditions of the Jang-Thang, as the vast expanses of undulating highlands covered with short succulent grass are called, are exactly suited for graminivorous animals, *e.g.*, yak, antelopes, goats, sheep, deer, &c. Nevertheless, the Tibetan neither knows the value of the wool nor how to collect it; in fact, the industry has yet to be taught them, as has been done already in some localities, such as the Manasarowar Lake, whence is derived the wool for the true Kashmir shawls that form part of the tribute to the British Crown.

To enumerate the articles that could be exported from India to Tibet would be merely to repeat the list of most of the goods that figure prominently among the imports into India from the United Kingdom, with the addition of tea, grains, indigo, and other native products. The tea would, of course, require to be made up into bricks, so as to meet the Tibetan taste, as the pure Assam beverage would be quite unsuitable. But bearing in mind the absolute passion of the Tibetans for tea-drinking, the proximity of the Assam tea-gardens as compared with the distant Chinese gardens of Darchendo, and the fact that the Indian tea-planters would thus be able to utilise profitably the very lowest grades of tea which are at present next to worthless, there can be no doubt that a great and important trade could be fostered so as to supply the greater part of the 11½ million pounds of tea said to be annually drunk by the Tibetan folk.

I cannot refrain, in conclusion, from quoting the views of Captain Elwes, who is one of the few who, previous to the late expedition, had actually visited Southern Tibet and made

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a close study of the country and its people. He says that the prospects of trade are, in his opinion, much under-estimated by most writers. Tibetans want tea and cloth, which we can supply much better and cheaper than others can. In return they can send two things which Bengal cannot produce of good quality, viz., wool and mutton. He adds:

> The samples of Tibetan wool which I brought home and showed at a meeting in Bradford in 1887, were considered by the merchants there as equal to Cheviot wool. I have a blanket made from it which, after thirty-three years hard wear on my camping trips, is still as good as when made, and if flocks of Tibetan sheep were driven down to the plains and killed there, mutton of excellent quality might be in Calcutta in twenty-four hours time. From what I saw in 1870 and 1882, and from what I have heard since, I have no doubt that the Tibetan people, as distinguished from the Lamas who have a practical monopoly of the trade, would welcome free intercourse, and as there is no other known point on the whole range of the Himalayas, where the passage is so short and easy, and where the dry climate of the highlands comes so close to the plains as in the Chumbi valley, I look forward to this route becoming in the not very distant future one of the great land routes of the world.

CHARLES E. D. BLACK.

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THE SECRET OF THE TEMPLARS

WHEN Paris awoke on the morning of October 18, 1307, the citizens learned that their "dread lord" Philippe le Bel had perpetrated in the night a *coup d'état* of a very surprising kind. But a few months before, irritated by his repeated debasement of their current coin, they had chased him into the strong fortress of the Temple, whence the proved valour of the Knights in residence quickly made the mob retire. There was something appropriate in the rescue, for the Templars were in those days the bankers of Christendom, and the French branch of the Order were known to be large creditors of the Crown. Hence, when Jacques de Molai, the Grand Master of the Temple, soon afterwards arrived in Paris from Cyprus, with, it was said, a great train of treasure, the attentions showered on him by the King were looked upon by his subjects as but the ordinary cajoleries of the borrower towards the lender. De Molai was received at Court with all the honours of a sovereign prince, and on the 12th held the pall at the funeral of the Countess of Valois, the deceased wife of the King's brother. The next day, he and a hundred and forty of his followers were in prison, and the persons and property of all the Templars in France were seized by order of the King.

Then began what has been described, with justice, as one of the blackest crimes ever committed under form of law. The

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charges brought against the Templars were the convenient ones of heresy and unnatural vice, the trial of which rested with the recently established Inquisition; and the Inquisitors, driven on by the King, and delegating in many places, in defiance even of Inquisitorial law, their powers to his creatures, quickly dragged from the accused confessions to support them. The Grand Master, his four principal assistants, and then Knight after Knight, and serving-brother after serving-brother, avowed that on their admission into the Order they were compelled to spit upon the Cross, to deny Christ, and to swear to confess only to priests affiliated to the Order. To this some, but not all, added that at the same time they received licence to commit the darker offences charged against them; that in their secret conclaves they adored an image called Baphomet;[1] that their priests, in saying Mass, habitually omitted the words of consecration; and that their chiefs, although laymen, arrogated to themselves the right of absolving their inferiors from their sins. At first Pope Clement V., horror-struck, as one would gladly believe, at the terrible cruelties by which these confessions were obtained, suspended by Bull the powers of all bishops and other ecclesiastical persons who had taken part in the process, and summoned the King to deliver to two cardinals appointed for that purpose all the Templars and their property then in his hands. In December, Philip wrote to Clement that he had obeyed his wishes so far as the prisoners themselves were concerned, while their goods were in safe custody, a separate account being kept of them. In the meantime, letters had been sent, at first by Philip and afterwards by Clement, to the other crowned heads of Europe, praying that similar proceedings might be taken for the arrest of the Templars out of France; and these were eventually complied with in every country except Aragon, where a long siege of the "houses" of the Temple was necessary. In July 1808, the Pope, after

[1] Much learning has been expended on this word, which, as will be seen later, is probably a corruption of Mahomet.

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hearing a number of witnesses, took off by Bull the suspension of the powers of the Inquisition in France, so that henceforth the trials of the Templars proceeded in the ordinary way before the provincial councils, with the exception of those of the Grand Master, the Grand Visitor, and the three chief Preceptors of France, whose cases the Pope reserved for himself. Somewhat later, Philip and Clement seem to have agreed as to the disposition of the Templars' property, the King claiming that he had relinquished at any rate all their goods to the Papal Commissioners. In August 1808, it was decided to call a General Council at Vienne to discuss, among other things, whether the Order should be suppressed, and the Bull *Faciens Misericordiam*, calling upon all primates and lesser ecclesiastics throughout Europe to collect evidence as to the offences already confessed, was promulgated. In pursuance of this Bull, an inquest—or, as we should now say, a Commission — was opened in Paris by Papal Commissioners appointed *ad hoc*, before whom hundreds of Templars appeared and complained bitterly of the terrible tortures and imprisonment to which many of the accused had already succumbed. The proceedings before this Commission have been preserved, and were printed in full by Michelet in 1841. They show that, while many of the witnesses made the same avowals as before, its deliberations were more than once interrupted by the burning as relapsed heretics under the decrees of the provincial councils of the Inquisition, of many Knights whose evidence would have been especially valuable, and that the remaining witnesses, some two hundred and thirty in number, thought they had nothing to fear from the Commissioners, to whom they looked for a protection that they did not get. The Commission sat for a year and a half, and four months after the termination of its labours the Council of Vienne met. As is well known, it came to no decision as to the fate of the Order; and Clement, who had long since determined on its suppression, abolished it by the Bull *Vox in excelso* while the Council was still sitting. In 1814, the Pope having

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referred the reserved cases of the five dignitaries of the Order (now reduced by death to four) to a Commission of cardinals and prelates, they were all condemned to perpetual imprisonment. On hearing their sentence, the Grand Master and the Preceptor of Normandy withdrew the confessions they had made, whereupon they were promptly burnt alive by order of the King. The fate of the remaining two is not known, but they probably died in prison. Only in Portugal, where the Templars were allowed to pass into the newly-created Order of Christ with the rank that they had held in the Order of the Temple, was any organised remnant of it allowed to exist.

Such are the facts as generally accepted by modern historians,[1] but the theories founded on them have been nearly as numerous as the commentators. Even among their contemporaries, the Templars found many who did not believe them guilty; and while they were acquitted in Aragon and Germany, the English courts pronounced them only "diffamed" of heresy. Of the great writers, Villani, Boccaccio (whose father was in Paris during the trials), and Dante, all thought them unjustly convicted; and the Pope found it necessary in his Bulls to contradict the popular rumour that the King of France had persecuted them for the sake of confiscating their property. Since then, their guilt has generally been asserted by the partisans of the Roman Church and denied by its opponents, while the most extraordinary guesses have been made as to what their secret doctrine really was. Voltaire, as afterwards Sir Walter Scott, thought them freethinkers, Wilcke and other German writers pre-Reformation Protestants. Some writers have said that they were Mahometans in disguise, having picked up Islam from their old opponents, the Assassins; others that their inspiration was to be looked for among the Albigenses, whose propaganda in Languedoc had been

[1] Some discrepancies in the dates are got over by M. Loiseleur's supposition that Clement dated the years of his pontificate from his coronation, and not from his election.

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stamped out by Simon de Montfort just before the persecution of the Order. Napoleon, speaking before the details of their process had been disinterred from the archives, thought the problem insoluble; while Mr. H. C. Lea, the talented author of the latest "History of the Inquisition," declares that they had no secret doctrine at all. As the work of the learned editor of the *North American Review* is much in favour at the present moment, and his conclusions on this subject have been largely adopted in M. Lavisse's monumental "Histoire de France," now in course of publication, there is much likelihood that his view of the case may prevail with the general reader.

I am not sure, however, that Mr. Lea has in this matter taken as much pains as he generally does to keep his essentially judicial mind open. The very name of Inquisition has such a maddening sound in English and American ears, that its proceedings seem to demand a different rule of criticism from that applicable to other institutions. Mr. Lea, for instance, thinks that all credence must be withheld not only from the statements made by the Templars tortured by it, but also from those made by the same persons to the Papal Commission at Paris, where they received what was, for those days, a fair hearing. Moreover, he confesses that he has not seen "La Doctrine Secrète des Templiers" of M. Jules Loiseleur, the well-known archivist of Orleans, in which is printed for the first time the proceedings of a similar Commission held at Florence in virtue of the Bull *Faciens Misericordiam* mentioned above. This work, of which only two hundred copies were printed, was communicated in substance to the Académie des Inscriptions shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War; but in the commotion which followed naturally received very little attention, Dr. Prütz being, so far as I know, the only writer who has consulted it. It contains, beside a clear and temperate statement of the reasons which induced M. Loiseleur to conclude that the Order of the Temple possessed a secret doctrine in contravention of the faith of the Church, the evidence in full of three preceptors and three other Knights of

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the Tuscan branch of the Order, over whom neither the King of France nor the Pope of Avignon were likely to have had any influence. The notarial attestation states that the answers there set down to the Papal Articles were made publicly and without compulsion or torture ("sine coactione aliquâ vel tormentis"), a fact which seems to be supported by the great diversity of statements which they contain. Thus the preceptor of San Geminiano, while confirming most of the charges against the Order, will not allow that a Templar was forbidden to leave it for another, and instances his own cousin, who, after being a Templar, became a Cistercian; but Lanfranc of Florenzuola says that he swore at his reception not to leave the Order save for a stricter one; Bernardo of Parma, that the prohibition was absolute; and Jacopo of Pighazzano, that the leave of the Grand Master was necessary. So, too, the Preceptor of Grosseto deposed that he had once seen a black cat standing in the midst of the chapter of Bologna and adored by the brethren, which cat presently vanished; but the other five witnesses, when questioned as to this cat-worship, swore that they knew nothing about it. And with regard to unnatural crime, while two of the three Preceptors deposed that it was allowed or even enjoined, di Pighazzano had only heard of one case, and di Florenzuola said boldly that it was strictly forbidden, and that any brother found guilty of it would have been turned out of his Preceptory. Even if we suppose, as anti-Catholic writers are by their own theories compelled to do, that these witnesses were bribed or frightened into giving this evidence, it is a just inference that it was not a concocted story, and that they were describing with more or less exaggeration what they had actually seen or heard.

The chief value to us of this new evidence, however, is that it reveals to us, for the first time, something like a gradual initiation into the mysteries of the Order. Di Pighazzano says that his own reception was in accordance with the Rule of St. Bernard, although later and at the reception of other brethren he was compelled to deny Christ, the Virgin Mary,

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and the saints, and to spit upon the Cross. So, too, Di Florenzuola, who seems to have been the most frank of the witnesses, says that, unless the reception took place in full chapter, even strangers might be present at it, and no denial was required from the recipient. This is partly confirmed by the Preceptor of Caporsoli, who says that the chapter was secret when twelve or more brethren were present, but not when there were half that number, and that he himself was not called to the chapter at Bologna and there required to deny Christ until he had been a year in the Order. Bernardo of Parma, on the other hand, says that, although he was thirty years in the Order, he was never present at any reception but his own, and that, although he had once denied Christ, he can only tell what others did from hearsay. In the same way, two out of the three Preceptors, although very anxious to make out that the abnegation and the rest of the ceremonies of reception were universal in the Order, yet say as to the charge against the Templar priests of omitting the words of consecration in saying Mass, that some of them did, and some did not. That there was some sort of Inner Circle in the Order seems, too—for whatever the argument be worth—to have been the impression of the Commissioners, for they state in their return that they have not inserted therein "the answers or denials" of seven other brethren whom they have examined, because these last never had any standing or preferment ("statum seu prelationem") in the Order, and as they were all either menials or very recent initiates had probably no secrets to reveal. Altogether, the Florence evidence affords a strong presumption that those concerned in twisting the Order to their own purposes chose their men carefully from the mass of those admitted or affiliated to it, that it was only after some observation of their characters that they admitted them to the secret conclave at which they were induced to deny the Christian faith, and that it was only those who were, so to speak, hearty in their denial who had a chance of again witnessing it or of promotion to the governing ranks of the Order. If we

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add to this that all the witnesses at Florence are agreed that the acts of denial and idolatry took place, not in their own Preceptories, but in provincial chapters held at Bologna, Rome, or Piacenza in the presence of the Grand Preceptor of Lombardy or his "vicar," we have a perfect explanation of the fact that the Order might with good faith be acquitted in some places and not in others.

If this be accepted, it will, I think, show a very different motive in the Papal Court for the suppression of the Order from that generally put forward by anti-Catholic writers. If this motive, indeed, had been merely a desire to share in its plunder, it was doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Lea is probably right when he says that Philippe le Bel succeeded in keeping all the landed property of the French Templars for himself. But if Clement and his advisers had rightly or wrongly persuaded themselves that the heads of the Order were endeavouring to give it an anti-Christian turn, they had hardly any alternative left them but swift and thorough suppression. The Catharist or Albigensian heresy had just been quenched in Southern France by an almost incredible expenditure of blood and treasure, while the Franciscan Order, which had been called into being to combat it, had, as the sequel was to show, itself become honeycombed with heresy in the process. Yet the Cathari were an undisciplined body, either loosely organised or not organised at all, of whom only a very few were earnest practisers of their strange doctrine, and who had always mixed freely and on equal terms with their Catholic neighbours. But the Templars were a body apart, knit together by the iron discipline which had served them on many a battlefield, and made all the more formidable from the pains taken by the Papacy itself to free them from all outside control. Responsible to the Pope alone, they had always disdainfully rejected the jurisdiction of king or bishop, while they had interfered at will in the politics of every kingdom in which they found themselves. As, moreover, their wealth was enormous, and their absolute obedience to their elected heads

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more blind, if possible, than that of their successors the Jesuits, they were probably even then politically stronger than the feeble Popes of Avignon; and the great number of their serving brothers and other affiliated menials had enabled them to set up a small *imperium in imperio* wherever a "house" of the Temple could be found. Their ostensible reason for existence had come to an end with their abandonment of the Holy Land; but what if they were bent on carving out a kingdom for themselves, as their comrades-in-arms, the Teutonic Order, were even then doing in Prussia, but, unlike them, were to choose a well-settled and civilised territory in Southern Europe? In that case, the Papacy might find their chief a master harsher and with wider-reaching ambition than Philippe le Bel. And the Templars more than anybody had seen in the steady advance of Islam what forces the enthusiasm attendant on a new religion could put at the disposal of a few skilful men. Had the Grand Master of the Temple any views of the kind he might hope to succeed, as Macaulay said of the leaders of the English Reformation, in transferring to his own hands the full cup of sorceries from the Babylonian enchantress, while spilling as little as possible by the way.

What such a new religion would have to be, there could also be no doubt. Religions, like other institutions, find some environments in which they can develop, and others in which they cannot, and before the revival of learning, no form of Christianity other than the Catholic was possible. As for Mahometanism, it would have required a great number of miracles to have convinced the rough soldiers of the Temple that the faith against which their Order had been fighting since its foundation was, after all, the right one. But there remained a third faith that had waged no unequal battle with the Catholic Church since its foundation, and which, although always beaten, seemed always to spring phœnix-like from its ashes. This was the dualism which taught that, if the supreme God were the author of the spiritual world, his adversary was responsible for the material, and that all earthly benefits were therefore in the

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devil's gift. The doctrine was not unknown in Pagan Rome, where it seems to have been secretly held by the worshippers of Mithras, a god very popular with the army; but the form in which it became most dangerous to Christianity was that into which it was cast by the Manichees. These sectaries, who seem to have made their first appearance about the middle of the third century, had always been extremely powerful in those Eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire which formed the battle-ground of the Crusades, and had even succeeded, according to some writers, in corrupting the stern unitarianism of the Mussulman invaders of Asia and Africa. At length, in the tenth century, the Byzantine Emperors transported a large colony of them to Bulgaria, whence they soon began to send missionaries into Western Europe. Working their way, generally as weavers or travelling handicraftsmen, these devoted men spread their doctrines through Italy, France, and Spain until nearly all the South seemed lost to Catholicism. Then the Church, roused at length, struck hard and quickly. When the Albigensian Crusades were over, Manichæism as an organised faith no longer dared to show itself. But the struggle continued in secret, and until the rise of Protestantism, heresy meant for the Inquisitors some form of Dualism. If the Templars were to throw their swords into the scale against her, the Church might in a few years be fighting desperately for her very existence.

Was any such scheme in the minds of the chiefs of the Order at the time of their arrest? Unless we are utterly to disbelieve all the evidence taken by the Papal Commissioners in Paris and Florence, I think we must conclude that there was. All the witnesses whose evidence is recorded agree that they were forced soon after their entry into the Order to deny Christ and to spit upon the Cross. It does not follow that this course was taken with every Templar; for the Florentine witnesses averred, as we have seen, that this was done only when the aspirant was received in full but secret conclave. But that certain initiates were called upon sooner or later to perform

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these acts there can be little doubt, and Mr. Lea finds the evidence in favour of this so strong that he is compelled to admit that something of the sort may have happened in a few cases out of sheer brutality on the part of the initiator, or by way of testing the obedience of the initiate. In this he is no doubt relying upon the evidence of one of the Paris witnesses, who said that on his refusing to do as ordered, it was explained to him that it was only a "truffa" or pleasantry introduced by "a bad Grand Master," and, apparently, continued by the other members for the fun of the thing. But such a joke would have been an extremely dangerous one in an age when the figure on the crucifix was looked upon as actually and in itself divine, and when instances of ambitious men turning from Christianity and becoming Mahometans were by no means unknown. Moreover, the Florentine evidence, if trustworthy, leaves no doubt possible as to the purpose with which these acts were enforced. The recipients, it is there said, were told that Christ was not the true god, but a false prophet, and that he suffered not for the salvation of mankind, but for his own sins. The real god that they were commanded to adore in the "Capitula provincialis" at Bologna or elsewhere was represented by a head or bust having a human face with black and curling hair and a short beard. This, it was told them, could save them and make them rich, and it was also said that it "made the trees to grow and the earth to bring forth, and could do everything like God." These last are, as M. Loiseleur notes, the exact words used by the Manichæans of Toulouse before the Inquisitors to describe their secondary or evil deity, to whom they paid worship only as the source of material benefits. But it need not be supposed from this that those who, by the hypothesis, were endeavouring to pervert the Order of the Temple to anti-Christian tenets, were thereby imposing upon their followers any subtle speculation about the origin of evil. Understanding thoroughly the rude superstitions of the military caste from which their initiates were drawn, they must have felt that it would have been unwise to deprive

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them of one material object of their idolatrous devotion without giving them another in its place. "Adore this head, for it is your god and your *Magumeth*," were said by one witness to have been the words of the initiator at Bologna. Similar corruptions of the name Muhammad or Mahomet are to be found in the Paris evidence. The whole phrase probably implied, "This is the image of the deity who corresponds for you in future to the God of the Christians or the prophet of the Saracens."

Such concessions to the superstitions of their converts were not only well known to, but form the best explanation of the extraordinary vitality of, Manichæism. Even in the lifetime, it was said, of its mythical founder Manes, the Manichæan Church was divided into the two classes of "Perfect" and "Hearers." The Perfect, from whose thin ranks the missionaries of the faith were drawn, were subject to such austerities as can never have been practised by any but fanatical believers in the truth of their doctrines. They might never be alone by night or day, must shun the touch of woman, abstain from meat and wine, and get their bread by some honest livelihood. They must never possess private property, nor wilfully take the life of the smallest animal, nor lie, nor give evidence in a court of justice. As these last provisions made it easy for the Inquisitors to recognise them, and the total number of the Perfect in Europe never exceeded 4000, the success of the Roman Church in suppressing the public propagation of the heresy is easy to explain. But of the Hearer hardly anything was required. After being once girt with the sacred thread, which formed, apparently, the evidence of his reception,[1] he might pretend to be a Catholic or Mahometan, or a member of any other faith convenient for the moment, and he might commit any sins he pleased, in the confidence that they would all be wiped away by the *Consolamentum*, or Manichæan sacrament, which he pledged himself to receive before his

[1] The Templars were also, according to both the Paris and Florence evidence, girt with a thread at their reception.

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death. Now, to die shriven was about the most that a man-at-arms, trained in all the licence of the wars of the period could in the fourteenth century look forward to; but the priests who, according to the general belief at that time, could alone give him this death-bed absolution, were apt to demand from the penitent not only a more or less sincere repentance, but the fulfilment of a good many religious observances and a good deal of expensive submission to themselves during his life as well. The offer of indulgences—which were in effect the assurance that their donees would escape in the next world the consequences of their sins in this—had proved sufficient bait to lure half the chivalry of Europe into the Crusades; and here was the Manichæan Church offering the same future benefits, with the absolute freedom from all moral and religious restraint in this world into the bargain. If the chiefs of the Order of the Temple had been for some time undermining the faith of their subordinates with such offers as these, we have the explanation at once of the anti-clerical attitude which brought upon them the hatred of both regulars and seculars, and of the immoralities which, according to the gossip of the time, clustered round every settlement of the Knights Templar.

F. Legge.

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"CONCERNING ONE OLD WOMAN"

"AND who can the old woman be talking to?" the old army pensioner asked himself in perplexity, as he sat mending an old boot in one of the "corners" of a rotten Petersburg tenement-house, and listened, whilst an old woman, a newly-arrived lodger, talked to some one behind the chintz curtain of another "corner."

"Seems to me," thought the soldier, "that I hadn't noticed any one with her, and yet she talks."

And he listened.

The new lodger was hammering a nail into the wall, and was really talking to some one.

"Just listen to her!" said the soldier.

"At least I've managed to earn an ikon of my patron saint in these forty years!" could be heard from behind the chintz curtain, together with the noise made by the driving-in of the nail. "You and I, we've no 'parent's blessing.'[1] But at least I've got my 'angel' . . . now, is that right?"

The hammering ceased, and every moment the soldier thought that some one would respond and tell her whether she had hung her ikon well. But no one answered; all

[1] The reference is to the Russian popular custom, according to which the dying "bless" each of their children with an ikon; the latter is preserved as something sacred by the recipient.—TRANSLATOR.

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that one could hear was how the old woman sat down on her ramshackle couch, made of packing-cases and firewood, and sighed.

"And I've no one to give my angel to, my friend!" sighed the old woman. "Oh, and where are my darling children now! Where are my dear little children? Oh, where? You tell me where?" . . .

The last question was accompanied by a loud and sudden sob, and, as if in answer to this, some one else's sympathetic sigh—so it seemed—was audible.

"There's some one there!" ruminated the soldier in perplexity, pausing in his work. "Crying, too!"

For really it seemed that there were tears in the voice that came from behind the curtain.

"Crying it is—can't be anything else!"

The soldier carefully put his work—a ragged boot—down on a block of wood heaped with various cobbler's tools, and commenced to approach the curtain with the utmost stealth, at every step stooping lower and lower, and then squatting down on the floor.

"I'd like to know who it can be," he thought, creeping up on all-fours.

"Oh, and the Lord will call me to account for my little children! He'll call my masters to account! What account can He demand from the like of us? We aren't free folks! We were never free for a single little minute, not the wee-est bit! There was only fear—that was all! What wouldn't one do out of fear? Why, if any one were to start beating you and knocking you about, you'd clear out too. . . . And I used to run away, but I was foolish and didn't know where to run to! Oh, my little children! Where are you? Not one left! Now they've given us our freedom, and I am lame, alone in the world; oh, if one of them were alive, a boy . . . he'd come to me now! . . . None, none!"

With sobs the lodger wept aloud, and some unknown person's weird and agonised sigh, full of woe, answered her,

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after which a deafening peal of barking broke forth, and the soldier, who had all but put his head through the curtain, flew back helter-skelter to his block.

"Dourdilka! Silly thing! Down! What is it, silly? At whom are you barking? . . ." said the old woman, and stopped the dog.

"A Jew eat you up!" cried the soldier, quite out of temper, rubbing his cheek, which had been scratched by the dog. "Talking to dogs, the blockheads! I thought . . . . Ah, you anathema, you! . . . How can you go on talking to a dog? . . ."

"Why, I've no one else to talk to, little father! I'd always lived in my master's house, I was a 'house-serf,'[1] and now they've set me free. . . . My masters, God give them health, had heard that all would soon get their freedom, so they let me go away wherever I pleased, because I had grown old . . . gone lame . . . with a bad leg. . . . What was the good of feeding me for nothing? Well, and so they set me free! Neither father nor mother . . . no children! Our mistress was a strict one. . . . Well, well, who could I go to stay with? This little dog is all that I have . . . Dourdiloushka! what are we two going to do now, eh? . . ."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the soldier, now quite pacified. "Set you free, did they? . . . The jokers! that's what they are, my word!"

"Oh, yes! oh, aren't they jokers? . . ." acquiesced the old woman. "Turned a body out into the cold! . . ."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, and how will you manage now, little old woman?"

"I don't know, Mister Cavalier! I suppose I had better await my latter end in patience! . . ."

[1] "House-serfs," styled *dvorovii*, were those peasants of the estate that were retained for domestic service in the houses of their masters; in each household there was generally a considerable number of these retainers, who led a more or less parasitical existence. Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861 by Alexander II.—TRANSLATOR.

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"Humph! . . . On your arrival, to start our acquaintance, you might at least treat a soldier to a little drop, now. I guess you've got *something*, in any case. . . ."

"Oh, well, I'd be glad to; I have a silver spoon. . . ."

"One of your master's?"

"One of my masters', I won't conceal it from you, soldier! I wasn't to die, was I? You just think for yourself. . . . I was set free without a boot to wear, I tell you!"

"Well, never mind. . . . You just give me that spoon and I'll do the job for you and bring you back the change!"

The soldier quickly put on his things, and, whilst waiting for the spoon, which the old woman was getting out from amongst her rags and bundles, looked at the dog and said:

"Not a bad little dog! . . . They're faithful, too, sometimes, dogs are. . . . And understand you when you talk! Never fear. . . . I'll bring you back the change for the spoon. . . ."

The soldier departed. In expectation of his return, the old woman once more tied up her rags into little bundles and cried, whilst Dourdilka sat opposite in morose silence, without taking her eyes off her mistress.

II

Nastacia, so the old woman was called, was truly in a helpless case. Entirely friendless and ailing, she was additionally unfortunate in her ignorance of life, old woman though she was. For, in all conscience, there was a great difference between the life of a "house-serf" and "free life," even that led by a drayman, a journeyman, even by a beggar. All these knew their fellows and equals, knew how to do business with them, knew for whom it was that they should work. Because one and all had their families, or, at least, they none of them wished to die of hunger. Each had his own way of making both ends meet in his hard life. Nastacia possessed none of

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these. All her life she had eaten her master's bread,—and now she did not know how to earn it. She did whatever work she was ordered to, but she worked for others, not for herself; and, at the same time, she lived with people "anyhow." In a word, in all mundane affairs she was a pure child. In the course of the two years spent by her in "corners," one day she was detected in the theft of a shawl, and for a long time she was called thief, although personally she did not see anything wrong in her act. She had become accustomed to that sort of thing whilst a "house-serf." And a multitude of other habits, which she had acquired whilst a "house-serf," had eaten into her; and, now that she was free, spoilt her relations in the life which surrounded her, and which, although beggarly, was more or less independent. For instance, she would slave untiringly for a whole week at twenty kopecks a day (about *5d.*) in a laundry, rising at four and returning to her corner at nine in the evening; and when she had earned a little she would spend it on drink, although she was long in need of new boots. When she was drunk, people looked upon her with contempt (and she *was* unpleasant, to be sure); whilst she knew no other pleasures: till the age of forty she had been accustomed to have a "wee drop" whenever a ten-kopeck piece came her way and she could find a minute to spare. The other inhabitants of the corners treated each other to coffee, gossiped, abused their employers, called the storekeeper names; whilst she had no taste for any of these things, she was not used to stand up for herself. And, oh! how dull she was, now that she was free! How she grieved seeing the way people lived, and looking back at the way she had spent her days! Why should she struggle and strain, stand with her bad leg knee-deep in the water of a cold wash-house? . . . Neither friends nor children. Her friends of her native village were, perhaps, themselves ending their days somewhere or other, just as she was. And her children? She was even afraid of thinking of her children . . . What had she done with them? And why? She was afraid of her severe mistress, when she ought to have feared God

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more! Loneliness of the soul is always terrible, and, oh! how terrible it was to Nastacia! . . . During her two years' existence in "corners," not an evening passed without Nastacia, whether sober or drunk, crying to herself, her hoarse, unpleasant voice arousing her neighbours' indignation; not an evening passed without her complaining of her bitter lot to Dourdilka. . . .

"Mind!" she would say to Dourdilka, "just you think of running away—I'll hunt you out and strangle you with my own hands! . . ."

"I'll give it to you!" the soldier would answer back. "Just try!"

"And so I would! What have you got to say here? Is she your dog?"

"Mine or not, I won't let you! . . . The authorities are there to kill dogs,—not you. I won't let you! . . . I'll take her for myself!"

"You take her? . . . Why, you may cover her with gold. She won't go to you."

"Oh, you old fool! . . . If I give her a bit of something she'll come to me in no time! . . . Sweet life she leads with you, I declare! . . . Doggie! . . . Here, come here, rascal!"

"Now then!" says Nastacia, gazing at Dourdilka. "Just you try and go!"

"Come here, come! here's some meat!"

"Go to him, Dourdilka; take the meat from the Cavalier; it's been sticking in his teeth since the time of the Frenchman . . ."

"Old woman! don't kick up a row!" the soldier admonished the old woman rather sternly.

"You call the dog, now! . . . Why, call her! . . . what are you waiting for?"

"Old hag!" winds up the soldier, for Dourdilka decidedly holds aloof from temptation.

"Took it, did she?" Nastacia throws at her neighbour in

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high glee. "That's right, that's right, Dourdiloushka! There's a crust for you, on—on, my credulous servant!"

In conversation Nastacia sometimes employed words that were quite out of place; that was because in her lifetime she had not heard very many words, and, now that she was free, she indiscriminately appropriated every word that came her way.

"Credulous," according to Nastacia, Dourdilka was really a faithful dog, and not because she had been loaded with favours by Nastacia, but owing to their being in an identical plight. She, too, was a "hanger on," a dog without a kennel, without a master. There was much moroseness, indifference, and, at the same time, distrust in her character. "There's a bone!" some kindly inmate of the tenement-house would say. But Dourdilka would look at him darkly, without coming. "There now, fool!" She would barely wag her tail—never budging an inch. One had to throw the bone down and go away; and then, having waited a little and assured herself that the bone was by itself and no one watching it, she would slowly approach it, take it up, and as slowly carry it away to some corner, where no one would ever find it again. In her life Dourdilka had come across various adventures and various cooks. At one time she would become used to having free access to the kitchen, and of being sure to get a bit; at another, upon entering it in a merry mood, she would receive a ladle-full of boiling water on her back. When she was beaten she neither yelped nor growled, but merely put her tail between her legs and slunk away. She was used to it. She knew Nastacia, and was sure that if Nastacia had anything eatable, that she, Dourdilka, would get some too. That was why she was faithful to her mistress; and then again, she felt that she was no more a dog to be of any use in a house, and that there was nothing for her to do in the street. She would only just peep out and return to her "corner" and lie down. Not a single dog in the whole house or yard had any sympathy for her. If, now and again, some "squire" would rush up to her,

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Dourdilka would simply walk away from him with lowered head, as if ashamed on the "squire's" behalf that he should have been mistaken in her. And, in fact, the "squire" would just take a tiny look at her as she went away, and depart likewise. Nastacia was pleased at this estrangement of Dourdilka from canine society. "You're of no manner of use to them," she would say to her; "what company! They'll tear what's left of your skin! There's a bone—stay where you are!" And Dourdilka stayed in her corner. Only once did Dourdilka permit herself to intrude into some one else's affairs. On going into the yard she saw a young puppy about six months old playing with a little dog about two months its senior. The dog had thrown the pup over on its back, and was kissing it most tenderly, whilst the puppy pushed its head right into the dog's mouth. Dourdilka growled at the dog. At that very minute she was overtaken by Nastacia, who was returning home. Like an unhappy mother who had suffered much from an unsatisfied craving for love, she took the situation in at a glance.

"Ah, you rascally dog!" she fell upon Dourdilka, "jealous, are you, you rogue, you! What do you mean by coming out here?—off home!" (Dourdilka went, her tail between her legs.) "Ah, you rascal!" continued Nastacia, going to her corner and addressing Dourdilka, who had taken refuge in a dark recess under the bed. "What were you up to now? As if it was your business, old fool, to poke your nose into other people's affairs? You ought to lie still, old fool, and await your death" (a sigh from beneath the bed). "You're also envious! D'you think I'm happier than you are? Well, and so now I also must needs think why we two old curs, you and I, have no children; none! . . ."

And again began a long monologue about her hard lot, waxing ever more dramatic, as her vodka bottle (a disused eau de cologne *flacon*—also pilfered from her former masters) was gradually emptied,—a little bottle Nastacia was wont to bring back with her, when she returned from work.

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"Oh, you accursed one!" she cried at Dourdilka, late at night. "I'll beat you to a jelly! lie still, stay hungry! . . ."

When in her cups, occasionally Nastacia was very repulsive: no teeth, great big eyes, black and spiteful; sunken, flabby cheeks livid with anger; voice vicious, hoarse, raucous, nasty . . . and oh! how miserable she was all the while! Dourdilka—even she had some hopes left—why, she had even wanted to defend the puppy, whilst Nastacia was so worn out, so ill, so lonely, that she was beyond the thought of being on any terms—either friendly or inimical—with any one except Dourdilka.

"When will you stop your jaw, old hag?" the soldier shouted at her, his patience exhausted. "I'll call a policeman! . . . What does all this mean?"

But Nastacia kept on abusing and cursing Dourdilka, weeping to herself the while. Afterwards she called Dourdilka, fed her, and still wept on . . . But the soldier heard no more.

III

It chanced one day that Nastacia was hired to scrub the floors in the house of a certain young couple who had only just been married and were in the best of humours. The entire staff in ordinary of the Petersburg house[1] that is wont to solicit and receive tips, praised them. The dvorniks,[2] the janitors, the cooks, the newspaper-boy, &c., all said: "They're gentlefolk of the right sort, they are!" because the gentlefolk flung their money about right and left. . . They were well disposed to all and sundry. Some of this amiability fell to Nastacia's share. The lady questioned her as to how much she earned, where she lived, why she did not have her leg seen to. The gentlefolks were surprised, commiserated, promised to send her to a doctor of their acquaintance, gave her an extra half-rouble, treated her to tea, presented her with a pair of

[1] In St. Petersburg, as in most of Russia's large cities, the flat system predominates.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] Dvornik = house-porter.—TRANSLATOR.

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shoes, and told her to come to them when she had no work. In a word, in Nastacia's opinion, the gentlefolks had understood her and pitied her; in her soul she felt very good. It seemed to her that she was living alone in the world, hanging in mid-air, as it were, no more—she felt the earth under her feet. She could "go out visiting." And she "went out visiting," only, somehow, in a peculiar kind of way.

In her box there was some wondrous finery, also, of course, belonging formerly to her masters. Among these there was a short skirt, just like a ballet dancer's, silk stockings darned with worsted; there was also a certain basque of black lustring, built with cane and iron, the ends of which had long poked themselves through the stuff. In a word—the most amazing finery. Having donned all this harlequinade, she felt well, and *went out visiting*, where she comported herself in the following manner: she at once went off to the "young gentlefolks'" kitchen, turned up the sleeves of her basque, tucked up her ballet skirt, took off her silk stockings and shoes, and started washing, scrubbing, sweeping, in fact—started doing all that it is a cook's duty to do. When *out visiting* she would clean all the knives, wash all the plates, would be bathed in sweat a couple of dozen times over, and, having drunk some coffee, would go home. Thus, she enjoyed herself in a very queer way, but, nevertheless, she was wonderfully happy at heart. She would have been glad to show her gratitude to the "young gentlefolk" in any other way, if she could have done so, but she had nothing at her command except the wash-tub.

She *went out visiting* in this manner for rather a long time and, subsequently, she also brought Dourdilka round with her, who, one evening when the gentlefolks felt very bored, even diverted them and took their fancy very much.

"Why shouldn't we have a little dog?" proposed the young wife.

"Y—yes!" agreed the husband. "We ought to have some pet. . . . Something or other . . . why, even two . . ."

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Nastacia hunted up two pups, but ceased to bring Dourdilka round.

A considerable time passed in this wise, and Nastacia felt very happy, when suddenly the following incident occured.

Once, during the carnival, a large party of friends and acquaintances unexpectedly arrived at the young gentlefolks' house, uninvited and quite as a surprise. Of a sudden there reigned such gaiety as never could have been got up on purpose; wine began to flow, the piano struck up, dancing, joking and laughter commenced. Nastacia had not seen such merry-making for many a long day. She felt as gladsome and gay as it is only possible to feel in early childhood. She forgot that her leg hurt her, a dozen times over she ran for fresh wine, drank herself, and again she ran. And once some joker from amongst the company suddenly caught her up and waltzed round the room with her, whereupon all laughed. Nastacia was given wine, made to crack jokes and say quaint sayings, of which she possessed a sufficient store. The servants from all the landings had packed themselves into the hall; some unknown persons in rather decent sibirkas[1] came to see the fun, and having looked on for a bit and picked the whole company to pieces, departed. Nastacia did not hear these criticisms and enjoyed herself as a child, oblivious of all, exciting the unanimous laughter both of the gentlefolks and the onlookers in the hall. Once she danced some extraordinary dance, kissed hands, showed how "the light post" drives along, and in so doing, for some reason or other, galloped round the room sideways. In a word, she did all manner of foolish things. But Nastacia's *répertoire* of these was not extensive, whilst she wanted to go further and further.

She was sent out to fetch some tobacco, or it might have been some wine. Nastacia flew down the stairs like a bird and suddenly saw that the dvornik had forgotten a hatchet on the landing. Instantly she experienced a mortal longing to steal

[1] *Sibirka*, a kind of great-coat often worn by the well-to-do lower classes of Russia.—TRANSLATOR.

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that hatchet; she pictured to herself how wonderfully jolly it would be, and in an instant she had seized it, hauled it into the room and announced: "I've stolen it from the dvornik!" bursting out into a loud laugh. This was so silly that all held their sides for laughter—Nastacia, of course, laughing more than any one else. Without noticing that during her absence the mirth had taken another direction, on returning from her errand she recounted, still continuing to roll about with laughter, that on the stairs she had met the dvornik looking for his hatchet (she imitated him) and swearing at not finding it. As this continuation of the history of the hatchet, breaking in on the new phase taken by the merry-making, was entirely unexpected, the company once more laughed, and Nastacia felt still jollier. How that merry day and night ended none of the guests could very well remember next morning. No one remembered about Nastacia either. And only a week and a half later some one—the lady or the cook—recalled her to mind. "I wonder why we haven't seen Nastacia for so long?"

Another week passed, still no Nastacia.

The cook went to her abode, but she wasn't there either; there the cook was told that a fortnight ago she had gone to the baths and since then hadn't been back. Her "corner" was let to some one else, her landlady had her box and "angel," whilst Dourdilka was roaming about at large. The landlady didn't speak very endearingly either of Nastacia or Dourdilka, who, be it said, listened to this conversation very attentively.

This is what happened to Nastacia.

On the day following that of the carouse, Nastacia went to the baths, intending to go from there to the "young gentlefolks," to scrub their floors after "yesterday's," to tidy up—in fact, she intended to *go out visiting*. The recollection of the merry-making of the day before did not leave Nastacia. She had developed such a zest for the attention and laughter which she had aroused yesterday, that to-day she was itching every instant to play some funny prank. When on the point

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of leaving the baths, she espied a great pile of tubs, and, quickly seizing one, hid it underneath her skirt. She imagined how the gentlefolks would burst out laughing when she came and boasted about this new theft—as they had laughed yesterday at her theft of the dvornik's hatchet. Having seized the tub, she ran off at full speed; but thinking that it would be still jollier if she brought two (the owner of the baths had plenty more, she thought), she came back, seized another, then suddenly a third, then a broom. . . .

"What are you doing here?" severely but calmly asked the dvornik, unexpectedly appearing on the scene.

"Little father, I was doing it for fun."

"For fun!" repeated the dvornik, and immediately, with the same calmness so peculiar to the Petersburger, called the junior dvornik, who was clearing away the snow: "Ivan! keep an eye on the old woman, see she doesn't run away; I'll fetch a policeman . . ."

"Oh, my little fathers! My darlings! For Lord Jesus' sake!"

"The public steal two thousand tubs a year from us also—for fun. See there, hold her!"

Nastacia's screams gathered a crowd that shamed Nastacia very much. She was taken to the police-station.

IV

Nastacia had been taken to the lock-up just by way of a warning, in jest, for one night only. But in the morning, when they wanted to let her out, she was lying in high fever, seriously ill. After the bath she did not get the chance of warming herself with vodka, whilst it was rather cold out-of-doors and in the police-cells. In addition, she was frightened and deeply mortified. Sitting in company with thieves and drunkards, she cried bitterly and thought of Dourdilka, who would be fed by no one now and who, since the springing up of Nastacia's acquaintanceship with the young gentlefolks,

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every now and then received some choice morsel, and had even got used to receive such dainties. By the morning Nastacia had become quite ill. She was taken to hospital, and there she lay, almost without rising, for six months. Her leg, of which she had forgotten to think during the jolly times that had latterly fallen to her lot, her back, her chest and heart—all went wrong. All these, worn out and old, were formerly sustained by vodka. Now everything went to pieces and fell asunder. Nastacia awaited death every moment, recalled her life, her children, thought that she would burn in hell, constantly thought of Dourdilka, pictured her driven from the yard, conjured up the picture of her death. In a word, during those six months she suffered extremely, both physically and mentally. Instinctively she felt that death was approaching, that it was not far away. And that premonition made her brace up in order to give the wide world a last look, to take one last look at Dourdilka and the gentlefolks.

Feeble, irritably nervous, she took her discharge from hospital. The hope that now—in a few moments—she would see the young gentlefolk, who would show her compassion, somewhat encouraged Nastacia. On quitting the hospital, she drank some vodka and slowly wended her way to the gentlefolks. It took her a long time, she got fatigued, was tired out. At last she reached her destination.

But the gentlefolk had moved elsewhere; others were living there.

This discovery stabbed Nastacia to the heart like a knife: she had nowhere to rest, even to sit down.

"Where have they gone to, the so-and-so's, good man?" she asked the dvornik.

"Left for Moscow . . . for the country!"

Nastacia's courage slipped from her suddenly. All at once she was overcome with faintness and sat down near the entrance right on to the pavement. Long she sat there, breathless. But as evening was approaching, she had to go somewhere.

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She went to Dourdilka, to her old "corner."

It was late at night when she arrived.

And, in fact, it was only her love for the dog that kept her on her legs. We used not to encounter our dearest, our best friends, nor have we hurried to their embraces with such fiery love as that which filled Nastacia with the desire to hasten to her meeting with Dourdilka.

But Dourdilka was not in the "corner."

"Where is she then?" whispered Nastacia almost inaudibly.

"Where? Why, your soldier took her. . . ."

"And she went? Dourdilka ran away with the soldier?"

"What did it matter to her? There was no one to feed her here."

Nastacia was petrified by such perfidy. Dourdilka might have starved to death, but to play the traitor! Nastacia had never expected that.

"O-oh! accursed image!" she cried in a passion. "I'll strangle her, together with the soldier! Shameless robbers! Where has the soldier gone to? give me the address. I'll go and disfigure both robbers!"

It turned out that the soldier had shifted his quarters to some very distant part of the city, and to go there now, that night, was quite out of the question. Nastacia, in an angry and excited state, passed the whole night in the landlady's kitchen, having, as a preliminary, drunk rather a large quantity of vodka, in exchange for her basque, which she had ceded to the landlady. The whole night she wept and swore, only dozing off now and then for a minute; the whole night she was abused by the dwellers in the "corners," whom she herself had treated. In the morning, with the vinous vapours in her head, and still more ill and feeble than before, she started off to the soldier's. She was so ill that she could not continue to be angry with Dourdilka, having reflected upon her helpless state; she was convinced that the dog would be overjoyed on seeing her, and that once more all would be as of old. All she need do was to give her a glance.

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"Where's the dog?" she inquired of the soldier rather peremptorily, having run him to earth in a "corner" on the "Petersburg Side."[1]

"What dog?"

"What dog? My dog! Where's Dourdilka?"

"She's not yours now!" calmly and ironically answered the soldier.

"Not mine? How's that? You thief, you!"

"Don't kick up a row, old woman! I tell you plainly, she isn't your dog now! She won't go to you, not even if you were to shower her with gold!"

"You lie, robber! . . . I'll tear your thief's throat for you!"

"Hark, old woman! Now if only once I start. . . ." The soldier showed his fist. "Mind that! I'm talking sense. There's your dog, go and see whether she'll come!"

In the corner, behind a box, Dourdilka's muzzle actually showed. Nastacia felt faint for joy—no sooner had she set eyes on that muzzle.

"Darling!" she whispered, with truly maternal tenderness, carefully approaching Dourdilka and perplexed why she did not come to her herself, why it was that that muzzle and those eyes did not seem to be the same as formerly.

"Dourdiloushka!" whispered Nastacia, stretching out her hand towards the dog.

But Dourdilka suddenly showed her teeth, and, choking with rage, growled at Nastacia, as if she had been her deadliest foe.

"Got what you wanted, eh?" remarked the soldier, delighted. "Now then, step a bit nearer! . . ."

"Dourdiloushka! Little mother!" whispered Nastacia, stunned, beside herself. "It's I . . . what is it?"

But Dourdilka's growls grew even more menacing. The fur on her head and back erected itself.

[1] The oldest part of the city of St. Petersburg, situated beyond the two main branches of the estuary of the Neva. Rather a poor part of the metropolis.—TRANSLATOR.

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"Now, what have you done, you barbarian, you?" suddenly shrieked Nastacia despairingly, turning to the soldier. "What have you done to my dog? . . ."

"Fool!" interrupted the soldier. "She has pups! . . . What are you getting at me for? If I give you one on the head, you'll croak! . . ."

"Pups!" whispered Nastacia, turning pale.

And then began a revolting and horrible scene.

Scuffling, cries, barking, the squalling of the puppies, blows, the ring of broken glass resounded in the soldier's corner.

The police put a stop to this scene.

"She killed all the pups," next day the people in the "corners" told each other. "Laid the soldier's cheek open. . . . Smashed everything up. . . . Broke the dog's leg. . . . Afterwards they took her away to the lock-up. They say she was mad."

Probably Nastacia died at the police-station; because she had absolutely nothing left to live for now.

GLEB OUSPENSKY.

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THE REVIVAL OF GAELIC IN IRELAND

THE movement, the object of which is the resuscitation of the Irish language in Ireland, is one of the most curious things connected with linguistic matters that has occurred in this or in the last century. It is safe to say that no other language so fallen to decay as the Gaelic of Ireland has ever been brought back to vigorous life. To know the extraordinary decay of Gaelic in Ireland, one would have to be, like the writer, born and brought up in the country parts of the island, and old enough to remember what the state of that country was fifty or sixty years ago.

Up to 1846, the beginning of the famine years, more than half the population of Ireland spoke Irish; and up to the year of the rebellion of 1798 there was hardly any English spoken by the peasantry in any part of the country except where the Scotch and English planters had settled in Ulster; and even there, Irish was currently spoken for many years after the plantation had taken place. It is stated on good authority that about the year 1680, after George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, had been in Ireland, a woman named Briget McLaughlin preached a sermon in Irish on the bridge of Portadown, in the county of Armagh, and that her eloquence made two hundred converts to Quakerism. Eugene O'Curry, the well-known Gaelic scholar, says in an unpublished letter which may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin,

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that in the year 1837 he found in the village of Tallagh, and within five miles of Dublin, a family, natives of the locality, who spoke Irish fluently. They were elderly people, and told O'Curry that when they were young they never heard a word of English spoken by any one in their locality, and only heard it used by carmen from Dublin.

But it is not necessary to go back to 1837 to understand the extraordinary rapidity with which the Irish language has died among the Irish peasantry, for the writer of this article was at a market in Athlone in the county Westmeath, in the year 1842, and heard, at the very lowest calculation, five people speaking Irish for the one who spoke English. One might be in Athlone during a hundred market days now and not hear a word of Irish. It is as dead there as Cornish is in Cornwall. Never, in modern times, has a national speech faded away so quickly as Gaelic has faded away in Ireland. So far as can yet be ascertained from the last census, there are hardly more than half a million of people in Ireland with even an imperfect knowledge of it as it is spoken; and there are less than thirty thousand in the whole island who speak only Irish.

There is something sad and pathetic in the fading away of a national speech in a time of profound peace and complete absence of anything bordering on persecution. And Gaelic is so old, and has such a vast mass of ancient literature—a literature so unique and so "racy of the soil" that it has attracted the attention of many of the most illustrious savants of continental Europe—that the death of such a language can hardly be thought of without a sigh; and the heroic efforts that are being made to save it from death must awaken the sympathy of most educated and reflecting men.

If Ireland has been an unfortunate country, the Irish language has been still more unfortunate. It has received harder blows from those who should have been its friends than from those who were its natural enemies; for the decadence of the Gaelic language in Ireland was largely brought about by the Gaels themselves. No Act of Parliament against the

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Irish language can be shown since the year 1363, when the Parliament of Kilkenny banned it. But the Parliament of Kilkenny legislated only for the English Pale, a very small part of Ireland in those days. After the close of the Jacobite wars, the greater part, in fact almost all, of the class of the old race who could, by their social position, have cultivated and sustained the national language, had been banished or slain. There were few of the Celtic race left except the poor and the ignorant, and they could not keep Gaelic from neglect and decay; it consequently sank to a mere peasant speech. But still more misfortune followed it, for the Catholic clergy ignored it, and ceased to preach in it in most places where even a minority of their congregation understood English. There was some excuse for the Catholic clergy having adopted such an unnatural course in reference to the national language of their country, for the Protestant Church tried to make Protestants of the Irish-speaking peasants by means of tracts and pamphlets printed in Irish, and sent Scripture readers all over the districts where Irish was the vernacular. This roused the ire of the priesthood, and they discouraged the use of Irish by almost every means in their power, and in some cases went so far as to make their parishioners destroy or give up all the Gaelic books or manuscripts that they had. Looked at in a sectarian point of view, the Catholic clergy can hardly be blamed for having adopted a hostile position with regard to Gaelic. It is pleasant, however, to be able to state that the present attitude of the Catholic clergy of Ireland is one of extreme friendliness to the resuscitation of Gaelic; and some of them are among the most active of those who are working so enthusiastically and so unselfishly to save it from death.

When one thinks of all the misfortunes that have followed the Irish language for centuries, he wonders that it still lives. Of all the misfortunes it has encountered, Daniel O'Connell's total neglect of it was, perhaps, the greatest. He wielded more power over his Catholic and Celtic fellow countrymen than any man ever did, or probably ever will; but not one word did he

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ever utter, not one line did he ever write, favourable to the cultivation of the language of his country and his race. He never made a speech in Gaelic but once, when he wanted to puzzle a reporter, and even then he uttered only a few dozen words. O'Connell knew Irish well. In his youth he heard no other language spoken by the peasantry and farmers of the locality in which he was born. It is said on good authority that his grandmother never spoke a word of English. The real decadence of Irish as a spoken language commenced when O'Connell reached a position of popularity. Thousands learned English in order that they might understand his speeches. Emigration and the famine of 1846–7 have been named as the chief causes of the extraordinarily rapid disuse of Gaelic in Ireland during the nineteenth century; but if the famine had never come, the decadence of the national language would have been, in proportion to the population, just as rapid. It seems absolutely true that Daniel O'Connell, a Gael of the Gaels, and a Catholic of the Catholics, did more to abolish the Irish language and to Anglicise the Irish people than any other man that ever lived. He could have given the native speech such a hold on the people that it could never have faded away. There were, at the lowest estimate, three millions and a half of people whose vernacular was Gaelic when he commenced his career. He could have founded schools for teaching it, and established newspapers in it. He did neither, but discouraged its use both by example and precept. He did that which no other man, supposed to be a patriot, ever did—he sought to destroy the national language of his ancestors, his country, and his race, and he very nearly accomplished its destruction.

The state of utter contempt into which the Irish language had sunk in Ireland before efforts were made to resuscitate it can be fully known only by those who, like the writer, were born and reared in a part of the country in which it was spoken sixty years ago, and understood by almost all elderly persons. The very beggars were ashamed to speak it; and many of them who could speak it, would protest that they did not know

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a word of it. In those places where it was known only by the elderly people, they would hardly dare to speak it in the presence of the youths, for they would be sure to be laughed at and ridiculed. This contempt for the national language of Ireland could not have originated with the Saxon or have come from him. It must have originated with the Irish themselves; for had the Anglo-Irish or the Protestants habitually ridiculed the native Irish for speaking the Irish language, the effect would have been to make the native Celtic Irish and the Catholics all the more devoted to their own idiom. The ridicule, intensified by persecution, which Irish Catholics experienced from Protestants, only made the Irish more intensely Catholic. We are, then, forced to the conclusion that the contempt, almost amounting to hatred, that the larger part of the Irish peasantry had for the Irish language in the past originated among the Irish themselves, and that the Catholic clergy and Daniel O'Connell are to be blamed for most of it.

The tremendous difficulty of resuscitating a language that had fallen into such contempt and neglect must be apparent. Never had any European language of even moderate antiquity, and possessing even a scanty literature, fallen so low; and the heroic attempt that is being made to revive it becomes, when everything is considered, absolutely sublime. Irish has no commercial value; the few thousands who speak only it are the very poorest of the peasantry. It is the national idea, and it alone, that can bring back the Irish language to vigorous life. Savants may study it, and scholars may translate its most ancient and interesting monuments, but it will die a lingering and disgraceful death unless the patriot, helped by the scholar, and influenced by the national idea alone, rescues it from the very brink of the grave.

The first society formed in recent years to resuscitate Gaelic in Ireland was the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." It was founded in 1874. The "Gaelic League" was founded in 1893. The "Comann na nGaedheal" was founded more recently; and as the writer assisted at the

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foundation of two of these societies, and is a member of all of them, he should know a good deal about what they have done. The Gaelic League is by far the most important society that was ever formed for the revival of Gaelic; but it has to be admitted that the other societies that have been mentioned have done, and are doing, good work. For some years after the foundation of the Gaelic League very few branches of it were established, and not much progress was made in spreading a knowledge of the language. But in 1897 a patriotic Irishman in New York, named Mullen, left nearly £2000 to be used for teaching the Irish language in Ireland. The Mullen bequest gave an extraordinary impetus to the study of Irish, and has shown in the clearest manner the wonderful power of money. Many who had never thought seriously about studying the language of their country saw that it might put money in their pockets, and they became enthusiastic about that which had never previously occupied their attention. This semi-selfish sort of patriotism may be unpleasant to think about, but it is natural. The Gaelic League is paid a certain amount out of the Mullen bequest every year, has rented a house in Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and opened a fine shop where all sorts of Gaelic books can be had at cheap rates. The same society have had processions through Dublin every Patrick's Day during the last two years, and have raised considerable sums of money by donations from the public. Last year they got £1500 from the whole of Ireland, but all of it went into the hands of the Gaelic League. Many think the subscriptions should have been divided among all the societies founded for spreading a knowledge of Gaelic.

The great question to be considered is, will the Irish language ever be brought back to vigorous life? There are tremendous difficulties in the way, and it has to be admitted that those who are at the head of the movement for the resuscitation of the language are, while working earnestly, working on wrong lines. They are catering too much to ignorance and localism, printing incorrect dialect Irish as

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correct Irish, and, to a large extent, ignoring everything in the nature of scholarship. The one great hope for the language of Ireland is to establish a respectable neo-Gaelic literature in it. Unfortunately, very little has yet been accomplished in that line. With the exception of some wonderfully beautiful lyrics by one who writes under the *nom de guerre* of "Patraic," and a few by one or two others, hardly a line has been lately produced in Irish verse that reflects credit on the writers or does benefit to the language. The same may be said of the large quantity of Irish prose that has appeared in newspapers and pamphlets during the last six or eight years. It is too often incorrect, dialectic, and vulgar. Most of those who write it are native speakers. As a rule, they write only in the dialect of the locality where they were born, and pay very little attention to grammar or orthography. Those who generally write the most correct Irish are those who are not native speakers of the language, but who have learned it from books. Such writers do not use dialect, and, as a rule, try to write the language of Keating, Bedel, Donlevy, and other authors who were really learned, who lived at a time when Gaelic was spoken all over Ireland, and before neglect and ignorance had given rise to the many corruptions and dialects that are now so detrimental to the language and such stumbling-blocks to students. To keep Gaelic alive in the localities where it is still spoken is one of the prime objects of all the societies that are working for its preservation; but in spite of all their efforts, it is fading away with astonishing rapidity in many places where, even as late as twenty-five years ago, it was in the mouths of old and young. Every year that passes by sees a diminution in those with whom Gaelic is a vernacular. They find that except at their own hearths English is an absolute necessity. It seems, then, more than probable that Irish is doomed as a vernacular, and that in the next generation there will not be any one in Ireland who will speak only Irish.

But if proper steps are taken, and if men really learned and patriotic guide the movement for the resuscitation of Gaelic in

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Ireland, an interesting, possibly a great, neo-Gaelic literature may spring up. The language in its best modern form, such as was written by Keating, Donlevy, and others in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the early part of the eighteenth, is a powerful, a ductile, and an excellent form of speech, with a grammar simple, regular, and logical; with just enough inflections to make it clear, and of idioms to make it interesting. Such a language, possessed by a man of genius and learning, might be made a medium in which to build up a great future literature.

But there is, unfortunately, a dark side to the picture. Gaelic is a guttural language, and it is undeniable that guttural languages are at a discount. The gutturalness of German makes it unpleasing to the ears of English and French speaking peoples. There are also sounds in Gaelic which, though not guttural, are cacophony itself to English ears; and it is a fact that too many of those who have spoken it from the cradle, make it unnecessarily harsh. If Gaelic had not sunk to be a peasant speech; if it had been spoken for centuries by refined and educated people, it would be very different in sound from what it is, coming from the mouths of most of those who speak it now. The sound of a language has a great deal to do with its popularity. The generally harmonious sound of French has been a prime cause of its being so widely known, and the harshness and gutturalness of German have been the great and leading causes of its neglect by people of German descent in the United States, where such a large part of the population are of German origin. There are many towns in the northern States of the Union whose population is almost entirely of German origin, but where the German language is scarcely heard except from old people or from newly arrived immigrants, while French in Lower Canada is not only holding its place, but in some localities, even where there is a large number of people of British and Irish birth and blood, it is getting to be more popular than English. It has, however, to be admitted that in spite of this drawback,

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Irish is well adapted for singing, owing to the many broad vowel sounds it contains; and a language that vocalists admit to be well adapted for singing can hardly be called a harsh one.

The immense quantity of ancient Irish literature that exists in manuscripts is well known to those who are interested in the language. Most of these manuscripts are written in that form of Gaelic known as Middle Irish, and date from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Old Irish, or the language of the seventh to the tenth century, is much less voluminous than Middle Irish, and is, of course, more archaic in construction. If these old manuscripts could be easily read by those who know the Irish of to-day, the resuscitation of the language would be much more easily brought about. But, unfortunately, Middle Irish is nearly as different from modern Irish as is the language of Chaucer from that of Tennyson. All Old and Middle Irish would have to be modernised to be fully understood at present; and it seems to the writer, and it is the opinion of good Gaelic scholars, that to modernise the language of the historical romances, tales, legends, and annals of ancient Ireland, would be one of the surest ways to create an interest, not only in the language but in the history of the country. Hardly anything has been done in this line as yet. The only attempt may be said to be one made by the writer, who has put the history of the Leinster Tribute, as narrated in the books of Leinster and of Lecan, into modern Irish. It need hardly be said that to turn the language of those old manuscripts into the modern one, and to do it well, would require an amount of scholarship very hard to obtain at present. There are a good many Old and Middle Irish scholars, but they are not well acquainted with the modern language, and many years must elapse before men will be found who shall be well versed in both the ancient and modern forms of Gaelic.

It seems that the idea uppermost in the minds of most of those who guide the movement for the resuscitation of Gaelic in Ireland, is to write it in every possible form in which it is

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spoken in every part of the country where it is still used as a vernacular, and without much care as to whether it is written correctly or not. This plan bids fair to interfere disastrously with the movement, for it disheartens students and disgusts scholars. If dialect Irish is written, a full explanation of what dialect it is should be given. The educated classes, without whose help no language ever became popular or respected, will never lend their aid to the resuscitation of a form of speech in which incorrect and vulgar dialects are printed as correct language. Every living tongue has its dialects; a knowledge of them is generally interesting and often useful; but one, and only one, form of speech should be put before students, unless the object is to disgust them instead of enlightening them.

In spite of the mistakes that may have been made in the endeavour to save the Irish language from extinction, it is pleasant to be able to state that the number of people who have acquired a knowledge of it during the last eight or ten years is, considering all the difficulties attending its acquirement, very large. Of all places in Ireland, Dublin and its vicinity seem to be the most favoured in having the greatest number of students of Gaelic, and the most diligent and enthusiastic in their studies. It is really extraordinary what a host of young people of both sexes have acquired a good knowledge of Irish during the last few years in the very city which was the first place in which the English language took root in Ireland. Although Gaelic is now taught in a large number of the national schools throughout the island, Dublin seems to be the place where the learning of the national language is making most headway, and where the masses are most enthusiastic about it.

The Gaelic revival has extended to the Highlands and even to the little Isle of Man. It is, however, unfortunate for the language that in the revival of Gaelic the Highland Scotch and the Irish can be of but little help to one another, because the Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland has drifted apart so much that there are two languages now where there was but one

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language two centuries ago. This has been a real misfortune, for Irish Gaelic is no longer fully understood in the Highlands, and Highland Gaelic cannot be fully understood in Ireland. The Highlanders prefer to write their language in Roman characters, while the Irish prefer the Celtic; but in the most important monuments of Old and Middle Irish that have been translated into English, French, and German, the Irish transliteration always appears in Roman letters.

Whether the attempt to revive Gaelic in Ireland will be successful or not depends on so many things that few would like to prophesy about it. If it is successful, if the mass of the Irish people become bi-lingual, and if an interesting neo-Gaelic literature springs up in Ireland, it can hardly fail to add to the general intelligence and well-being of the Irish people.

T. O. Russell.

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INSTINCT IN THE MAKING

ON A CAITHNESS MOOR

BUT why Caithness? Why not any other moorland more favoured for grouse than the extreme north country, whereon stands John O'Groat's house? The reason is that it is here, beyond all other districts, where the old-time shooting over dogs is to be found in all its traditional science. Of course there is shooting over pointers and setters everywhere in the Highlands, or very nearly everywhere; the sport also flourishes in Wales and Ireland: it is even supported by Mr. Walter Morrison, along with a few others, in Yorkshire, but there only as a link with the past. But in Caithness and the Western Islands of Scotland it is dog-work, or no grouse. Shooting over dogs in this country started—I do not know when. Certainly Henry VIII. passed laws and ordinances to prevent the use of "hail shot," but shooting game on the wing over dogs came in only with the House of Hanover, whereas it had existed for many years previously upon the Continent.

The English grouse has become an earlier breeding bird than he was, and the reason of it is that for a century the shooters over dogs, not willingly, but by the force of circumstances, took the tamest birds and therefore the latest hatched. The natural outcome, under the laws of the survival of the fittest, was that birds would sooner or later become too wild to shoot over dogs, and that is precisely what had happened by the middle of last century. The grouse cocks of forty years

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ago were lords of broad acres in Yorkshire, fearing nothing in the sky or on the earth. The falcons had been killed off, and the men and dogs were beaten in a combat of wits with the birds of many seasons that kept watch and guard upon the heather hillocks. But away north at that time the gunner was only just discovering Caithness, and instinctive grouse education was only just beginning. For one thing, there was no railway to Caithness until late in the 'seventies, and only slightly before that had one been made through Sutherlandshire up to Helmsdale. The first time the writer travelled that line his English ideas of railway precision and punctuality received a shock when the train pulled up at Dunrobin station, some quarter of a mile from the Sutherland Palace on the cliff above the sea.

"Will I go on?" asked the guard.

"You will not," replied the station-master.

"Is there any one coming up?" asked the guard.

"I shall send down and ask," replied the station-master.

So we got out upon the platform and pranced about for half an hour; then the train was allowed to proceed on its way to Helmsdale, the terminus in those days. From the latter point to Wick was a forty miles coach drive along the coast and past Dunbeath Castle; it was a lovely tour; far preferable to the dreary scenes that the train now traverses to Thurso.

But Wick itself is a place to live out of; to put it very mildly, it smells of fish. Five miles out of the town, at Stirkoke, dwelt Major Horn, from whom the writer took the shooting of his compact little estate. It was this gentleman's grandson who was one of the victims in the Eton fire a short year ago. But my story is not of thirty-three years ago, but of the Caithness of to-day.

To me the greatest charm of a visit to the moors is to live upon them, and to hear the grouse cocks challenge through the open bedroom windows before one is up in the morning. Probably Strathmoor Lodge is the best situated in the county, for from its windows one can see the grouse "becking," and

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also the most famous of all spring salmon rivers—the Thurso. There is no climbing to get up to the moors in Caithness; every shooting lodge is built upon them, and you have but to open the front door and kill a grouse, if you will. It is paradoxical that those who are most anxious to slay the birds should also best like them in life; so that it is probable the grouse that are bold enough to challenge all comers, within range of a shot-gun from the bedroom windows, will be deemed as sacred as Jove's bird in the deer forests. The golden eagle is not often to be seen in Caithness though. He prefers to make his eyrie in mountain rocks where human feet have never trodden, and, excepting the pigeon and seagull-haunted rocks of the coast, there are none such in Caithness.

These sea-gulls are not an unmixed blessing, although their eggs are protected by Act of Parliament. They are hunters of game eggs and slayers of the young grouse, and, besides that, are so bold that I have seen them take the fish from above the cottage doors, where they hung in strings to dry for the support of poor folk in the long dark days of winter. For the latitude of Caithness is nearing that of the midnight summer sun, and the long dark night from autumn to spring. But not only the old but the young sea-gulls—in spite of their boldness amidst unarmed fisher folk—have an instinctive knowledge of the range of a shot-gun.

Caithness is unique in this: it is the last left breeding-place of the wild geese in Britain. The species that inhabits these vast solitudes, and finds safety in the big lakes, is the grey-lag goose, probably the founder of our own domestic variety. They are in every way alike except that the partial albinoism of domestication is absent, but one can see the process of domestication proceeding every day. The natives are very fond of adding a few wild eggs to those of their own domestic geese, and the resulting birds are in every way interesting. They are as tame as their foster-parents, but cannot resist an aerial voyage upon the smallest provocation. The domestic geese, too, have a look of wildness that suggests a later evolu-

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tion than we see in the farmyards of the South and in the cages at the poultry shows. The grown wild goose is a match for anything on earth: he fears no foe beyond that point of fear where "discretion is the better part of valour." His long neck, stretched upward to the fullest, when his mates are feeding, provides safety on the land. In the water he affects that part farthest from possible dangers, but this is when he is fully grown. There is a period before he can fly when he makes most excellent green goose and is not difficult to poach. Half-fledged geese have to feed upon the land, and if found by the shepherds they are in danger. It is surprising how they can flap and run waterwards, but not fast enough to prevent the sheep-dog "rounding them up" and cutting off their retreat. Then they crouch in the heather, and would succeed in deceiving the man's eyes, but they fall victims to the dogs that hunt for them by scent.

The later breeding of Caithness grouse at the present time may not be entirely the reason of their greater reliance upon hiding than upon flight. This must be so, for not even late in the season do they approach the wildness of Yorkshire August grouse. It may be that the Iceland falcons pay winter visits to the far north mainland, and teach the birds that the foes of the air are more to be dreaded than that arch-enemy, man himself. Even the wild geese up in those lands stand in awe of that winged enemy. On one occasion an artificial kite, being flown for the purpose of making grouse lie to the dogs' points, actually had the same effect upon a wild goose, which was seen lying with neck stretched out upon the ground, and head turned aside, to watch the dreaded aerial counterfeit. It is the only case of the sort I ever heard, and before then I thought that nothing in the world could scare a wild goose out of its wits and make it lie to the point of a dog.

A grouse appears to know the looks of a fox, and his methods, much better than those of a dog; but sometimes the grouse mistake an Irish red setter for a fox, and I have seen

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them, instead of crouching out of sight, as they usually do from a dog's point, stand up, flick their tails, and walk away, as who should say, "Keep your distance, pray, and I do not mind, but I am ready to fly instantly if you make a rush." But when grouse are as much alive to danger as this behaviour in the presence of a supposed fox implies; when they have all their wits about them; they have but to catch sight of a falcon in the air and they appear to melt into the earth instantly and all at once. They have merely crouched among the heather, well knowing that their only chance of escape from the peregrine is not to fly, and they do this, although they are instinctively aware that the fox can kill them where they hide. Perhaps they think (if it is thinking) that the greater terror in the air will hush all nature, just as the "Hough! hough!!" of the tiger silences the Indian jungle voices, from the scream of the peacock to the "I-smell-the-blood-of-a-dead-Hindu" wail of the prowling jackal. But the fox cares nothing for the falcon.

Farther south, in the Highlands of Perthshire, where the eagle is preserved, how differently do the grouse behave on his approach! Jove's sacred bird—miscalled the King of the Air—is an earth-grubber, he will even condescend to live upon carrion when he cannot kill for himself, and I am not certain he does not prefer his game high and killed for him. The grouse upon sight of him take wing for safety's sake, knowing that the lordly bird is but a slow-coach, and can never catch a grouse that has a good start. It is true that these birds, and ptarmigan too, have been knocked down, when rising from the ground, by an eagle on the wing, but the feat is almost as seldom performed as that greater one, when the eagle buffets and scares a stag until it drives him headlong over some precipice, and so kills him. The Duke of Portland has a fine deer forest in Caithness, and is not as unsportsmanlike as his predecessor, who would employ an army of watchers rather than let one stag stray in autumn on to the ground upon which so many had obtained their winter's food. Few shooters in

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that county could claim a deer in those days, but now it is different, as it should be, and one of the most useful of the sportsman's impedimenta is a telescope, wherewith to scan the hills for deer, before proceeding to disturb them with dogs for grouse. Every Highlander seems able to manage a telescope and spy deer, whereas it takes an English novice a considerable educational period to find the hill on which they are lying. Then when they are found and Sandy has *made* you see them, the question of the value of their heads is only remotely connected with your inspection. Sandy, on the contrary, shuts up his glass with a slam and proclaims "there will be just wan muckle beastie amang 'em, and she doots if she'll 'a ten points or a Royal head."

Then we discuss the situation; we are upon sheep ground, which implies that such a chance of a ten, or twelve, pointer will probably not be obtained again for this season; possibly not for half a dozen years. It ends as it was bound to do. The Highlander proposes the method, and I follow it, and him. It appears that the nearest way to these deer is to turn our backs to them, and go in the opposite direction for some two miles; we cannot cross the flat between us and them because of their eyes, and must get round to the back of the slope on which they are lying. But if we do that the wind will be blowing from us to them, and, as Lord Breadalbane's forester once observed: "All the baths you gentlemen have do not seem to do you much good with the deer." So we have to compromise matters, and go in with the wind on the right cheek, although this will be difficult too, seeing that "our big beasty" will then be farthest away from us of the herd, and we shall have to pass several hinds and smaller stags to get to safe shooting range.

Is it chance, I wonder, that places the stag where his eyes protect him from the north, his nose from the south, his harem from the west, and impossible ground from the east? Is it education in the making, or adding to the instinct inherited from a hundred generations? Apparently we shall

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succeed, for we manage to keep the most dangerous hind well down wind of us, and also well out of sight, as we creep past her. Suddenly, however, a grouse cock soars into the air eight feet from the ground, "becking" proudly; but at an untimely hour, for it approaches noon. It alarms the stalkers but not the deer, for the language of the forest is better known to them than to us. Farther on we creep; now confident of success, although another cock grouse rises, and goes away challenging; this one we flushed in fear, the other was but soaring in the natural exuberance of his joy. It is necessary to have another look at the hind to see if her suspicions have been aroused by the bird's alarm. They have; she has marked our locality, and is circling around us to get our scent; soon she will cross our line, and "give us away" to her lord and master. What is to be done? We might try a shot at three hundred yards, but it is not sportsmanlike to do so, and we refrain. There is no chance if we do nothing; there is little in any case. "Shoot into the pool 'beyont' him, and likely she'll coom this way," exclaimed Sandy. Shoot I did; and remained motionless. Back came the stag, straight after the wary hind. Was it that he was following her, or was it that he saw the splash of the bullet in the water? Luckily it was the latter, for when he got opposite to us he turned and looked behind him to make out what he had seen. He was an easy shot then, but it had been a difficult stalk, and his head has ten long even tines on widespread beams.

But it is for its dogs and its grouse-shooting that Caithness is mostly celebrated. I have brought up, besides old dogs, a yard-broken puppy; she has never seen a grouse when I take her out for a walk to see what she thinks of them. Evidently she suspects a bit more yard-breaking, and loafs around with no particular object in view except, apparently, tumbling about on the long heather. Suddenly I walk up a brood of grouse. She sees and watches their flight. When they have totally disappeared over the horizon she goes to the spot whence they rose, sniffs at the place, then races for all she is worth to the

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point where they disappeared over the horizon. I am pleased with this; it shows that she can connect cause and effect, so I sit down and wait for her return. In ten minutes she comes, in a terrible state of excitement, once more to examine the place whence the grouse rose; she seems to have forgotten my presence entirely. However, I put a lead on her and take her farther into the moor, walk full into the wind, and let her go once more. This time she quarters right and left at right angles with the wind; she has had no teaching, but does it instinctively. But instinct is not a perfect teacher, for although she turns properly into the wind on the left side of me, on the right side she cuts a figure of six, starting the hook by turning down wind. She will not do this when she gains sense, but will keep the wind "in her teeth." The puppy finds more grouse, rushes in and chases them out of sight. Again she returns and finds, and this time points, her bird, with the promptings of a thousand generations quivering her nerves. She is calling up some dormant recollections of a past state perhaps, and becomes more perfect at every new experience; and as yet I have not cautioned her in the yard-breaking method.

But this youngster is not the only one that finds new instinct as she works. Here, for instance, is her grandmother, five years old and wise. She goes up to her birds, and at gunshot distance away, points them; then draws on by my side, leading me quicker and quicker, for she knows the grouse are running hard. What now, I wonder—not a false point surely! Not a blink! Still she has cast away to the right, gets on forward, turns again, and points directly at me from two hundred yards ahead. This will make them lie; but who taught her to do it? She has had four seasons upon the moors, and never hinted at this business before; perhaps she will not again for many a long day, but when she does, it will certainly be the only way to stop the running birds and make them wait for the gunning biped, who is much too slow even for the inclinations of a five-year-old pointer. This, again, is instinct in the

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making; will that puppy's puppy of hers inherit it from a remoter past, born as she was before it developed, or will the old grandmother's next offspring prove better than the last? In either case they will be good enough for grouse that have an instinctive education of one hundred years to make up before they behave like the Yorkshire grouse and the Arabs. The latter have a proverb which declares that "There is one devil, and there are many devils; but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat." The Yorkshire grouse have but to see a man's head on the horizon in the far-off distance to increase the space by miles.

They have a hundred and fifty good reasons for their wildness—a hundred and fifty generations in which only the wildest have survived to impart their fears of man. In Caithness the grouse fear man but little more than the gulls fear the fisher folk, whose drying fish they steal at the front doors of their cottages. But, unlike the gulls, that learn wisdom as they fly, the birds of the heather have not seen enough of men to differentiate between those with guns and others without them.

G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

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EVIL

THE problem of evil has its philosophical as well as its religious side, and the two cannot really be separated; but it is chiefly in its religious aspect that it has caused so much perplexity to men's minds. Epicurus, as quoted by Lactantius, concisely sums up the difficulty:

> God is either willing to abolish evil and cannot, or He can and will not, or He neither will nor can, or He both will and can. If He be willing yet unable to do so He is—what cannot befall to God—weak; if He be able but unwilling, He is malign, which is equally foreign to the Divine character; if He neither will nor can, He is both malign and weak, and consequently not Divine; if He be both willing and able, which alone accords with His Godhead, how come evils to exist, or why does He not abolish them?[1]

Lactantius replies that evil is necessary for the acquisition of wisdom: "Nam si malum nullum sit, nullum periculum, nihil denique quod laedere hominem possit tolletur omnis materia sapientiae." But how this necessity can be imposed on omnipotence does not appear.

The simplest explanation of the problem is that offered by Dualism, which in its boldest form, Manichæism, represents the universe as the arena of a perpetual struggle between two rival principles of good and evil.

This doctrine has by no means lost all hold on belief, but the difficulties which beset the conception of two opposing

[1] "De Ira Dei," ch. 13.

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first principles are considerable, and, on the whole, the tendency has been to seek some explanation of evil more compatible with a Monistic interpretation of the universe. Origen and others tried to soften the antagonism of good and evil by insisting on the negative character of the latter, and holding out the hope of a final *apokatastasis*, or restoration of all things to their natural unity with God. Moral evils, according to him, were not created by God, but were, so to speak, the waste products of creation, like the shavings and sawdust produced by a carpenter's work ("Contra Celsum," vi. c. 55); external evils were merely means of discipline and purification (*Ib.* c. 56). The question tortured St. Augustine, who at first turned to Manichæism, but afterwards became its most resolute opponent. Denying that evil was an absolute principle or substance, he adopted and developed the doctrine of its negative character, declaring it to be merely a privation of the good, but without admitting a final *apokastatasis*. Evil cannot indeed be a substance, for if it were it would be good, the good being the only true substance ("Confessions," vii. 12). Evil has no natural existence; it is merely a name given to the loss of good ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 9). The most corrupted nature possesses some element of good, or it could not exist. Even the devil and his angels owe their existence to a certain participation in that goodness which is the source of all life ("De Trin." xiii. 16). Evil is to be regarded as a sort of corruption, and it is plain that corruption itself is not a substance, and cannot exist independently of the substance which it corrupts ("De Mor. Man." 7). Such arguments are not very convincing, for, even if evil be metaphysically unsubstantial, its presence in the world of our consciousness has still to be reconciled with the benevolence and omnipotence of God. Here, as might be expected, the argument breaks down. It is maintained that, though God is indeed the author of all being, yet He is not the author of evil, which is non-being ("De Mor. Man." 8). Evil and sin spring from the wrong exercise by man of his free-will, but they are permitted by

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God, partly because they can be turned by Him to good purposes ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 18; "De Continentia," 15); and partly because, though in themselves blemishes, they are necessary to the beauty of the whole scheme of creation, as a judicious mixture of dark colour is necessary to the beauty of a picture ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 23), or the antithesis of contrary ideas to that of a poem ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 18). The latter notion — which was adopted also by Bruno — accorded closely with St. Augustine's stern view of the relations of mankind to God. Most people now would recoil from the conception of a deity who could torture his creatures for his own glorification, or out of a regard to the æsthetic fitness of things. But for St. Augustine all men deserved eternal damnation for the sin of Adam, and the mass of them who would actually incur it (*Hinc est universa generis humani massa damnata*) would be only a fitting monument of God's righteous retribution, though some few would be delivered from this fate to serve as manifestations of His mercy ("De Civ. Dei." xxi. 12). It is true that punishment after death was, according to him, in some cases temporary only ("De Civ. Dei." xxi. 13); but where it was everlasting it plainly involved an eternity of that evil which he declared to have no positive existence. He is, in fact, driven to admit into the final disposition of things that very dualism of good and evil which at the outset he denies, thereby furnishing a signal instance of the difficulty of explaining evil on rigorously Monistic lines. In the same struggle to acquit the Deity of the responsibility for evil, Erigena was carried to the curious length of placing it entirely outside His cognition. In the Divine mind, he thought, was contained all existence, and nothing but existence. Consequently, evil, which has no real existence, being merely a privation or defect, has no place there, and forms no part of the Divine design.

Divinus itaque animus nullum malum, nullamque malitiam novit; nam si nosset, substantialiter extitissent, neque causa carerent. Jam vero et causa

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carent; ac per hoc in numero conditarum naturarum essentialiter non sunt, ideoque omnino divina alienantur notitia.[1]

Coming to later times, Archbishop King's monumental treatise on the origin of evil is, in spite of its learning and ingenuity, crowded with contradictions which shout defiance at each other. It is only possible here to deal with his argument in the briefest manner. He declares God to be infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, and free. "And hence it manifestly follows that the world is as well as it could be made by infinite *power* and *goodness*." This was held also by Leibnitz. "God might, indeed, have refrained from creating, and continued alone, self-sufficient, and perfect to all Eternity, but His infinite goodness would by no means allow it." Hence any created thing must needs be imperfect, since absolute perfection belongs only to God: an argument also used by Voltaire. As it is quaintly put, "A creature is descended from God, a most perfect Father, but from nothing, as its Mother, which is imperfection itself." Accordingly "we may affirm that God, though infinitely good and powerful, could not separate things from the concomitant evils of imperfection." Here the omnipotence ascribed to God in the first part of the sentence is denied in the second; and the essay abounds with similar inconsistencies. He argues at great length that only such evils are permitted by God as could not be removed without giving rise to greater evils, and the treatise closes with the following passage:

> Epicurus then is both a Deceiver and deceived himself, when from the present Evils he concludes against the Omnipotence and Goodness of the Deity. Whereas on the contrary God would neither have been powerful nor good if he had not tolerated Evils. From a competition or (if we may be allowed the expression) a conflict of two Infinites, *i.e.*, Omnipotence and Goodness, Evils necessarily arise. These attributes amicably conspire together, and yet restrain and limit each other. There is a kind of struggle and opposition between them, whereof the Evils in nature bear the shadow and resemblance. Here then, and nowhere else, may we find the primary and most certain rise and origin of Evils.

[1] "De Divisione Naturae," v. 27.

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It is hardly necessary to point out that this rather pathetic conclusion to the author's labours involves the assumption of two limited infinites and an omnipotence which is subject to restraint.

Theological apologists naturally devoted their attention chiefly to moral evil; but the evils which are wholly unconnected with human conduct equally require an explanation. Philosophers have attempted to deal with the question in various ways, but with no more success than the theologians. Whether it be said that evil has a relative existence only, or that it is a consequence of the necessarily finite nature of creation, or that it is morally necessary as a condition of free-will, the mind, and still more the heart, remains unsatisfied by the explanation. Though evil may be relative only to our consciousness, it is none the less real to us on that account; and any explanation which makes it a necessary element in the scheme of creation thereby limits the assumed omnipotence of the Creator. As to this, Lotze says frankly:

> It would be quite useless to analyse the attempts that have been made to solve this problem. No one has here found the thought which would save us from our difficulty, and I too know it not. . . . Let us therefore . . . say that where there appears to be an irreconcilable contradiction between the omnipotence and the goodness of God, there our finite wisdom has come to the end of its tether, and that we do not understand the solution which yet we believe in.[1]

Among modern poets, Tennyson finds no answer to the question beyond the faint hope that good may prove the final goal of ill. Browning wrestles with it continually:

> Wherefore should any evil hap to man—
> From ache of flesh to agony of soul
> Since God's All-mercy mates All-potency?
> Nay, why permits He evil to Himself—
> Man's sin, accounted such?[2]

He brings to the struggle a passionate faith in God's omni-

[1] "Microcosmus," 2, Book ix. ch. 5. (Hamilton and Jones.)
[2] "Mihrab Shah."

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potence and man's "impuissance" ("Cherries"); but in the end he can only exclaim:

> Put pain from out the world, what room were left
> For thanks to God, for love to man?

And to the same effect is the Pope's apostrophe in "The Ring and the Book" (Book x. 1675).

Clearly none of these are answers at all. At the best they are only suggested explanations of the presence and purpose of evil in the existing scheme of things; they in no wise explain the deeper question as to how such a scheme could originate from a Deity who is at once benevolent and all-powerful. No such explanation is, in fact, possible, and men are usually driven with Lotze to abandon the problem in despair, as one of the painful mysteries of existence. Mystery no doubt it is; but it may be well to consider whether it is not to some extent a mystery of our own creation.

Speaking broadly, the belief in a Deity seems to be a necessity of human nature. As Voltaire put it: If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him. There are exceptions, no doubt, yet, in one shape or another, the belief obtains a practically universal assent, and, after passing through lower forms, finally evolves into the philosophical conception of an absolute Deity. But, besides this, man finds himself under an obligation, almost if not quite as imperious, to *worship* the Deity of his belief, and hence arises the conception of a Deity of religion. Now, in dealing with the Divine qualities, we do not always fully realise that the Deity is presented to us under these two aspects—the Deity of philosophy and the Deity of religion. The ultimate reality is in either case the same, but each presentation must be kept distinct; and it is our neglect of this distinction which makes the problem of evil such a tangle of perplexity to us. For in our speculations about evil we usually confuse the two presentations, and attempt, first, to treat the Deity of religion as identical for all purposes with the absolute unity of Monism,

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and then to invest him with moral attributes which are necessarily relative. Thus the omnipotence ascribed to the Deity of religion is only predicable of an absolute and infinite Deity—the Deity of philosophy. On the other hand, the benevolence ascribed to him, being a particular quality, cannot be predicated of an absolute Deity; nor, since it implies a relation between himself and creatures external to him, can it be predicated of an infinite Deity, for whom nothing external can exist. It can only be predicated of one who, like the Deity of religion, is conceived of as being distinct from his creatures—in fact, a Deity who is in some sort finite. The Deity of philosophy may be regarded as omnipotent, the Deity of religion as benevolent; but unless —which I submit is not the case—the two presentations are identical, the Deity cannot properly be described in general terms as being at once omnipotent and benevolent; and if this be so, the most perplexing element of the problem forthwith disappears.

The attribution of omnipotence to the Deity of religion probably originated in a well-meaning but misdirected reverence which deemed it a dishonour to impose limitations upon him, and accordingly made him "not only a supernatural and moral spirit, but also an almighty and all-embracing cause." This tendency, as Mr. Ernest Myers points out, found a congenial soil in the social and philosophical surroundings of early Christianity.

> The growth of Monotheism out of Polytheism, suggesting that as each of the many gods represented some power of nature, so the one God who absorbed them must include all powers (*serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco*), the naturally easy assignment of creative and regulating powers to an object of worship, would account for this, even had not Greek metaphysics and Roman law been pressed into the service of Christian theology; the former finding in God the supreme abstraction, the One; the latter investing him with the legal attributes of his kingship over men, and expounding the relations between the two parties in a whole system of formulæ; thus not unnaturally leading to the attribution of absolute power over the Universe.[1]

[1] "A Plea for Dualism," *Theol. Review*, vol. xi. p. 182.

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Now absolute unity is a natural and appropriate presentation of the Deity of philosophic thought, but it is hopelessly unserviceable as a presentation of the Deity of religious worship. It is not possible to worship, in any ordinary sense of the word, the infinite or the absolute as such. The religious sense of mankind will not be satisfied with an abstraction; it demands a *personal* Deity, who can enter into relations with the worshipper. Whether this idea be a flash of divine truth, or an *ignis fatuus* born of human ignorance, is for the moment immaterial; for in either case the yearning for a personal Deity is a religious need of human nature which every religion must satisfy if it hopes to endure. But with the conception of a personal Deity all the inseparable limitations of personality are introduced, and these are quite irreconcilable with the boundless range which the infinite, the absolute, and the omnipotent demand. Again, all our most cherished ideas with regard to the Deity of our worship depend entirely on his personality, and consequently on his finiteness. Goodness, holiness, love, mercy, justice, and so forth, are qualities or conditions which are relative and particular, and therefore altogether inapplicable to the absolute, the infinite, or the unconditioned. No quality can be specifically ascribed to that in which all qualities are merged, without *pro tanto* conditioning its absoluteness and limiting its infinity. An absolute Deity can be neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral, for all alike are conditions which cannot be imposed on the unconditioned.

Thus we are confronted with the question, How, if at all, can these conflicting presentations of the Deity be reconciled? Can the infinite Deity of philosophy coexist with the finite Deity of religion? The answer seems to be furnished by the spectacle of creation. The finite things of which creation is composed cannot lie outside the infinite, nor can they be limitations imposed upon the infinite by any power external to it. How then do they come by their finiteness? The only conclusion seems to be that finite things, or creation as we know it, are caused by a self-limitation of the

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infinite. And this creation, which exists under conditions of space and time, which is finite in its order, and finite in its possibilities, seems to demand for its due administration the government of a Deity adapted to its limitations. May it not therefore be that, to meet this need, the infinite Deity has, by an act of self-limitation, akin to that from which finite creation sprang, indued an aspect of finiteness, so as to ensure the due fulfilment of his purpose, and a system of close, harmonious, and intelligible relations between himself and his work? This surely is the truth enshrined in the obscure saying of Heraclitus: *Ἓν τὸ σοφὸν μοῦνον λέγεσθαι οὐκ ἐθέλει καὶ ἐθέλει Ζηνὸς ὄνομα.*

No name or personality can rightly be given to that absolute unity wherein alone wisdom resides, but to the end that it may become in some wise intelligible to us, it "is willing, though it wills not to be called by the name of Zeus."

It may be said, however, that our conception of a personal Deity does not in fact relate to any objective reality, does not imply that there is any actual personal presentation of the Deity corresponding with it, but is merely a human device to provide an intelligible object for man's religious aspiration Be it so; it is certainly an objection which cannot be disproved. But let us observe that, if it tells against the belief in a personal Deity, it tells also against the belief in a Deity at all. Neither belief is demonstrably true; yet each alike is attested by an almost irresistible tendency of thought; and if this is not to be trusted in the one case, there is no sufficient reason for trusting it in the other. But in truth we are under no obligation to discredit the validity of our belief in a personal Deity. Our knowledge is of course conditioned by our limited faculties, but a conception is not necessarily false because it is relative. As a well-known writer has pointed out:

> Human knowledge, no doubt, is relative in a very genuine sense: it is *I* that know, else that knowledge were not mine. No doubt, also, man is to himself "the measure of all things," in the sense that he can understand only what he has the ability to understand. But the very point in question is, *what* has man the ability to understand? And it will not do summarily to exclude

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from this ability knowledge of God, or ingeniously to plead that because it is *I* that know God, it is not God that I know.[1]

Again, Martineau writes: "It all comes to this, that we cannot know God out of all relation, apart from His character, apart from His universe, apart from ourselves. . . . True God so regarded will not, in the rigorous metaphysical sense, be absolutely infinite. But we know no reason why he should be."[2]

With this I respectfully agree: but that which is not absolutely infinite is, in fact, finite, and it seems simpler to say so at once. If this be so, the inexpugnable persistence with which human thought clings to the idea of a personal Deity may rest on a true insight into reality, and we may be permitted to contemplate the God of Creation—the God who deals with the world and mankind—as being *in relation to that creation* personal in nature, conditioned in character, and—what is chiefly important for our present purpose—finite in power. To recognise that the Divine power is in this sense limited will not really do violence to religious feeling, because some such limitation is tacitly admitted already. Few people, for instance, can really believe that the Deity of their worship has power to alter the multiplication table or to recall the past. While with regard to the existence of evil, this recognition, if it does not completely explain the mystery, at least brings it within the possibility of explanation. The evil which is wholly inexplicable as the work of an omnipotent benevolence, may be compatible with a benevolence whose energy is subject to limitations of power, and may be regarded as a necessary element in the scheme of a Deity whose general purpose is nevertheless benign. We can thus escape from the mockery of belauding a love which, though armed with the fulness of power, hurls evil upon us in a myriad forms; while evil itself loses all its malignity when it is seen to be the rod of God's discipline, not the scourge of His vengeance.

[1] "Theism"—Davidson.

[2] "Science, Nescience and Faith."

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The goal of human evolution is far beyond us yet, but a glance at its past progress may enable us to perceive its trend, and how evil has helped to keep men's footsteps to the track. We need not attempt to unravel the story of that pre-human ancestry from whose obscurity man emerged, though even in these early stages evil, in the form of suffering, want, strife, danger, and fear, fulfilled its beneficent purpose of developing body and quickening mind. Indeed, it is still to be found in this form in the pains by which Nature protects us from many kinds of injury. We might roast to death at our firesides if heat had no sting for us, or bleed to death unconsciously if a wound gave no pain, or perish without the help of a physician but for the warning pangs of disease. In cases such as these, where our own conduct is a factor, it is easy to recognise the utility of evil as an educating influence. But in the case of evils which are not connected, or not directly connected with conduct, the question is certainly more obscure. The earthquake or the hurricane, for instance, are wholly unrelated to human action, and their havoc brings no intelligible message to us. The same may be said of the hereditary disease which burdens its victim with apparently unprovoked evil, or the so-called accident which strikes down a useful life, thereby spreading misery which seems both unmerited and aimless. To what useful end, it may be asked, do evils like these minister, or what tokens do they reveal of a benevolent purpose? The answer is not easy: but before passing judgment, we must remember that we have only a fraction of the facts before us. Rarely, if ever, can we know in full even the present conditions of the particular case, and of those which belong to the past or the future we can know nothing. Moreover, even where the mystery seems darkest, good is not seldom seen to arise from the evil which appeared to be purposeless or cruel, in the form of energies stimulated, character braced, or latent qualities brought to light. Consequently, though we may not be able to apprehend the full import of such evils as these, it is not unreasonable to suppose

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that a more complete knowledge might reveal to us their value in the Divine scheme, by which creation works under its appointed conditions to its appointed end.

But when the stage of distinctive humanity is attained, evil which is related to conduct speedily assumes the most important place, and becomes a powerful influence in shaping that moral development which is peculiarly and exclusively human. Animal evolution is confined almost entirely to the interests of the individual. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, since it is worked out in that stern struggle for survival in which the interests of the individual must be paramount, even though, in the transient parental instincts, we may find the germs of the altruism which is to come. But the full growth of this only becomes possible when animal consciousness is replaced by human self-consciousness, and there dawns upon the Self an awareness of other Selves, full of the same riotous egoism, and equally bent on asserting it. Collisions between these primitive human units are frequent and violent, till, taught painfully by the evil which such collisions engender, the conflicting Selves are schooled into a rude respect for each other's interests. From this moment the principle of altruism, which is at the root of all moral progress, is established, but without evil it could hardly have seen the light. It matters little in this connection whether some germinal idea of the distinction between right and wrong is innate in us, or whether these conceptions are wholly derived from our experiences of pleasure and pain; for in either case pain or evil to the offender is the sanction by which the moral law is enforced. Where man's duty to his neighbour is concerned, the penalty of the savage's wrongdoing is to be found in the retaliation inflicted upon him by his injured fellow savage. A similar penalty awaits the wrongdoing of the civilised man in the organised retribution of public or social law; but apart from these external penalties, he has also to reckon with the subtler pain which springs from the reproaches of conscience or the pangs of remorse. And at this point morality enters upon a higher

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phase. In the earlier stages of moral development the authority of the right rested on a basis of sullen dread, or, at best, a peddling calculation that honesty was the best policy. Low as this standpoint may seem, no other was then possible. It would be idle to preach the beauty of holiness to a savage who was still learning the first lessons of duty under the stern discipline of evil. But from this compulsory observance of duty there gradually springs up a sense of approval of the right, independently of the penalties which avenge its violation; and in the goodness to which we have been driven by the wholesome chastisement of evil, we now recognise a treasure to be prized for its own sake. Shepherded by these influences into the right path, man finds it grow easier beneath his feet, till at length the moment comes when he begins to perceive whither it is leading him. And in the light of this new dawn he can discern the outlines of the Divine purpose which is working to its end in creation, and that he too, as God's agent, may minister to its achievement. Morality, in its deepest and broadest sense, is now seen to lie in the furtherance of this purpose, and as conduct grows ever more conformable to it, duty will melt into love, and evil, its weary task accomplished, will fade away into the mists of the past. It may be said that egoism is the incentive to all progress, and cannot be eliminated from human society without laying the whole fabric in ruins. But this threat need not dismay us, for when altruism in its perfection shall be attained, mankind will have transcended their humanity, and will be ready to pass onwards into conditions of existence where egoism is needed no more.

When we recognise frankly, what all the facts point to, namely, that the Deity in His relation to man works under conditions—self-imposed it may be—but still conditions, which preclude the exercise of omnipotence, then, and not till then, can we dispel the doubts which cluster round the conception of a Divine author of evil. By this means only can we escape the conclusion that creation must be tainted with a Divine malignance, or frame any explanation of evil which does not

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outrage the intelligence by its unreason, or shock the moral sense by its injustice. We may treat with all tenderness the uncritical devotion which thought to honour the Deity by a lavish ascription of attributes, some of which were meaningless as applied to the absolute, and others were impossible as applied to any personal manifestation of it. But we have swept out of the shadow of this past into a newer day, which brings with it fuller knowledge and clearer thought; and we cannot with reason assent any longer to misconceptions which are possible only to a cruder faith. There is mystery enough in the world around us from which we cannot escape, and before which we can only bow in silence, but we need not add to this a mystery which lies, not so much in the truth of things, as in the vagaries of human thought. The mystery of evil owes its mysteriousness chiefly to the incongruous attributes with which earlier thought invested its author. Clear away these disfigurements, and the moral reproach of the mystery will disappear with them, and evil, freed from all that is malignant, may then find place in the Divine scheme, as a stern but faithful minister of its benign purpose.

NORMAN PEARSON.

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ON THE LINE

The King's Threshold: and On Baile's Strand. Being Volume III. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeates. (Bullen, 8s. 6d. net.) It seems to us a strange thing, that the poems and plays of Mr. Yeats can be bought for money. They are of such ethereal quality that we might look to pay for them in rays of the sun or the moon. Yet, as he says himself, it was the poets who first invented gold and silver:

> If you are a poet,
> Cry out that the king's money would not buy,
> Nor the high circle consecrate his head,
> If poets had never christened gold, and even
> The moon's poor daughter, that most whey-faced metal,
> Precious.

Mr. Robert Bridges once used the beauty of silver and gold as a powerful argument against a Socialist; here it is thrown in the face of a king, the reproof lying apparently in the fact that he would never have found out the value of money, if poets had not happened to take a fancy to it, on account of the colour. However that may be, the little book itself is fairy gold in everything except the tiresome tendency to vanish. There is nothing for lovers of poetry to do but to buy it, and it is not their fault if they get something that money could never buy.

Of the two plays, the first is, to our thinking, the finer. Although there are several persons, there are only three

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characters—a king, a poet, and a rickety, rheumatic old man, who speaks the prologue and makes all the objections that would be rife among an audience, if he had not made and answered them at the beginning. It is a most ingenious plan, since it completely forestalls criticism. Stevenson did something of the same kind in a spirited preface to "The Wrecker," reviewing his own work with a frankness and a grace that no critic from the outside could have approached. The struggle is between the will of a king of things visible, and the will of a king of things invisible, *i.e.*, the poet. Definitions of poetry are common enough elsewhere. Mr. Yates gives an exquisite specimen.

> One of the fragile mighty things of God
> That die at an insult.

Was ever the undefinable joy of all the earth more beautifully defined than in those lines?

The right to sit at the king's table has been the poet's always—a sign of the esteem in which poetry is held in the land. The courtiers, the bishops, the soldiers, the sailors, grudge him this right, because he is not a practical man. They persuade the king (so the king says), that he ought to do away with it. The poet may sit at any other table that he likes—not at that table. Very well then, says the poet, he will eat nothing, he will drink nothing, and he will die on the king's threshold; and he begins to die forthwith. When the play begins, he has been dying these three days, to the great annoyance of the king, for the country people are fond of poets, and the death of this one will literally lie at his door. One after another, all his friends come to Shanahan,[1] begging him to yield, tempting him with food and with wine. His father entreats him; only his mother will send no message, for she alone knows it to be useless. His favourite disciple tells him (tenderly) that it is nonsense, but goes away, confuted out of his own mouth. The little princesses, the daughters of the king, come to him,

[1] We prefer to spell the poet's name as it is pronounced.

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their hands full of gifts; he thrusts them forth as if they were contaminated. At last his sweetheart comes.

> If I had eaten when you bid me, sweetheart,
> The kiss of multitudes in times to come
> Had been the poorer.

Here is faith in her glory. The heroism of dying for what every one sees to be a good cause looks pale beside the heroism of dying for what every one thinks folly.

> Un fou qui meurt nous lègue un Dieu.

There are a few who understand. After Fedehm come the pupils, with halters round their necks—and word from the king that he will hang them if Shanahan will not give way. The pupils, however, are true to their master. From the eldest to the youngest, they bid him stand firm.

> Die, Shanahan, and proclaim the right of the poets.

At the supreme moment the king yields. With his own hand he sets the crown on the head of the poet, who has greater power over men than he. And then Shanahan gives it back to him.

> O crown, O crown,
> It is but right if hands that made the crown
> In the old time should give it when they will.
> O silver trumpets be you lifted up
> And cry to the great race that is to come.
> Long-throated swans among the waves of time
> Sing loudly, for beyond the wall of the world
> It waits and it may hear and come to us.

He ought to have died, say some of the modern representatives of the poet who do not sit at the king's table—and do not see why they should. But, as the rickety old man explains at the beginning, he could not die; he is poetry.

The motive of the other play, "*On Baile's Strand*," is the eternal Theseus-and-Hippolytus, Sohrab-and-Rustum, Father-and-Son motive—the slaying of his first-born by Cuchullain, which was sung by Mr. Yeats, long ago in a fine lyric. It is a greater subject than Maeterlinck chooses, as a rule, but the

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treatment of it often recalls his earlier manner. There are so many kings! There are young kings and old kings, and a fool and a blind man, and there were "two dragons fighting in the foam of the sea, and their grandam was the moon, and nine Queens came along the shore," and "their right hands were all made of silver." We seem to have been wafted into the queer country of the Belgian Shakespeare, a very different country from that of the English. However, it is only Ireland; these things happen quite easily over there, and they happen to the accompaniment of far more musical words. We are baulked of the fight itself, which seems a pity. They will not like that in the Emerald Isle. The lines in which another, a more enduring conflict, is described, must be loved everywhere.

CUCHULLAIN: What manner of woman do you like the best?
A gentle or a fierce?
FIRST YOUNG KING: A gentle, surely.
CUCHULLAIN: I think that a fierce woman's better, a woman
That breaks away when you have thought her won,
For I'd be fed and hungry at one time.
I think that all deep passion is but a kiss
In the mid battle, and a difficult peace
'Twixt oil and water, candles and dark night,
Hill-side and hollow, the hot-footed sun,
And the cold sliding slippery-footed moon,
A brief forgiveness between opposites
That have been hatreds for three times the age
Of this long 'stablished ground . . . .
One is content awhile
With a soft warm woman who folds up our lives
In silky network. Then, one knows not why,
But one's away after a flinty heart.
THE YOUNG KING: How long can the net keep us?
CUCHULLAIN: All our lives
If there are children, and a dozen moons
If there are none, because a growing child
Has so much need of watching, it can make
A passion that's as changeable as the sea
Change till it holds the wide world to its heart.
At least I have heard a father say it, but I
Being childless do not know it.

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William Shakespeare, His Family and Friends. By the late Charles Isaac Elton. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. With a Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. (Murray. 15*s.* net.) The late Mr. Elton was an antiquarian of large research and considerable judgment. This interesting volume sheds abundant dry light on its fascinating theme. The dryness of that light is due partly to the state in which the contents were found. They are, in fact, archæological rambles—*mémoires à servir*, rather than ordered essays. They form notes random yet precise, full yet pregnant, with regard not only to the domain of their subject, but also to its boundaries and border-lands, and they must remain invaluable to any future depictor of the poet and his friends in their habit as they lived. The outlines are wide, varied and minute, rather than large and lively. The whole book is more a work of survey rather than of art, and from such a map neither atmosphere nor portraiture are to be expected. Even if Mr. Elton had lived to shape his material, we doubt if his temperament would have enabled the explorer to turn painter. His extraordinary acquaintance with the laws and customs of land-tenure, with pedigree and phraseology, while it illuminates much that has been obscure in Shakespeare's origin and connections, is hardly a source of strength when Mr. Elton comes to consider coincidences and sidelights. His rod, in fact, is of the sort that demarcates far more than divines, and there is occasionally something of the conveyancer in his style. And so it happens that these "curiosities of Shakespeare," as they might well be called, lack that poetic perception which is perhaps necessary for the portrayer of a poet. But, if the enchanter's wand be missing, a judicial faculty of the highest order, a broad grasp of difficult details, an untiring and informing knowledge, a wide acquaintance with the contemporary literature, an intimate familiarity with local nature, are in striking evidence, while the curious union of extreme accuracy, with some want of connected sequence, gives one the impression of a gypsy scholar. It would be ungracious to cavil, but

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we must not omit the drawbacks while we glance at the perfections. Mr. Elton was a master of technicalities not only archæological and legal, but also grammatical and etymological. He shows us, for example, that the word "rooky," even when used in relation to the "night bird," has nothing to do with "rooks," but owns the same derivation as "reek," and means "steamy" or "vaporous." He is anxious to prove that the word "russet" does not signify "red," and he maintains by illustrations that its true meaning is "homely." He does not perceive that this is a derivative sense, and that "russet" is "homely" because common cloaks were red. Much of this kind of half-perception is scattered throughout the volume. He constantly discovers resemblances to Shakespearean turns or proverbs in similar language elsewhere, which manifestly owns not a copied but a common origin. A crowning example of this defect is to be found in his elaborate comments on the Latin epitaph ascribed to the poet's son-in-law, Mr. (or Dr.) Hall:

> Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

"Olympus habet" is surely a trope trite enough, yet fully two pages are devoted to tracing its assumed origin. "Was it then from London, or from Friesland, or, with far less likelihood from the Isle of Cyprus, that Mr. Hall derived his Olympian metaphor?" asks Mr. Elton, and he answers his own riddle by quoting from Francis Rous:

> That soul which mounted on Olympus' hill
> In sacred spirits and the Muses' traine.

So again in his most interesting chapter on "Ward's *Diary*," and the influences of Shakespeare's writings upon it, Mr. Elton goes out of his way to connect Ward's "No comet or prodigie tolls us the bell of our departure" with Shakespeare's

> Never till to-night, never till now,
> Did I go through a tempest dropping fire;

and his emphasis of "fires in the element" boding Cæsar's

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death. Surely the signals of portents are trodden ground in all the literature of the period without any need of being tracked to a particular source. Then again in his charming essay on Shakespeare's Natural History, where Mr. Elton, pressing Gerard into service rightly, tells us that "Heart's Ease" or "Love-in-Idleness belongs to the yellow wall-flower used for a cordial against melancholy, he goes strangely astray with regard to pansies. "'That's for thoughts,' said Ophelia," comments Mr. Elton, "but 'pansy' and 'fancy' are not unlike in sound, and it was probably to this accident that the 'pretty Paunce' owed its amatory character." He shuts his eyes to the obvious derivation from *pensée*. We cannot, however, resist quoting from an admirable passage in this portion of Mr. Elton's treatment:

> We may note that Shakespeare evidently loved strength and brightness in his trees and flowers. He prefers the bold oxlip to the pale-faced company in the primrose path; the dim violets are loved for their marvellous sweetness, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;" his daffodils are not the twin-bellied flowers of the South, but the old Crusader's daffodils, "white as the sun, though pale as a lily," which Ray found growing in crowds on his journeys through Arden. If we looked with the poet into the cottage gardens, we should find among the favourites the bright and jewelled Crown Imperial, the great Mary lilies in sheaves, and the golden Flower-de-luce. . .

But the class of imperception indicated is not confined merely to pedantries. It peeps out in many biographical criticisms, notably, we think, in the attempt to prove that Shakespeare's bequest of his second best bed to his wife does not imply anything but unchequered affection; though the surmise that Mrs. Shakespeare may have suffered during her later years from derangement of mind is ingenious and has many slight indications to support it. In these regards, too, there are some striking omissions. We should have expected Mr. Elton, for instance, to have remembered and mentioned the trial of Dr. Lopez, and the substitution of one "Daniel" as judge in commission. To these events there are many covert allusions in the *Merchant of Venice*, notably "A Daniel come to judg-

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ment" and *wolfish* cruelty. Nor does Mr. Elton include any reference to the treatise on madness—a problem which evidently haunted Shakespeare both in *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*—by Mr. Hall, his son-in-law.

For all that Mr. Elton has to tell us of the origins and surroundings of the Shakespeare family our praise is unqualified. We have no space to pursue the recondite and most interesting details presented with convincing force about the Ardens of Wilmcote and the Shakespeares of Snitterfield. The history, too, of Shakespeare's daughters, their husbands and descendants, is pursued with extraordinary and certain conversance, and much hitherto unknown or forgotten is unearthed. We can follow the Halls and Quineys through all their vicissitudes, till our regret for the loss of those Shakespeare letters which disappeared after Lady Barnard's death becomes one of experience. The exact date of Shakespeare's own marriage is fixed with unerring patience; none the less, however, we long to know more of Anne Hathaway's personality, which is untouched. Very enlightening, too, is Mr. Elton's complete exposition of the forms and ways of the theatres, of the careers and characters of Shakespeare's brother actors, of the "Boys' Horse Brigade" which Shakespeare joined when he came to London, of the poet's various residences, of Ben Jonson's arrogant exuberance, of the real date and occasion of the Masque in the *Tempest*, the philosophy of which, however, escapes treatment in the complications of the story's lineage. This is a real disappointment; we might have hoped for some mention of Giordano Bruno's visit to England, and that philosopher's probable intimacy with Sidney and Southampton. Very interesting, too, are all the many notes made by the author as naturalist. We see how observant of bird and beast, of falconry and hawking, was this most intuitive of poetical creators; how, too, he mastered without effort and with exactness every department of knowledge which he gleaned from others. Mr. Elton accompanies the dramatist on his road through Buckinghamshire to London; he dwells on the

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traditional connection of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with the still unaltered village of Grendon; he sketches the vanished palaces and pleasaunces of the now vast city with masterful faithfulness; he shows us its laws and landmarks, even to the curious account of Income-tax assessment in 1598. He lingers, moreover, with fond familiarity over everything relative to Shakespeare's native resting-place, and reproduces Dowdall's curious description of it in 1698. In these days of Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, it is amusing to find that even at this period it was maintained that Marlowe was Shakespeare.

We lay down Mr. Elton's volume with a desire to peruse it again. We seem to have been wandering in a maze which is also a museum. Every object is in order, but the paths are devious. Our only lack is one of bright skies and warm colours; but of what avail are these when the structure of the landscape and the measurements of the perspective are awry?

This short review should not be closed without a tribute to Mr. Thompson's admirable editorship; the task of identifying so many and so many rare quotations must have been especially difficult. Nor should we omit a mention of Mr. A. Lang's graceful and appreciative memoir.

A Channel Passage and Other Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.) The trite criticisms of Mr. Swinburne's style—its trained vehemence, its monotonous lilt of metre, and alliteration, its spasmodic frenzy of phrase—too often ignore the temperament of his poesy, and survey him wholly, as it were, from the outside. Mr. Swinburne is eminently the poet of moods and phases and sensations. It would be as vain to exact from him sustained passion, plastic creativeness, or subtle lights and shades of thought or feeling, as to demand outbursts from Wordsworth, dramatic power from Burns, philosophy from Byron, or fantasy from Pope. Mr. Swinburne is a lyrical poet, and as a lyrical poet he should be judged.

"Oh for a life of sensations instead of thoughts!" once

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wrote Keats to a friend. Luckily for his own gift it was not wholly in this orbit that Keats moved. Luckily for Mr. Swinburne's, it is wholly in this orbit that he moves, or rather swings himself drastically along; while he has shown the true instinct of genius, seldom attempting to transcend his native sphere; and if he employs an artificial medium it is to express and heighten rudimentary instincts.

This last volume of a now veteran favourite displays the old qualities. Here are all the familiar and violent enthusiasms, for liberty, for love, for living, for republicanism, for patriotism, for Greek fire, for the beauty of tempest in the elements alike of nature and existence. The tone is occasionally more subdued, the paganism is a trifle less aggressive; there is perhaps more glimmering of the love heavenly, and less of the love profane. But Mr. Swinburne is the old Mr. Swinburne still. He is eminently what Heine called "a protestant of the flesh," and in this sense he continues to be a child of the renaissance. But it is in this sense only. For all his conversance with the classics, for all his Attic dithyrambs, Mr. Swinburne is not classical. He is wholly "subjective." And although his Gallophobia is so pronounced as sometimes to become ridiculous he is really at the root a child of the French Revolution. It is just this union of the humanist and the humanitarian that makes a dispassionate survey of his romping child's-play with the gods so interesting. Nor should one other point be neglected in this slight prelude. It has been the fashion to taunt Mr. Swinburne with sound and fury. This taunt is hardly one born of true insight. With Mr. Swinburne, as with all strictly lyrical, or even with mainly rhetorical singers, feeling rushes impetuously into sound; the sound in its turn prompts fresh feeling. It would be as vain to reproach Keats with the sound-suggestion of his "Silent upon a Peak in Darien," or Shelley with his unearthly music, as to impugn as empty the comparative patter of

> Living and lustrous and rapturous as love that is born but to quicken and lighten and die.

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in the medley of emotions which heads the collection before us, and transforms the prose of a Channel passage (with all its incentives to parody) into a wild psalm of the mad thunderstorm. It is just in episodes of this description, but at times and in lines when the sound neither exaggerates nor belies the feeling, that the poet shines. Take this from his "Hawthorn Tide":

Never was amaranth fairer in fields where heroes of old found rest,
Never was asphodel sweeter; but here they endure not long,
Though ever the sight that salutes them again and adores them awhile is blest,
And the heart is a hymn, and the sense is a soul, and the soul is a song;

or this, of the Divine Master in "The Altar of Righteousness":

A presence passed and abode but on earth a span,
And love's own light as a river before him ran,
And the name of God for awhile upon earth was man;

or these from the ringing "A Word for the Navy":

At the gate of the sea, in the gateway
They stood as the guards of thy gate;
Take now but thy strengths to thee straightway,
Though late, we will deem it not late.

Thy story, thy glory,
The very soul of thee,
It rose not, it grows not,
It comes not save by sea.

Each of these three instances prove of what the very defects of Mr. Swinburne's choric style are capable, when the sounds do not outjump the meaning, and when the meaning rises from a swell of soul instead of from a froth of anger. Of the latter, unfortunately, instances abound. Mr. Swinburne's faults are not without a certain vulgarity, and they lend themselves to, as it were, a melodrama of the passions. His right-minded worship of Nelson does not excuse, to our mind, tirades like the following from "The Centenary of the Battle of the Nile":

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The strong and sunbright lie whose name was France,
Arose against the sun of truth, whose glance
Laughed large from the eyes, fierce as fire,
Whence eyes wax blind that gaze on truth askance;

or these from "A Word for the Navy":

Dark Muscovy, reptile in rancour,
Base Germany, blatant in guile,
Lay wait for thee riding at anchor,
On waters that whisper and smile.

Nor can we hold that Shakespeare's praise is enhanced by

None that hate
The commonweal whose empire sets men free
Find comfort there, where once by grace of fate
A soul was born as boundless as the sea.
If life, if love, if memory now be thine,
Rejoice that still thy Stratford bears thy sign;

nor Gladstone's blame by

No; the lust of life, the thirst for work and days with work to do in,
Drove and drives him down the road of splendid shame.
All is well, if o'er the monument recording England's ruin
Time shall read, inscribed in triumph, Gladstone's name.

The fact is, that something of the elfin clings to Mr. Swinburne and occasionally prevents his public from taking him as seriously as we think that he ought to be taken. His raptures too often do not compel reverence, least of all when he exalts the Titanic. Nor is his wonderful swing of metre without blemishes in this volume. There are occasions, doubtless, when long monosyllabic lines heighten or relieve effect. Yet what are we to say of this one?

Shoots up as a shaft from the dark depths shot, sped straight into sight of the sun.

But here cavil ends. We are grateful for much that is beautiful and ennobling. Mr. Swinburne is a true lover of English freedom, and his are freeman's verses, although, like Landor, he is always "Ultimus Romanorum." In politics a

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republican stoic, in outlook a turbulent epicurean, at heart a devotee of self-sacrifice, and peaceful homesteads, and lovely children, he presents strange contrasts; but at one point these contrasts are reconciled. No one, not even Carlyle or Ruskin or Disraeli, has combated the hard materialism of Mammon with loftier scorn, or warred against mere utilitarianism with fiercer onslaughts. We cannot illustrate Mr. Swinburne's gentler and quieter aspects more aptly than by quoting a few stanzas from what seems to us the most exquisite poem of this series—"At a Dog's Grave," which rivals another on babyhood—"Three Weeks Old":

Good night, we say, when comes the time to win
The daily death divine that shuts up night,
Sleep that assures for all who dwell therein,
Good night.

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to upward plight,
Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin?
Good night.

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

White violets there by hands more sweet than they
Planted shall sweeten April's flowerful air
About a grave that shows to-night and day
White violets there.

A child's light hands, whose touch makes flowers more fair,
Keep fair as these for many a March and May
The light of days that are because they were
It shall not like a blossom pass away;
It broods and brightens with the days that bear
Fresh fruits of love, but leave as love might pray,
White violets there.

It has become the fashion lately to accuse Mr. Kipling of a

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growing tendency to obscurity, and even of a deliberate affectation of "Browningisms." Some critics find in him a mere collector of curious philological ware; of words selected after great pains and much research; or, haply, picked up by lucky accident; words recondite, obsolescent, or abstrusely technical. Of these the present volume (**Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan, 6s.**) contains some very fair specimens, *e.g.*, "thranite and thalamite," "dromond and catafract," "gadgets and tiffies"; although we are more inclined to quarrel with him for the manner in which his plots sometimes "keep you guessing"—as the hero of his first story would put it—than for any virtuosity of diction. Others there be who revolt against the raw realism of his descriptive details, and it must be confessed that to these the new book will give occasion to blaspheme. In four out of the first six tales, some one or other of the *dramatis personæ* is "overcome with nausea,"—we use a pale euphemism which the author himself would be the first to contemn. In a fifth, the drunken marine, who is sitting cross-legged upon the floor, announces more than once that if he opens his eyes he also will succumb. Mr. Kipling's titles are generally striking, though their exact connection with the subject-matter is sometimes a little to seek; but we were tempted to think that "Traffics and Discoveries" was a second choice, his first having been anticipated by the eponymous poem of Mr. Swinburne's latest volume.

There are still other critics who hold that the line of demarcation between the author's prose and some of his verse is occasionally so faint as to be scarcely distinguishable. These again will probably note with satisfaction that the phrase

> She flung up her tail like a sounding whale

is not an intentional parody on the "Ballad of East and West,"

> He trod the ling like a buck in spring.

but occurs in a dazzlingly vivid prose description of a flying motor-car.

The first story tells of an enterprising American, who is

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smart enough to invent an automatic gun and a new explosive, with but one fault, the too mathematical uniformity of its propelling power; but who is frankly unable to understand either the methods of British warfare or the mentality of British officers. The second is pure farce, but farce of a very admirable kind. The third is of higher quality. Umr Singh, who has picked the marks of rank, and the silver chain, and the Order of British India from his uniform, and become bearer, butler, sweeper, grass-cutter, "any or all of them," for the sake of "Kurban Sahib, my Kurban Sahib, dead these three months," is a very lonely and pathetic figure at the beginning of his long desolate journey from Kroonstadt to "Sialkote in the Punjab." The plot is marred, to our thinking, by the introduction of that touch of mysticism which Mr. Kipling usually wields with such subtle effect. The sudden appearance, just "beyond the camp," of their dead Sahib's ghost, when Umr Singh and Sikandar Khan are on the point of hanging his traitorous murderers, is a trifle theatrical. It is also somewhat disappointing to all true lovers of poetic justice.

"Private Copper" is irritating for one of the reasons mentioned above. We have read the story carefully, and are still unable to see why a prisoner taken from the Boers should be made to talk *pukka bazaar chi-chi*, and to fall into fluttering hysterics, after the traditional manner of the nervous Eurasian, in face of the fact that his captor has examined his finger-nails (an infallible test) and definitely pronounced that "there is not a sign of it there."

If "The Finest Story in the World" had never been written "Wireless" would probably have attracted more attention. As it is, this latter dallying with the theory of reincarnation lacks that element of conviction which was the strongest factor in the author's earlier masterpiece. Many civilised people—instance the Japanese—believe that the veil is occasionally lifted between themselves as they are to-day, and as they were in a former state of existence. These glimpses of forgotten dreams have a fascination for most of us, but the

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"Herzian wave of tuberculosis," *plus* Fanny Brand, *plus* chloric ether, *plus* "the superb glasses—red, green, and blue"—which throw up temporarily an induced Keats, all these touchings of things common come perilously near to burlesque, and again the *deus ex machinâ* reminds us of a pantomime goblin. In the course of the story the author affirms that

> in all the millions permitted them there are no more than five—five little lines of which one can say: These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry.

Two of these are from the "Ode to a Nightingale," three from the "Vision of Kubla Khan." We wonder if Mr. Kipling forgot, or if he purposely omitted, what De Quincey calls

> that unique line—the finest independent line through all the records of verse,
>
> 'A lady of the lake
> Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance'?

The very striking allegory entitled "Below the Mill Dam" appeared in our own pages.

"They" is, to our thinking, one of the best stories Mr. Kipling has ever written, from the opening verses of "The Return of the Children"

> Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor the cherubs' dove-winged races—
> Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome,
> Plucking the radiant robes of the passers-by, and with pitiful faces
> Begging what Princes and Powers refused:—Ah, please will you let us go home?
>
> Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping, ran to them Mary the Mother,
> Kneeled and caressed and made promise with kisses, and drew them along to the gateway—
> Yea, the all-iron unbribeable Door which Peter must guard and none other.
> Straightway She took the Keys from his keeping, and opened and freed them straightway.

to the last scene of all, a passage which few whose best-beloved have gone before them will read without a swift, stabbing pang:

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The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the all-faithful half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago. Then I knew.

And the blind woman, whose great unsatisfied love had summoned back the spirits of dead children,

recovered herself and half rose. I sat still in my chair by the screen. "Don't think me a wretch to whine about myself like this, but—but I'm all in the dark you know, and *you* can see." In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve, though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay, since it was the last time.

It is only a few years since the readers on two continents were following, day by day, the newspaper bulletins which told how a father and child lay sick unto death in a New York hotel. The one was taken, and the other left. He is not much given to self-revelation, but we think we know why Rudyard Kipling could never return to the ancient house with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tiles; and why he wrote "They."

Lectures on European History. By W. Stubbs, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford, &c. Edited by Arthur Hassall. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—It is impossible to do more in a short article than point out some principal features in so weighty a book. Bishop Stubbs was known to historians as their superior, to undergraduates preparing for examination as the hardest nut in the dish set before them, to the reading public generally as a remote literary or perhaps scientific fact, but to humble students of history a light in the darkness and one whose knowledge gave him a right to generalise.

"These three Lectures," says the Editor, "form an historical drama, in which the reign of Charles V. is the first, the period from his death to the beginning of the seventeenth century the second, and the Thirty Years War is the third act"—the period of the Reformation and Anti-Reformation, and of the struggle between the two.

No reader of Bishop Stubbs would expect to find these events treated of entirely from the religious point of view.

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He knew as well as any one that wars of religion and ecclesiastical settlements have a secular side. Charles V. was King of Spain as well as Catholic King. The Reformation was neither entirely a contest of light with darkness nor a rebellion against religion. The Catholic reaction was a reaction to the profit of absolutism, the Protestant interest in the Thirty Years War became the interest of France, and her success laid a foundation for Lewis XIV.'s wars of aggression. Roughly speaking, the settlement of 1648, which extended the French frontier, also fixed the limits of Catholic and Protestant States, and gave the German princes a relief from Imperial interference, and so perpetuated that difference between Northern and Southern Germany on which 1871 set the seal. The people counted for nothing in these proceedings: but from the sense of independence secured by the princes might and did grow up among the northern principalities a sense of German unity, in spite of jealousy and particularism, to be fostered by preachers, poets, and dreamers, and bear surprising fruits.

The Bishop is less cautious and neutral as a lecturer than as a writer of history. His sympathies are with things established. He parts from Charles V. "with some little liking, and some considerable respect." He seems to think that to be "an unrelenting, unscrupulous persecutor" like Tilly may be excused by "strong convictions." We imagine that the devil has strong convictions. On the other hand he allowsGustavus Adolphus the praise of "transcendent ability and perfect honesty."

No historian is more averse than Stubbs to cheap and easy results, showy generalisations and stage-light effects. He is the antipodes of Macaulay, and more sober than Freeman, in whom the scholar and the partisan never quite settled their differences. Such balance of opinion, when we want to hear a judgment from one who has authority, is tantalising. It is refreshing, then, when we find him sometimes giving us a view with something of a bias; for even if we do not like the bias, there is likely to be more truth in a warm opinion than in a cold one.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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	Page
RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND M. JOSEPH PRUDHOMME—LAURENCE JERROLD	1
THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENT—LEONARD COURTNEY	15
THE ORGANISATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES—G. F. SHEE	22
THE MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE—I—(*Illustrated*)—THE EARL EGERTON OF TATTON	33
CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE—WILFRID WARD	54
ELIZABETHAN CRIME-PLAYS—J. SLINGSBY ROBERTS	75
RHODESIA AND THE CHARTER—I. DOBBIE	94
BAYEUX TAPESTRY—J. HORACE ROUND	109
LIBERAL CLUBS AND THE LIBERAL PARTY—W. J. FISHER (late Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*)	127
MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS—REGINALD HUGHES	137
THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE—ALFRED FELLOWS	146
ON THE LINE	158

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (NOVEMBER).

JAPANESE BARBARISM—X

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT—SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, M.P.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—SIDNEY BROOKES

SULTAN MURAD V.—KHALIL SAADEH

THE SALVATION ARMY—JOHN MANSON

TIBET: THE TREATY AND TRADE—CHARLES E. D. BLACK

THE SECRET OF THE TEMPLARS—F. LEGGE

"CONCERNING ONE OLD WOMAN"—GLEB OUSPENSKY

THE REVIVAL OF GAELIC IN IRELAND—T. O. RUSSELL

INSTINCT IN THE MAKING—G. T. TRAADALE-BUCKELL

EVIL—NORMAN PEARSON

ON THE LINE

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RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND M. JOSEPH PRUDHOMME

SOME inquirers go to the Paris papers for their impressions of French public opinion, which are queerly mixed in consequence; others go to the Quai d'Orsay, where they are received with exquisite urbanity. But the real authority to consult is Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme. He is not dead; he never was more alive than now, since he was created by Henry Monnier, and, having been enrolled in the National Guard, and having girt his sabre about him, uttered those memorable words: "This sabre is the proudest day of my existence, and I will wield it at the peril of my life to defend the Constitution of my country, or, if needful, to overthrow it." There is now no National Guard, and the very word "Constitution" in French has an early nineteenth-century flavour about it. But M. Joseph Prudhomme still possesses an admirable genius for summing up in gems of rhetoric the voices of his countrymen. Every true son of French soil is in moments first cousin to M. Joseph Prudhomme. If we record how M. Joseph Prudhomme's views towards England and Russia have altered in the last two years, the birth and growth of the *Entente Cordiale*, and the weakening hold of the Franco-Russian Alliance on popular French feeling will be explained.

There are three landmarks in the recent tide of events, as M. Joseph Prudhomme would say: King Edward's visit to Paris at the end of April 1908; the outbreak of the Russo-

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Japanese War in February 1904; and the Hull outrage last October. In the eighteen months interval between the first and last events, M. Joseph Prudhomme has entirely reconstructed his philosophy of the *haute politique*. It is as all-embracing and final as ever, but the solutions of every problem in European politics which it propounds could not have been suggested in 1902 without stirring it to that patriotic emotion which transposes a serene philosophy into a generous fury. The portentous dogmatisms with which the air of political Paris cafés is thick to-day are utterly different to the dogmatisms which permeated the atmosphere of two years ago. That is the great change which has come over French public opinion. We experience similar transformations in England, though our "man in the street" talks less large, using fewer Latin derivatives. In France, where everybody talks as a leader-writer writes, there has been not more significant metamorphosis of opinion for a quarter of a century than within these last nineteen months. Every Englishman who was in Paris before King Edward's visit wonders, when he recalls the *haute politique* of those days. We never told you in England the actual state of affairs, as it was better to keep a cheerful face, and to hope. Now we can hardly believe our own recollections. Were we really hooted in the streets? Was a well-known Frenchman who happens to have taken in personal appearance after his English mother derided for an "Angliche" until he turned on his pursuers and slanged them in choice faubourien dialect? Were stones really shied at Englishwomen in the streets of Paris? It seems so far off, now that we are *gratissimi* millionaires, as we, of course, all are abroad. The street urchin then was only supporting by practical gesture the political philosophy of M. Joseph Prudhomme. When King Edward's visit was announced, there is no harm now—on the contrary—in saying that the first feeling of Englishmen in Paris was funk. It seemed such a risky thing to try. What would happen? One feared the worst, and never dreamt of hoping for the best, which actually did occur. It was to the eleventh hour a touch

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and go with the attitude of the French people. When Paris does "descend into the streets," it generally is for the purpose of suiting the action with stones, and occasionally firearms (though they never go off nowadays), to the words of M. Joseph Prudhomme's *haute politique*. The Parisian workman, though remaining the *gamin* grown up, usually has a solid element of the Joseph Prudhomme in his composition. With all his mercurial vivacity, he rests his ideas of life on a solemn Idea with a capital "I." About this he suffers no joking, and believes he would die for it, as it is quite possible he might. That is what we were all afraid of before the King's visit. "Mort aux Anglais!" summed up the *haute politique* of those days. The Joseph Prudhommes, over three glasses of beer in four hours, showed why it was the patriotic battle-cry of their country. It was the *delenda et Carthago* of every political café where the problems of European politics are settled nightly. Up to the very morning of the King's arrival there was no sign that the Parisian workman would not go forth and die for the Idea—that is to say, throw an egg, or otherwise "manifest," and be locked up. No wonder English residents feared. The merest hitch during the King's visit might have had even worse consequences than to postpone indefinitely the *Entente Cordiale*. That some hitch would occur then seemed a probability, as every Englishman who was in Paris at the time will agree.

The King arrived at the station of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne early on a sunny afternoon, drove down the Champs Elysées glittering with troops and moving with swarms of sightseers in springtide clothes, and heard only cheers and saw only waving hats and handkerchiefs. We could hardly believe our eyes and ears. That evening something must be brewing. The *haute politique* must put a stone into some idealist's fist, or, at least, a whistle (which in France expresses derision) to some street-boy's lips. English correspondents were nervously ubiquitous. Wherever they chanced not to be, something surely would happen. Whenever the King drove out, some

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patriot might demonstrate. The King passed, and it was "Vive Edouard!" all the way. One walked home, and everybody out for the night was asking everybody else, "As-tu vu Edouard?" Then we knew that the peace of Europe was safe and the *Entente Cordiale* cemented.

When the Russo-Japanese War broke out, M. Joseph Prudhomme began by discovering that the Japanese are Asiatics. The Yellow Peril was brought down from a musty shelf, and the most Prudhommesque of modern rulers pointed to as a prophet for having first denounced it in oracular word and obvious picture. Russia championed the Whites against the Yellows, and it was a new crusade. A portion of the Paris Press still echoes this early voice of the French people in February last, but M. Joseph Prudhomme has forgotten that he ever heard it or joined in. The second change in his *haute politique* did not come in a day, but it came in a few weeks. It was a steady but swift progress of disenchantment, and the crumbling of a superstition, hitherto carefully propped up by politicians and the Press in the name of patriotism, generally for party purposes. During the first week of the war, Russia, unaccountably, failed on sea. But wait till her mighty fist is brought down on land, said M. Joseph Prudhomme, for he believed in her. The French headquarters staff knew for a fact that before the outbreak of the war the Russian Army in Manchuria numbered 800,000 men, and this knowledge filtered down to political cafés, where officers are good customers. The Japanese landed and the Russians retired, to "lure them on," said M. Joseph Prudhomme. The Yalu was reached by the invaders, and it was impossible to blink the fact that there they beat their opponents. Silence reigned in political cafés for a time. The Bourse, on the other hand, had begun already to resound with loud opinions which had only been whispered previously. It was not long before business men could be heard during lunch and after Bourse hours cursing Russia deeply. They cursed with the more energy because they could do nothing else, being compelled to

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bolster up the enormous mass of Russian scrip held by French investors for fear of calamities far worse to the stockbroker than another—even an allied—nation's war. Meanwhile the period of silence and brooding for M. Joseph Prudhomme was passing. Before Liao Yang he had emerged from it with a totally transformed *haute politique*. When Liao Yang came, he said that he had told you so, and that the Russians might have known it. The Sha Ho only confirmed what he had been saying all along. Kuropatkin's proclamation, or the proclamation telegraphed to him from St. Petersburg, at first slightly shook the brand-new convictions of the Frenchman in the street. What if Kuropatkin were actually to do what he said he would do? The lamentable failure followed close on the boast, and the Russians fell lower in the estimation of the majority of the French people than in the days when Poles were the fashion in Paris and the polonaise gown was invented. Actually quite as much praise, and as sympathetic, of the defenders of Port Arthur has been heard in London as in Paris.

At the present time, in a portion of the French Press which is more self-important than representative; among a fair percentage of aristocratic society; perhaps in the majority of the large class which lives on small private means and has little to do with itself; and in a considerable part of the peasantry whose brains and habits move slowly, and who, having grown used to "Vive la Russie!" and Russian Imperial flags from the penny bazaar, continue to shout the former on fête-days and to hang the latter up in their wine-shops: in these sections of French public opinion Russia is still Europe fighting Asia, and it is still a case of "Whites *versus* Yellows crusade." But it would be difficult to find anywhere in the country a man who would not candidly confess that there is every probability of the Whites continuing to get the worst of it. The daily occupation of army officers who people provincial cafés is demonstrating on a marble table with dominoes, before and after the game, how it was, on the most recent occasion, that the

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Russians were beaten, and how entirely impossible it was under the circumstances that they should not have been beaten. Kuropatkin's great plan is no longer a popular topic of conversation. Staff-officers have lapsed into resolute silence on the subject of the war. The Rue St. Dominique was very badly let in by St. Petersburg regarding the military situation in Manchuria at the outbreak of the war. How is it to give greater credence to former boasts of military preparedness in Europe? Or rather, how can it avoid the too plain conclusion that this too was bluff, which Paris papers go on repeating is a Japanese invention? So much for Russophile France.

The proportion of the people which no longer pretends to be Russophile, and which may be estimated to have been multiplied by at least ten since February, is very tired of Russia and of Russian methods. The very small section of public opinion which was opposed from the outset to the alliance with Russia need merely be mentioned. The very great majority of the people welcomed the friendship of Russia with perfectly genuine, often gushing, but, after all, quite justifiable enthusiasm, as every one knows. That the Liberal Republican regretted the necessity for his country of accepting the alliance of such an autocracy as a means to an end is undoubted, but at the same time very few, even of the most uncompromising Socialists, were prepared to deny that the means was an effectual one, or to contest the commonsense proposition that the Franco-Russian alliance has helped France to regain her proper place in the councils of Europe. Now they have changed all that. French public opinion has been accused since the war of disloyalty towards an ally in a fix. What degree of loyalty had the ally shown to France before? For several years past the centre of intrigues against the Republican Government has been St. Petersburg. Official Russian society was a great deal more actively royalist than the Duc d'Orléans, and especially more Bonapartist than Prince Victor, whose one dread in life is that he will be harried away from his homely fireside in Belgium and bullied into

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being a conspirator *malgré lui*. The former French Ambassador in St. Petersburg openly led the agitation, and the former Russian Ambassador in Paris, or, to be more accurate, his *entourage*, responded by making it a daily business to deride M. Loubet in public a few years ago, to say nothing, of course, of mere Prime Ministers since. At one time, in fact, the Russian Embassy in Paris was bringing in General Louis Bonaparte from the Russian army to put him on the throne of France, but it never came off. Now, M. Joseph Prudhomme may, or may not, desire to shoot M. Combes, or other Frenchmen in power, but he naturally objects in any case to outsiders taking aim first. To the anti-Republicanism of St. Petersburg he soon found the commonsense repartee: "If we are not good enough for you, why condescend to borrow from us?"

In the latest operetta, the ingenuous M. de la Palice is compelled, by a combination of circumstances, to impersonate an Ambassador Extraordinary of France to Spain, and to carry through, on behalf of the real ambassador, a diplomatic mission with the nature of which he has not had time to acquaint himself. In Spain he is beset by cadgers. "I wonder why they are all at my purse," he murmurs; then the explanation flashes upon him. "Why, I represent France, of course." The house applauds with patriotic—the new sort of patriotic—enthusiasm. Business France has at last had enough of being "tapped" for loans by her ally. The enormous quantity of scrip held by French investors is kept up at present quotations, as every boursier will tell you frankly, only by the untiring efforts of the great French banks like the Crédit Lyonnais, acting on the direct counsel and entreaty of the French Government. If this bolstering policy were ever to be withdrawn, the consequences would be disastrous for the small French holder, who at the height of the Russophile enthusiasm was easily induced to place all his tiny capital at the service of the allied nation. All these accumulated capitals drawn from the "woollen

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stocking of France" are now being spent in carrying on unsuccessfully a war which, even if ever pursued to a victorious finish, can be of no earthly interest to France, and the immediate result of which, so far, has been to show up the weakness of the Colossus on whose strength she had relied. Is it a wonder that her loyalty to her ally has been badly shaken? Business men, moreover, have estimated the percentage of Russian expenditure on armaments by which French workshops have benefited, and have found that Russia is one of France's worst customers. This was, of course, perfectly well known before, at the very time when enraptured mothers held up their babies to be kissed by Admiral Avellan driving through the streets of Paris. But the true signs of the times are that French business men pretend to have only just discovered the fact, and that the great middle-class opinion, incarnated by M. Joseph Prudhomme, has taken up the revelation as a stock argument in its reconstructed *haute politique*, just as M. Joseph Prudhomme solemnly announces nowadays the startlingly new proposition that Great Britain is France's best all-round customer. It is true that the Baltic Fleet has been sent with the utmost expedition to the Far East by the Russian Admiralty, acting in concert with a ring of Franco-Russian financiers, for the express purpose of affording the Japanese the earliest possible opportunity, which they will not miss, of blowing it to pieces, so that profitable orders, bringing in fat commissions, may be placed as soon as can be with French naval dockyards. But this story (which originates from presumably serious business men, not from men on the boulevards) reflects, if believed, little credit on the ally, and, moreover, M. Joseph Prudhomme is now losing taste for the romantic and the Machiavellian, which is one of the secret explanations of the *Entente Cordiale*. "Give me common sense and plain fact!" he now cries. He never had a use for anything else, of course, in his private affairs, which no one can teach him how to manage; but now he wants common sense in his politics also, which is almost revolutionary. Who

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buys our butter, our eggs, our wine, our fruit, and bought our sugar until lately at half the price we paid for it ourselves? Who fills our most expensive hotels and keeps the Riviera flowing in prosperity? The Englishman, of course. M. Joseph Prudhomme now tells you this as his grand new discovery.

Political common sense? The war has shown him what it is not, on one side. The failure of autocracy in efficiency undoubtedly came as a revelation to him. It had seemed so simple an aphorism to lay it down that government by one man must make for unity of direction, expeditiousness in the discharge of public business, and prompt obedience of each muscle in the great organism to the single controlling brain. Such simple solutions must appeal *primâ facie* to the average French mind in the consideration of every problem. The brain commanded, or was supposed to command, and, of course, the muscles would not, or could not, obey. The whole machine controlled in theory by one mind broke down in practice, as it always has done. One can watch it daily breaking down in its own country in the smallest matters of public business. French opinion was vividly impressed by the obvious collapse of the beautifully simple theory of autocratic government. The war has had, at any rate, one entertaining result: the discovery by the man on the boulevards of the benefits of free institutions. He has enjoyed them on and off for a century or so, but since the vogue of the Franco-Russian Alliance it had been the fashion to say that they are doubtful blessings. Of course the French nation is quite incapable of submitting for a week to an autocratic regimen, but the café politician before last February nightly regretted for his country the lack of a master's strong hand and iron will. "Oh for a sword to lead us straight, a whip to purge our petty passions, a rod to inspire us again with our lost virtues of old!" were the Prudhommeries of a year ago. Every one who has met M. Joseph Prudhomme will recognise them. A public Press which carries its misuse of liberty to a thorough enjoyment of licence clamoured for the gagging of papers of different opinions. Citizens alternately agitated to

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obtain the right of free public speech, not yet inscribed among the Frenchman's liberties, and called upon a Dictator, who never came, to appear and restrict suffrage, muzzle politicians, suppress discussion, and shut up the Chamber, and perhaps the Senate also—and all in the name of efficiency. France was frittering away her energies in idle argumentativeness, discipline was destroyed by trades-unionism in her navy and by politics in her army, and in all her affairs, at home and in foreign politics, the curse of Parliamentarism paralysed her. "Look at Russia," said M. Joseph Prudhomme. "An invincible army and a mighty navy, a colossal colonial policy, the stupendous scheme of the Trans-Siberian, an administration which Witte has taught to think in hemispheres: what better proofs that autocracy makes for efficiency?" Before February last, to cite the example of Great Britain as an argument on the other side was to court derision, for Anglo-Saxondom was a decaying organism. If South Africa were not England's grave, India would be, for India was on the eve of rebellion, to be followed by Russian conquest. The politician of the wine-shop had, a year ago, long since settled how the partition of British colonies was to be effected among Russia, France, and Germany, and it had been decided that Great Britain was to be isolated as a neutral State like Belgium, under the control of Europe. Those who propounded this satisfactory solution of the chief problems of the *haute politique* in all probability believed a great part of what they said.

Where is that *haute politique* now? Ask not M. Joseph Prudhomme, he has forgotten all about it. He is busy demonstrating that what he had been clamouring for all along was a good, businesslike understanding with the one community in the world which has learnt to conduct its public affairs on sensible businesslike methods, and has been uniformly successful in consequence. A nation of shopkeepers, forsooth! Why not? Would that we were, he prays, and were cured of our incorrigible idealism!

The new disposition of French public opinion very soon

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had an opportunity of showing itself. The Russo-Japanese War—because of the modern Frenchman's determined love of peace—has cemented the *Entente Cordiale*, founded by King Edward's visit. As lately as in the first weeks of the war the significant attitude observed by the French people in the affair of the Hull outrage would have been unthinkable in a similar case. Even M. Henri Rochefort cannot (if he ever can) take himself seriously when he throws out the suggestion that the supposed herrings on the Dogger Bank were really torpedoes in disguise. The most ardent Russophile has gone no farther than to maintain that the Russian story deserves at least a hearing. Hardly one Frenchman has really taken it for granted that the British version is untrue, as the majority would have done a year ago. As for M. Joseph Prudhomme, he eloquently improved the occasion by castigating the vices of a despotic Government, under which favouritism rules, discipline goes overboard, and the officer of the watch is intoxicated. He had always maintained that Russian administration is rotten. The Hull outrage proved it. If the Baltic Fleet, he asked, mistook trawlers for torpedo-boats, what will they mistake Japanese battleships for when they see them? Perhaps the Russians sank one of their own torpedo-boats which was coming up unexpectedly and showed the wrong signals. This hypothesis is believed, as a matter of fact, to have originated in Paris. Having been very badly disappointed by the Russians, French public opinion is beginning to wonder whether there is any blunder which they are incapable of committing. Normandy and Brittany fishermen were content to express the view, and act on it, that it was wiser to keep in port while Russian warships with champagne on board were about. The Hull outrage, however, created no scare in France, simply because not a man in the nation would have tolerated for an instant the idea of going to war to support the allied Russian Empire against Great Britain in such a cause, or, for that matter, in any other. A nation has rarely been so united in any feeling as is the French in its determination not to be

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dragged into war by the Russian alliance. England's swift and effective demonstration of her naval strength did not, as it would have done a year ago, impress France disagreeably. On the contrary, M. Joseph Prudhomme pointed out that it merely proved what he had said before about the greater efficiency of an empire ruled by free institutions. Above all, he felt proud of the part played by France in averting an armed conflict between Russia and England. It was very soon said in Paris that the Quai d'Orsay was plying St. Petersburg with advice, clearer than hints, to back, as gracefully as might be, but quickly, out of an impossible situation, or otherwise not to count on the assistance of France. French public opinion has, to tell the truth, been a little surprised by the suddenness with which the indignation of the Englishman in the street has cooled down; but that, it is agreed, is the latter's business. France has been unfeignedly proud to act as invisible arbiter in the late crisis, and feels pleasantly towards England because her good offices were accepted, perhaps even sought. M. Joseph Prudhomme says that France has been restored to her natural place as the mentor of nations. Of course, the Chamber, before ratifying the Anglo-French agreement by a very large majority, felt compelled to show its sagacity by seeing through the possible wiles of British diplomacy. But that is a compliment which the polite nation will ever pay to our Governments, however rudely we treat them ourselves. *Entente Cordiale* or not, the deep astuteness of British diplomacy must remain an article of faith with the café politician. M. Joseph Prudhomme would say that, while sincerely gratified to embrace John Bull on both cheeks, still, for patriotic reasons, he keeps at the same time an eye on the thoughts at the back of his dear new friend's head.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENT

WE are nowadays constantly within hearing of elections and electioneering; and side by side with the clamour of this machinery complaints are as constantly heard of the unsatisfactory character of the results accomplished. Parliamentary institutions may be said to be past being on their trial. The newer age condemns them. If these complaints had been confined to the experience of Parliament in some European countries, we might be content with the old explanation that the mischances arose from a foolish attempt to apply the principles of Parliamentary government to races and communities not prepared for their reception. Why complain if a Slav Sobranje breaks down, or even if an Austrian Reichsrath proves unworkable? Unfortunately, the complaints are perhaps more frequently heard from Anglo-Saxon communities, where the genius of the people has been supposed pre-eminently fitted for the successful management of Parliaments, and where long-standing use has made the forms and methods of Parliamentary procedure familiar to every citizen. Mr. Bryce has told us of the curious length to which popular feeling in respect of their Legislatures has run in some of the Western States. They are debarred from meeting more than a strictly limited number of days in the year, or perhaps from meeting oftener than every other year. A more recent form of restraint, which has, I believe, become established in one or two instances, would require that no Act of the Legislature

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should have the force of law until it has been submitted to and approved by a popular vote. The principle of a Referendum, familiar enough in Swiss politics, has not yet been seriously discussed among ourselves, but it was acted upon in Australia, where the Constitution of the Commonwealth was submitted to popular votes after having been approved by the Legislatures of the constituent States. Opinions will doubtless differ as to what would have been the result had some recent Acts of Parliament—for example, the Licensing Act or the Education Act—been submitted to a *plébiscite* of the nation, as a condition precedent of their becoming law; but the suggestion of such a procedure may not be unprofitable to consider, and the fact that it can be made illustrates an abiding uncertainty as to whether Parliament can always be trusted as an expression of the national will.

We must approach the subject in a different manner if we would form a correct estimate of the decline of Parliamentary authority among ourselves. It would be well in the first place to recall how that authority stood in its highest manifestation, say during the fifty years which followed 1832. What were the distinguishing characteristics of Parliamentary action during that half-century? As Mr. Bagehot pointed out, Parliament evolved a Committee called the Cabinet, to which was entrusted the administration of the several political departments and the preparation of the principal new projects of law. The expression of the will of the majority of the Legislature, and presumptively of the nation, was thus secured, but the service of Parliament went much beyond this. Within its Sessions the conduct of the Administration was continuously criticised, and the House of Commons justified its claim to be the Grand Inquest of the nation by the discussion of the grievances of all classes of the people. The majority ruled through the Ministry. Minorities were heard with growing success through the representatives of discontented sections and the advocates of progressive change. One set of men pressed for economy of expenditure, and materially helped to

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secure it. Another set exposed the wants and the sufferings of the day-labourers, whether in the field, mine or factory, or on shipboard. Another set directed attention to the criminal law and its punishments, especially that of transportation, and, in connection with this last, our colonial relations necessarily came under review. Irish representatives could not fail to press upon their fellow-members the grievances only too plentifully supplied through the bad laws and bad administration of the sister island. Yet another illustration, which the reader may have earlier expected, is found in the battle against the evil legislation which throttled industry and commerce, and imposed unjust taxes on the food of the poorest of the people. Such activities were the glory of Parliamentary history, and whilst they severally ended in success, more or less complete when the majority and the Ministers representing the majority found themselves carrying through the measures of reform so long agitated, it must ever be remembered that it was through minorities, and private members representing minorities, that the work of conversion was begun and conducted up to the last stage of victory. There was work outside as well as within Parliament. The platform and the Press aided in the labour. But the highest education which animated the platform and instructed the Press was achieved in Parliament, where advocacy and criticism met, and the inertia of Conservative opinion was overcome by the energy of reason.

It would be a pitiful contrast to go step by step through a comparison of the Parliament of the mid-nineteenth century and Parliament as it appears at the opening of the twentieth century. We cannot get rid of Ireland, and as long as money is voted for the service of Irish departments the defects of Irish government will continue to be brought under review. But apart from this, how complete is the change! The old combination of the energy of private members and the activity of Ministers has disappeared. The time allotted to the former has been curtailed, and new obstacles have arisen to prevent them from effectively using the hours still left at their com-

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mand. Forms of procedure have been developed or abused, so as to take away in the House of Commons the power of bringing under discussion subjects which most urgently require it. The transformation is admitted, and is not unfrequently justified. It is claimed that the work of Parliament is to pass laws, and laws can be passed only when introduced by a Government commanding the confidence of the Legislature. Private members are reduced to impotence, but they deserve no better fate. They accomplish at best an idle intrusion into the arena and a waste of time that could be usefully employed. If the records of the last century are appealed to, the answer is that all the great work then required to be done has been done, and there is nothing left now to parallel the exigencies of the past. This line is taken by those who voice the majority which desires no change. I have no doubt a similar opinion was cherished, if not expressed, by faithful supporters of Ministers fifty years ago. It betrays a singular lack of imagination, not to say a dull unintelligence, as to the capabilities of the future. The politician must be strangely constituted who thinks that our land laws are beyond the discussion of change, and that no Parliamentary time could be well spent in canvassing proposals for their improvement. What shall we say of the condition of the people which in respect of household tenure and beneficent municipal activity depends so much upon these laws? Are the problems of education and of ecclesiastical organisation completely solved? The question of colonial relations deserves a better fate than that of being brought forward at the fag-end of platform declamations in favour of Protection. In our better times the statesman interested in it would have addressed his most careful argument to his fellows in the House of Commons. Who again can fail to see how much work might be done through Parliament in the development of international friendship and the reduction of armaments? No failure of subjects can excuse the limitation of private members' opportunities in the House of Commons. Nor can any defence of it be found in the plea that newspapers now do

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the work which was done by such men as Hume, Cobden, Lord Ashley, Molesworth and their compeers. Newspapers chronicle and pursue the work of others. The editor of a daily newspaper can hardly afford to look beyond his nose. When debates originate in Parliament, newspapers perforce report them and offer some comment upon them. The flip-flap opinions thus expressed, backing and filling with wind, may not be of much value; but they draw attention to what is going on, the real, motive power lying in that force to which they simply testify.

The energy of Parliament has declined, Parliamentary authority declines with it, and the nation has suffered thereby. There is no want of subjects requiring discussion, and no substitute for Parliamentary discussion has been found. There remains, however, the parlous plea that the men of past generations are wanting. The eager reforming spirits of the past are not in the House of Commons. If they were, they would soon assert themselves and make the necessary channels for their activity. Here, I think, we touch the real source of decay. And yet it is difficult to believe that nature is not as prolific to-day as yesterday in men ardently eager to work for the public good. The sources of reforming energy have not dried up. Has there been any change in the organisation of public life limiting or denying the facility of entrance into the House of Commons of the power that once found its way there?

The change in our electoral machinery, under the operation of which members are returned by single-member constituencies, has quietly effected a radical change in the character of the House itself. Local influences formerly produced irregularly enough a great variety in the composition of the House of Commons. When a man was patron of his own borough or lord of his own district he was independent enough, and if self-will often produced nothing but wilful eccentricity it sometimes expressed a rough invaluable commonsense. When again there were two members to be returned for a constituency, it was common

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and almost necessary to run, as candidates, representatives of two wings of a party, thus producing in the House of Commons different grades of political opinion. And again, it was not an accident that, with the redivision of the country, there sprang into existence federal party organisations, highly centralised, which have become more and more actively engaged in the formation of programmes, the introduction of candidates, and, most of all, in the direct management of elections. A General Election may happen so hurriedly as not to find this wide-spreading machinery fully prepared for its work; but there is generally sufficient forewarning, and in bye-elections the machinery is constantly exhibited in full operation. The result is seen in a decline in the quality of candidates and in the growing poverty of Parliamentary life. Any one who would wish to study the process in detail may be recommended to read Ostrogorski's book, "Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties," a monument of years of careful and acute industry devoted to a patient study of political developments here and in the United States. The elaboration of the "machine" has not reached the degree of perfection among ourselves that it has across the Atlantic, but the process is of the same character. The force of individuality declines. Large views and the advocacy of great ideas are discredited. The men who are in request are those who will fall into their places according to pattern, and there is such a standardisation of items that no difficulty can be found in replacing any link that accidentally drops out. I repeat that this is not realised among ourselves everywhere and at once—"dark horses" will creep in provided they can keep their qualities in obscurity at first, which is a bad preparation for subsequent independence—but it is sufficiently realised to deaden enthusiasm for causes among the electorate and to produce that lack of energy in the House of Commons which lies at the bottom of the decay of Parliamentary life and of Parliamentary authority.

Generations do, without doubt, differ from one another in

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vitality; and it may be that we are passing through a somewhat listless period. But we may as well make as good use as we can of the materials we have. The nation is still rich enough in public-spirited thinkers and workers, and Parliament might be rich too, if we cleared away the obstructions which make narrow and difficult the ways into it. A comparatively simple change holds the promise of a complete transformation. If, instead of single-member constituencies, we had constituencies of half-a-dozen members, and provisions enabling different groups of electors within each constituency to get a representative for themselves if they were of adequate size to justify the claim, we should at once emancipate electors and candidates. We should give the first the strongest of motives for securing a direct representation of themselves in the Legislature, and we should give the elected a secure standing-place on which he could rely as long as he was true to himself and held the faith which animated his followers. Under such a scheme each large provincial town would be one constituency, and the elements of political life within it would be in living connection with the House of Commons. Difficulties such as those connected with the claims of labour to representation would disappear, and the Conservative member would not be in imminent peril, though he remained an obstinate Free-Fooder. Parliament would have all the variety and vigour of life. I do not enter into an exposition of the machinery of election, by which this real representation is effected. It has been proved over and over again to be very easily worked, and the experiment could be tried any winter evening by any set of men or women that liked to put it to the test. If we cross the narrow seas to Belgium we should find a system of proportional representation working there to the great satisfaction of all parties, who have found in it a solution of difficulties which at one time threatened the nation with anarchical convulsions.

Why do we not adopt some similar method here? The real objection is found in use and want and the aversion of

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those who are "in" to entertain any suggestion of changes in the ways which they have found sufficient for themselves. But there are two pleas which are advanced in front of, and by way of covering, this real obstacle. The first is that members so independently elected are bound to be troublesome, unmanageable fellows. Experience does not support this apprehension. In our best days the strongest advocates of particular ideas were found to be thoroughly practical members of the House of Commons, and the forces of self-adjustment may be trusted to maintain a well-developed organism out of such elements. Parliamentary life has become smoother in Belgium, where Liberals and Socialists, once in mortal enmity, are able to co-operate together in common causes, and even members of the left wing of the Clerical party fine off in the way of amity towards men of other parties. The second plea is that the two-party system would be destroyed. The necessity of the two-party system is a postulate politicians are fond of assuming. I have noticed that Mr. Balfour often refers to it —not, indeed, as a thing proved, but as something which it is convenient to take for granted. He is a very clever man, and I am persuaded he has no settled conviction on the subject. If questioned he would give it the go-by, and he would probably evade discussion because in his moments of speculation he has seen how short of proof is the case for its necessity. The Tadpoles and Tapers who have not probed things to the same depth doubtless feel a genuine apprehension of any danger that can touch the two-party system. They may be comforted with the assurance that it is not easily destructible. It has its roots in human nature, and the real question of public policy is whether it might not be to our advantage that the strictness of its discipline should be abated. Who can pretend that the process of dividing politicians into two camps and of drilling the men in each to think alike and speak alike over against the men of the other tends to the development of sincerity or assists in the apprehension of truth? The late Lord Carnarvon confessed one day that he had discovered with

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pain that the Conservative party was an organised hypocrisy. A cynic would remark that the discovery erred only in its limitation; and there is truth enough in the sneer to justify us in bidding the timid to be of good heart, even though the two-party system be broken down at its edges. After all, there is something in the large generalisation that the way of freedom is the way of safety and not of peril. A reform which liberates the development of thought and of counsel among the citizens of a nation carries a recommendation in advance of itself.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

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THE ORGANISATION OF THE NATIONAL RESOURCES

GREAT BRITAIN

The whole military system as it stood at that date was tested by the war in South Africa. . . . The condition of things with regard to stores and material is described by Lord Lansdowne in his Minute of May 21, 1900, as "full of peril to the Empire," inasmuch as we were not sufficiently prepared even for the equipment of the comparatively small force which we have always contemplated may be employed beyond the limits of this country in the initial stages of a campaign.—*Royal Commission on the War in South Africa*, 1903.

AUSTRALIA

The serious condition of the stores and equipment was brought to the notice of the Government in the Minute on Defence, dated 7th April 1902. The unsatisfactory condition of affairs was further commented upon at length in the annual report, dated May 1, 1903. It is with feelings of the gravest apprehension that I again invite attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the warlike stores. . . . It may be as well to state at once that a force of the requisite strength, organised and capable of taking the field, does not at present exist in Australia, and that there are at present no local means of equipping such a force. The organisation is incomplete; the departments necessary for a mobile army have yet to be created; and there are neither sufficient guns, arms, equipment nor ammunition. . . . It is impossible to view the military situation in Australia, in face of the momentous changes taking place in the balance of power in the East, without grave misgivings.—*Annual Report of Australian Defence*, 1904. Major-General Sir EDWARD HUTTON, General Officer commanding the Australian Forces.

The late Minister for Defence, Sir John Forrest, G.C.M.G., recently

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declared in Parliament that if he had not rifles enough for the forces he would "arm them with pickaxes or something," and the present Minister states that, should England become involved in the Eastern War, he intends to raise the number of rifle-club members from 26,000 to 50,000, though well knowing there are not rifles available for even the existing regiments if extended to their war establishment.—Extract from article by Senator Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Neild, of the Commonwealth Parliament, published in the May number of the *Navy League Journal*.

VIEWED broadly, the British Empire, at the present stage of its development, affords a most remarkable study of forces unorganised, and hence largely wasted. For where forces are in action without unity of design they must necessarily often be mutually destructive; there is great loss of efficiency in the machine owing to excessive friction. Thus we have forces chaotically at work in education, in national and imperial defence, in our industrial methods, in foreign policy, in our consular system, in our dealings with the physique of the people, in our treatment of the question of public health. Everywhere ill-directed effort and overlapping energies; of system, properly understood, very little trace. This at home.

The outlook across the expanse of the British Dominions mirrors these conditions on a larger scale. We speak of the Empire, and it is a convenient term to describe the territories under British rule. But as yet there is no British Empire. An empire does not consist of so many millions of square miles held by so many millions of people of the same blood. It implies unity of design, solidarity of purpose, co-operation and organisation for its attainment, a loyal spirit of give and take between those who dwell far apart, a glad alacrity of common sacrifice for national ends. Do these conditions exist? We know that they do not. There is so much amiable and wishy-washy talk about the strength of the delicate bonds of blood and kinship which unite the different parts of the Empire that a little plain speaking is needed. Each part of the Empire, except the Mother Country, is pursuing its own

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business as if it were an independent State. Each is self-centred and non-regardant of Imperial ends—of the *common weal.*

Canada contributes not a farthing to naval expenditure,[1] and her arrangements for self-defence are exemplified by the fact that last year the militia was described by a Canadian Commanding Officer as "the shadow of a skeleton," while "the physique of the troops is deplorable, and they are mostly composed of old men and babes"; at the same time we are informed by the highest authority that the Dominion has not enough rifles to arm even the peace strength of her militia!

Australia's contribution to the Navy, on which her commerce and independent existence depend, is paltry in comparison to her stake in the Empire, while her internal defences are such that, to quote the leading Sydney paper, "if the emergency of self-defence should arise under present circumstances, the Commonwealth would apparently have to face it unequipped, imperfectly, and therefore unready."

If, turning from arms to commerce, we look for some sign of the unity of organisation which Empire implies, what do we find? So far from the Empire being self-supporting, we have tariff walls built up by one part against the other; as it were against the foreigner. And not only tariff walls against dead imports, but barriers against live Britons. So that the British working man who, in pardonable error, should seek wider scope for his energies and healthier conditions in Australia, finds himself flung back, like any Kanaka, by the laws of those

[1] While correcting the proofs of this article, I have seen in the *Times* of September 7 a letter from a Canadian, protesting against "certain unwise and intemperate expressions uttered from time to time by some English public men and journals on the subject of the failure of Canada to contribute to the Imperial Navy." I do not know whether the above mere statement of fact would fall under the condemnation of this writer; I hope not. At the same time it is interesting to note that, while styling himself "A Canadian Imperialist," he says, "Any Imperialistic proposal, whether it be that of contribution to the Navy or any other, must reckon with the fact that the Canadian people are, and always will be, a *separate and independent nation.*"

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whose forebears made their home in those wide regions under the shadow of the British flag. While Great Britain makes an alliance with Japan, Australians forbid our allies to set foot on their shores; and a Canadian Prime Minister proclaims the right of the Dominion to remain neutral in any British quarrel where her own local interests are not immediately concerned. This, though at the least whisper of danger, at the slightest cry of distress from either, the British Army and Navy, paid for by the British taxpayer and recruited almost wholly in Great Britain, would hasten to their defence.

The real fact is, of course, that the self-governing Colonies are so many sister States, allied with the Mother Country and defended by the British Navy and British Army, but contributing next to nothing for the maintenance and recruitment of these forces, and independent not only in their internal laws and economic policy, but even, to a considerable extent, in their relations with foreign Powers.

These are not altogether pleasing considerations. But they are the truth, and it were better that we should thoroughly realise the truth, instead of deluding ourselves with attractive visions of the Empire as a magnificent whole, a gleaming edifice of rock-hewn granite, inspired by one mind and cemented by the common sacrifice of the race. That vision can—I am profoundly convinced that it *will*—be realised; but only on the condition that we cease to be "given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie." Recognition of the truth gives the key to the remedy.

Let it be admitted at once that the conditions I have described are the natural outcome of the process of our development. The Roman Empire was the result of conscious design, understood by its rulers and steadily pursued. The German Empire has been built up in the same way; and the determination to be strong on the seas is the natural outcome of the policy of the creators of German unity. The aims of Peter the Great are still the *Leitmotiv* of the great Power whose expansion has brought her into calamitous contact with the

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new Eastern Power which has sprung into the arena of world-struggle. And the idea of building up the strength and prosperity of an Empire by conscious and well-directed effort along clearly defined lines has never been more strikingly indicated than in the case of Japan.

In our case Empire-building has taken quite a different form. Our geographical situation, throwing us upon the sea as the high road for our goods and the means of communication with the whole world, early taught us the meaning of sea-power and the need and value of naval strength. This, with the discovery of coal and iron, enabled us to become the market of the world and its carriers. But it was essentially as the outcome, and the guarantee, of our commerce that our naval power was felt to be valuable, not—until quite recently—as the sword to carve, the cement to hold, an Empire. Speaking generally, the process of expansion and conquest has not taken place as part of a great design, but has rather been forced upon us by our desire to find markets for our goods and an outlet for the peaceful energies of our people. It is in this sense that Seeley speaks of our having "conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind." There was no absence of mind as far as the immediate purpose, the pursuit of commerce and industry, was concerned; quite otherwise. But the men who set out to sell goods which they had honestly and strongly made found that, in doing so, they had set up an Empire.

So fortunately were we placed, too, that the British people were not, on the whole, brought into close contact with the idea of personal sacrifice for national ends. In all the Continental wars our great wealth enabled us to subsidise the armies of our allies, so that, as Clode points out, the vast majority of the fighting on land was done by non-British troops in British pay, while our glorious victories at sea were won without any direct contribution from the mass of the people. All this, the splendid boon bestowed by sea-power, left us free to pile up wealth and occupy the fair places of the earth with comparative ease.

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Very different was it with other nations. The very ease with which we built up our Empire was—it is important we should realise this truth—largely due to the fact that while the process was going on most of these nations were struggling for their very existence, and had little time and no energy to give to commerce, industry, or Empire-building. Only by tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure, only by stern and devoted work on the part of all, have the chief modern nations —France, Germany, Italy, Japan—maintained themselves and built up their unity and strength. But the strenuous efforts for a common cause, the participation of all in the national work, the agony of defeat and the stern joy of victory, these things have entered into the soul of these people, so that they are one, in a sense in which the British Empire is far indeed from having attained the unity we desire to see.

But it is not so much the political unity and strength which these nations have achieved to which I desire to draw attention in this article; it is rather the unity and strength of purpose in the general national aims, and the wonderful organisation of national forces for national efficiency which springs from them, which I earnestly wish to bring before the people of England. The military and naval training of every young German and every young Japanese means the safety of the country against danger and the inculcation of a patriotism which puts the good of the native land before all else, and imbues an intensely practical people with a noble ideal. But it does not end there. Not only do the physical training, the discipline, the self-control, even the cleanliness and punctuality learnt by the citizen during his military service contribute directly to the efficiency of national industry, but the lesson of subordination of self to a common cause, the co-relation of many forces to one, gives that unity which must be the mainspring of efficient organisation: a centripetal tendency is given to particles which, of their nature, would be inclined to fly asunder in different directions.

With us, on the other hand, the centrifugal tendency[1] has

[1] By a curious coincidence Professor Gustav Schmoller, in the essay under

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been stimulated and increased by the process of our development, a development natural to a people situated as we were, full of energy and devoted to the idea of absolute individual liberty. Splendid and useful as these qualities have been, it is easy to see that the process contained elements of danger, if unity was not to be lost sight of and organisation for common ends made difficult. Given a people with the intelligence, energy, and capacity for self-government of the Anglo-Saxon race, coupled with the power of territorial acquisition—in other words, elbow room—conferred by sea-power, and it was certain that much great work would be done and that the name of England would be written across the pages of history in strong and indelible characters. What was not so clear was whether the unifying principle of race and blood would suffice to counteract the different elements sturdily pursuing each its own path, especially as the compelling force of outward pressure and danger was seldom felt. The mere fact that the distances between the different parts of the Empire were so enormous was calculated to emphasise independence of thought and accentuate the tendency to lose sight of the whole in looking to local interests only. A wise and far-seeing policy would, from the first, have guarded against the undue development of forces tending towards disintegration. It would have ensured that our colonists, who could only exist in safety under the protection of England's right arm, should, while having complete liberty of self-development, be brought into close relation with national aims; it would have imbued them with the consciousness that they had duties to the Mother Country as well as rights to her protection; it would have made impossible the anomalous spectacle of

the title of "The Future Commercial Policy of England—Chamberlain and Imperialism," which he has just published in the *Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung, und Volkswirtschaft*, says :" But again it is true that British territory is not a compact whole, like Russia or the United States. The centrifugal tendencies in Greater Britain are great. In the great self-governing Colonies, which have their own Parliamentary system and contain a considerable admixture of foreign blood, a race may grow up in a few generations whose sentiments are all on the side of independence."

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Colonies neglecting the splendid opportunities offered by vast extent of territory and fertile soil, and raising fiscal barriers to enable them to crowd into cities and enter upon an industrial struggle with Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Not only was there no such policy, but the complete absence of the call for personal sacrifice for the common good, added to the intense love of personal liberty, has gradually produced a general apathy as regards national ends and national duty, which constitutes a grave danger to the nation and the Empire.

The average Englishman goes through life without anything to remind him of the duties which he owes to the State, and which, in the last resort, must be performed if the State is to maintain its existence. In the elementary schools, where the citizens of to-morrow are being formed in their millions, there is no instruction in civic duty such as the Swiss boy and girl or the youth of Japan receive from their earliest childhood. Dates are taught, and names of kings and battles, but nothing of the spirit of history which makes the humblest ragged urchin a co-heir of the glories of Shakespeare and Milton, of Drake and Frobisher, of Wolfe and Nelson. Thus the boy leaves school without the slightest idea that he is to be not merely a man, but a citizen, possessing not only rights—he knows all about *them*b—ut duties, and lacking the spirit of ready self-devotion which is eager to co-operate with his fellows for the common good of the nation of which he is an inheritor. Nor, to speak quite frankly, does the civic education of the young Englishman fare much better in the "public," *i.e.*, private, schools, where the sons of the well-to-do are trained. True, a certain healthy spirit of manliness and honesty pervades the moral atmosphere. But so little does the idea of civic duty enter into the sphere of the public schools that, by the admission of some of the authorities themselves, even the love of knowledge and the habit of earnest work are positively discouraged. Were it not for the lesson of the football field, co-operation for an unselfish purpose is hardly learnt; and even here there is far too much

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cultivation of a parochial outlook on life on the part of boys and masters alike, the school walls being regarded as the natural limits of real interest. Incidentally, too, the boy is encouraged in the idea that self-reliance and independence are the qualities to cultivate above all others, however unsatisfactory the "self" may be, however noble the ideal to which life's action might be subordinated.

Thus, unless perchance he joins the Volunteers, which not one in fifteen does, the young Briton will live his life entirely engrossed with his own business and pleasures. That, it may be urged, is no bad thing. If only each is occupied with his own business no harm can be done. Let the soldier and the sailor protect the man who pays them while he does the "productive" work which maintains the wealth and prosperity of the country. The idea contains an element of truth, and is only too easily accepted as the whole truth. But the fact is that the national industry and commerce, and, indeed, the national life in its widest sense, must, and do, in the end suffer from the lack of civic education in the workers, high and low. It is impossible that there should not be a difference in the quality of the work done by a nation where each unit performs it solely for his own ends, and that done by a people in which every worker has, in youth or early manhood, become imbued with the sense of duty in performing a work *not* done for oneself, but for the higher sake of country, and where the spirit is that expressed in the Swiss motto, "Each for all, and all for each."

The time has indeed come when the vast forces available, physical, moral and mental, must be organised for the national and Imperial good if the loosely-jointed fabric of our Empire is not to topple over at the first shock of battle with a first-class modern Power. If we are to go on piling up our wealth and commerce and adding to our responsibilities without making the sacrifice which is necessary to strengthen the edifice and set it up "four-square to all the winds that blow," we may come to illustrate to the world the satirist's tremendous picture:

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". . . qui nimios poscebat honores,
Et nimios poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ."

But, it may be said, surely we have the necessary cement in the common allegiance to the Crown; this is the golden circlet, stronger than bonds of steel, that binds the Empire together. Do not let us deceive ourselves by pretty phrases and allegorical allusions. Loyalty to the Crown exists indeed everywhere; in some Colonies it is genuine and heartfelt. But by itself it is not enough to make any Colony place the interests of the Empire before its own; while in some quarters the fact that allegiance implies, at least in theory, subjection to the Crown, is accepted only in the vaguest and most shadowy form. At any rate, it will be urged, the South African War showed the strength of patriotism and common sacrifice which inspires and binds together the scattered portions of the Empire. Here, again, there is much illusion, much conscious and unconscious self-deception. It is true that all self-governing colonies sent contingents to the war. Would it not have been amazing had they not done so? But we must not blind ourselves to the fact that in many cases the services of the colonists had to be paid for by the British taxpayer at five times the rate received by the Volunteer and the Regulars from the Home Country; and there were not wanting features which showed that the idea of the organisation of the forces of the Empire for war which Seeley dreamt of is still far from attainment, owing to the inability of the parts to understand that they are less than the whole. The South African War was a most valuable help to such organisation by showing how much might be done if it were achieved. But enough has happened since to show that in matters of Imperial defence the Colonies decline to let their forces take a definite place in a scheme of Imperial organisation. They will consider the matter on its merits when the need arises. As if the need were not there now!

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Little wonder that a great Imperial statesman, looking out over the expanse of British territory, and longing for the unity which means strength, should have launched a policy of fiscal reform which apparently affords some means of welding together all the parts into a cohesive whole on an economic basis. It is too early to say what will be the result of his patriotic endeavours, and I have no intention here of entering upon the vexed question of fiscal reform. But of one thing I am profoundly convinced. Whether Mr. Chamberlain's proposals succeed or whether they fail, they will not, *in and by themselves*, give us Imperial union or strength. That can only be attained at the present stage of our existence if all Britons can be brought to realise that the strength and prosperity of the Empire means the strength and prosperity of each of its parts, and that they are not to be obtained unless each will bring to the common fund the tribute of his personal worth.

It is only by the adoption by the British people of personal military or naval training for the defence of the country that the heterogeneous interests which move each individual and each part of the Empire can be brought into relation with the one ideal. Here, too, lies the immediate road to the organisation of our national forces for commerce, industry, education, physique, and administration. Let us bring the qualities of the race, the manly strength, "the ancient and inbred integrity," the intelligence which comes of mixed descent, the energy that has made our Empire, the extraordinary qualities of heroism and endurance, which lie hidden like rich gold among the millions of our sordid cities; let us bring these into relation with the national life, and the electric spark of sacrifice shall give us such strength, wealth, efficiency, and plenitude of life as shall make our present state seem pale and weak in comparison. Then, too, England, Canada, Australia, and South Africa will be united in bonds that no power shall break—the bonds of common sacrifice, the bonds of a brotherhood in arms.

GEORGE F. SHEE.

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THE MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

THE MEDICI COLLECTION

I

THE history of the Italian medals has during the last thirty years occupied the attention of German, French, and Italian writers, who have probably obtained most of the available information on the rise of a branch of Italian art which was consequent on the general revival of classics in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Having made these medals a hobby in my youth, I propose in my later years to bring them to the notice of English readers, and to furnish them with some of the latest information published since the last edition of the Guide to the Exhibition of Italian Medals in the British Museum.[1]

The visitor to the Bargello at Florence now finds a large collection of early and late mediæval art well arranged and located in the rooms of the old building intimately connected with the history of the city and of the Medici during its most flourishing period.[2]

Among these treasures perhaps the most unique is the collection of Italian and foreign medals dating from the beginning of the Italian Renaissance. I propose to give some account of these, and of those in my possession.

[1] British Museum. "A Guide to the Exhibition of Italian Medals." 1898.
[2] "Il Medagliere Mediceo." I. B. Supino. 1899.

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The principal collector of this branch of antiquities in Italy was Lorenzo the Magnificent. Presents were made to him from the various collections which were then in the museum of the Estes of Ferrara, of the Gonzagas of Mantua, and of the Kings of Naples and Aragon. After the death of Lorenzo, the Signoria, during the political convulsions consequent upon it, took possession of his treasures, and among them 3000 medals of gold and silver; as P. de Comines narrates, "Il n'y avait point autant de belles médailles en Italie."[1]

When the Medici returned to power the Duke Cosmo again passionately took up the collection of medals, which he acquired from all parts of Italy and neighbouring countries. Francis I. continued the collection, and Cosmo III. acquired from private collectors a collection of medals, of which a large quantity were of silver, and in his time they were arranged, classified, and placed in the Tribune of the Uffizi.

Before dealing in detail with some of the principal medals it is necessary to trace back their origin and compare them with their predecessors in classical and mediæval times.

The art of commemorating distinguished persons and great events was not generally employed by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but we can trace the origin of medals from those early times.

The large pieces coined in Greece or the Greek colonies correspond to what has since been called medals, of which the large silver tetradrachm pieces, or pentecosta libra, equal to 50 lbs. of copper, the works of Evænetus and Kimon at Syracuse, are the representative. They are quite free from the stiffness and hardness of the archaic type of coins, and were in the style of the School of Polycletus the Dorian rather than of Phidias.

The word "medal" is unknown to the ancients, and originated in the sixteenth century from the Italian "medaglia," equivalent to the low Latin word "medalia," a synonym of an obolus. Bonanni states that medals are called from the word

[1] "Il Medagliere Mediceo."

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"methalias," the name given by the Arabs to Christian moneys, representing the portrait of some distinguished person, but the former derivation is the one accepted by Skeat,[1] who traces it back to the Greek for metal—*μέταλλον*.

The Romans called ancient pieces of money preserved in collections "nomismata," but they recorded any remarkable event in their ordinary coinage or struck a piece which was afterwards circulated as a coin. There were medallions of distinguished persons and Roman Emperors ending with that of Theodoric, recently found at Sinigaglia.

These so-called medallions began to be used in the time of Trajan; they were gold pieces of the fixed weight of three or four aurei (an aureus was the standard gold coin, weighing two silver denarii, and twenty-five times the value of the silver denarius). The gold medallions were intended as gifts to public officers, and those in silver were given by the Consuls when they were in office. Justinian laid down that the largesse in gold belonged to the Emperor alone, and in silver to the Consuls. The medallions in bronze were not in circulation, as they had not the words "S.C."—Senatus Consulto—inscribed on them, as in the case of copper money. They were struck under the control of the Senate, and on the arrival or departure of the Emperor, or on the New Year Calends.

Towards the end of the third century the towns of Asia Minor and Thrace, on the occasion of the periodical games, struck large medallions in bronze, with the head of the Emperor and celebrating the victors in chariot races, often illustrated with mythological subjects or recording the likeness of celebrated poets or philosophers. These seem to be the forerunners of the modern medals, as they were not in circulation as coins.

There were also the "contorniates," large copper pieces, which were struck as tickets in the time of Constantine, and were connected with the games in the Lower Empire. Subsequent to these were the ornamental gold medallions set in

[1] "Etymological Dictionary." W. Skeat.

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pearls, given as marks of distinction by the Merovingian Kings, Dagobert I. (622–638), Louis (814–840); one of Henry I. (916–936), with a broad filigree border, was given as an order of merit to the principal nobles of his Court.

In the Middle Ages Frederic II. was the first to encourage the imitation of ancient art in the anonymous engravers of Amalfi, who designed the "augustals" of that monarch, and became the immediate forerunners of the great Italian medallists. They took as their pattern the busts of the antique coins in bold and simple relief, with the Imperial Eagle on the reverse. The fall of the Hohenstaufen dynasty retarded the progress of the art till the end of the fourteenth century.

The inventory of the Duc de Berry (1340–1416) disclosed many gold medals of Roman Emperors, mediæval imitations of the antique, but they differed in character from the Italian medals inasmuch as they, although influenced in some degree by ancient types, yet partook more of the Gothic character of the ornamental seals of the fourteenth century, but they transmitted to their successors in Italy the large inscriptions and representation of equestrian figures. They also differed from all previous ones, being cast and afterwards modelled.[1]

In the early Renaissance the artist did not confine himself to one branch of art. He was painter, sculptor, gem engraver, or medallist as occasion required or his tastes prompted him.

In the first instance the reverses are suggested by classical art; these are often designed with rather obscure meaning, or were emblematical, but even from the first the artists were influenced in the selection of subjects rather by Pagan than by Christian art, though there are exceptions to the rule, especially at the time of Savonarola and in the Papal medals.

The artists were not confined to one state or town, but went where the patrons of their art called them. The great centres were, as we shall see, Florence and subsequently Rome, and I propose to deal with the principal medallists,

[1] "Cornelius von Fabricsy Medaillen," p. 6.

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connecting them, as far as possible, with the town in which they were born or lived in parallel chronological order.

It is at Padua that we find the first imitation of the heads of Roman Emperors, in the two medals of the Carrara Francesco I. and II. (1390–1400), the Lords of Padua; the reverses following the mediæval coins of the city, represented a four-wheeled chariot, the canting arms of the family, who thus celebrated their restoration to power. They took as their model heads of Vitellius and Commodus, but at the same time gave an individual character to the heads of father and son. They were probably the work of Marco Sesto, as we find at Venice he issued two medals, struck 1393 and 1407, in imitation of the antique, with the reverses respectively of Venetia and a mythological subject, the Rape of Proserpine.

But it is to the neighbouring city of Verona that the credit of reviving the art of the medallist in the Renaissance style belongs. It differed in many respects from the classical type, and was the spontaneous product of the revival of art.

A wonderful impulse was given to all branches of learning by the discovery of many of the classics and the revival of Greek literature, caused by the dispersion of the Greeks after the fall of the Byzantine Empire by the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

It was a little anterior to this that Vittore Pisano (Pisanello)—1380–1451 or 2—cast a medal of large size representing the Emperor John Palæologus when he visited Ferrara at the Council, under Pope Eugenius IV., which was afterwards closed at Florence, in 1438, to demand assistance from Italy against the Turks. The obverse has the inscription in Greek of his titles and name, the reverse is signed "Opus Pisani pictoris," and also in Greek. The Emperor is represented mounted, on his journey, armed with a bow, and arrows in his quiver, and is turning aside from his suite, and with folded hands slightly bending before a cross placed on a high column, to show his devotion to the faith. (See Fig. 1.)

This medal mostly struck in bronze or lead was also struck

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in gold, and it is recorded that Andrew Fountaine,[1] one of the first of English collectors of Italian art, when he visited Florence in 1715 presented this gold medal to the Grand Duke Cosmo III. It is probable that a few of these were struck and given as presents by the Emperor Palæologus before he left Florence, where he and his brother were hospitably entertained.

Pisanello was a successful painter, and did not take up the casting of portrait medals till the last decade of his life. In the collection of drawings at the Louvre are some sketches by Pisanello of the reverses which he made use of in the memorial pieces of Alfonso of Naples. They were evidently inspired by the triumphal chariot drawn by four horses in the reverse of the medal of Heraclius,[2] and his earliest medal was in like manner modelled after the medal of Constantine both in its size, in the mixture of Latin and Greek inscriptions, and in the reverse representing an equestrian figure spearing a barbarian.

The medals of Pisanello and the School of Verona differed from those of Padua, which were struck and were always cast in either gold, bronze, silver, or lead. The best artists did not always require to touch up the casting, but in some cases the finishing touches were added when the cast, which had been modelled in wax, did not answer the expectation of the designer.

All the portraits of Pisanello have a strong individual character, which have probably never been surpassed. He depicts, in the heads of Sigismondo and Novello Malatesta, and in Lionello d'Este, the stern and haughty tyrants of the Renaissance. The main characteristic of the features is given without any superfluous detail, but idealised and ennobled. His figures are full of life and energy; his profiles are clean cut. We know of only one female head of Cecilia Gonzaga as she was at twenty-three, striking us by its simplicity and grace, with a

[1] "Antiqua Numismata quæ in regio Thesauro magni Ducis Etruriæ adservantur." Florence, 1740.

[2] "Fabriczy," p. 18.

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wealth of hair tied in an overhanging knot at the back of her head. The reverse is full of imagination and allegorical power, representing a lovely maiden scantily draped, who trusts her innocence to the protection of the symbolical unicorn lying by her side; a moonlight scene in a rocky wild desert; a solitary stone erected in the background bears the legend of his name and date, 1447.

The reigning Princes of the Courts of Padua, Mantua, Ferrara, Milan, Rimini, and Urbino, the Pope (Paul II.), and Alfonso of Naples encouraged the medallist; they made collections of the medals of their contemporaries, which were exchanged as gifts between each other, and of the remarkable men, whether as "condottieri" or famous in science or letters.

One of the earliest historical medals is of Pope Paul II. (Fig. 8) representing the Pope sitting in Council with six Cardinals on each side[1] and the legend: "Sacrum Publicum Apostolicum Consistorium Paulus Venetus P.P. II." This solemn Council was held in Rome in 1470, to confirm the sentence of deposition against George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, who had been condemned to lose his throne on account of his support of the Hussite heresy, 1466. Podiebrad refused to appear before the Pope, and in the presence of the Council, composed of all the learned divines in Rome and the representatives of the religious orders, the Pope, standing before the Altar in St. Peter's, solemnly absolved his subjects from their allegiance. The reverse, representing our Saviour in glory surrounded by Angels in the midst of the Apostles and fathers of the Church, with the Virgin and St. John in adoration and the Resurrection of the Dead below, is influenced by the designs of Fra Angelico and the painters of the early Italian school. It bears the legend: "Justus es Domine et Rectum Judicium tuum Miserere Nostri Do Miserere Nostri."[2]

[1] Bonanni only gives five Cardinals on each side, there not being room for six in the engraving.

[2] O Lord Thou art just, and right is Thy judgment. Pity us, O Lord, pity us.

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It is, therefore, different in character from any of the other medals of that date, and contains a large number of figures in very low relief. It was cast at Rome, but the author is unknown.

In Verona, Matteo de Pasti, from 1444, has left us characteristic heads of Sigismondo Malatesta, the tyrant of Rimini, and his mistress and second wife, Isotta da Rimini (1446), with its reverse, the elephant, which her husband had taken for his device with the motto: "Elephas Indus culices non timet." [1]

Mareoscotti of Ferrara has left us, between 1446 and 1462, seven medals, especially one of Bernardin of Siena, with the motto: "Coepit facere et postea docere," [2] and the legend on reverse: "Manifestavi nomen tuum hominibus." [3]

Petrecini and Coradini give us portrait medals of Borso and Ercole d'Este, first and second Dukes of Ferrara. A contemporary medallist at Naples, Pietro da Milano, was in the service of Alfonso. Both he and Laurana, after the death of Alfonso (1458), followed René of Anjou to his Court in France, where the former executed the medallion of René and his wife (1461), and the latter that of Louis XI. of France, in which he portrays the cunning and determination of this despot, who deserted the traditions of the Middle Ages, though imbued with its superstition, and initiated modern ideas in the government of his country.

In Mantua, Pietro da Fano gives us the portrait of the Marquis Lodovico Gonzaga, the reverse with the figure of an infant cupid and the legend: "Noli me tangere." [4] Did it allude to his marriage with Barbara of Brandenburg? Melioli and Talpa, the former a goldsmith and the latter a decorative artist, were employed by the Gonzaga family in their palace and villas, and Melioli also executed the medal of Christian IV. of Denmark, who passed through Mantua in 1474.

[1] The Indian elephant does not fear an insect's sting.
[2] He began to work and afterwards to teach.
[3] I have shown thy name to mankind,
[4] Do not touch me.

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Cristoforo Romano (1465–1512), in Isabella Gonzaga, continued the series of the Gonzaga family, after which he went to Rome, and in 1506 executed the medal of Julius II. The reverse contains two figures of peace and confidence joining hands over the altar of peace, with the legend: "Justitiæ pacis fideiq recuperator."[1] It breathes the spirit of classical antiquity, and combines with it that of the Renaissance as opposed to the realism in the medals of Pisano and the medallists of the fifteenth century.

By the same author is probably the medal of Alfonso d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia; the reverse contains the figure of a young Cupid, with his hands tied behind his back to a tree. This artist left his collection of thirty-six bronze and eighty-seven silver medals, together with other gems, to be sold to pay for the masses for his soul!

Marco Cavalli, the last of the Mantuan medallists, born 1450, was a goldsmith and engraver. He was employed in 1506 by Maximilian, at Hall in the Tyrol, to make the dies for the new gold coinage. In his medal of Maximilian I. and Bianca Maria Sforza, the two heads are in profile and are portraits; the reverse has the Madonna and the infant Christ; the heads are after the antique, the reverse is influenced by contemporary pictorial art.

In Padua, in the fifteenth century, there were only two medallists—B. Bellano (1430–1492) and Andrea Briosco dello Riccio. Bellano was a sculptor, pupil of Donatello while he lived at Padua, and worked under him at Florence on the pulpit at S. Lorenzo. He afterwards went to Rome and cast the bronze medal of Pope Paul II. He returned to Padua and was employed in bronze work for the church of St. Anthony. He was sent for to Constantinople by the Sultan Mahomet II. (1479–1480). Vasari also attributes to him the bronze medal of the lawyer Roselli, with the legend: "Monarcha sapientiæ."[2] Riccio was better known as the author of the bronze

[1] The restorer of justice, peace and faith.

[2] The monarch of wisdom.

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candelabra in the cathedral of Padua. His portrait medal of Girolamo Donato has a fine classical reverse of a beautiful youth asleep, with two-winged *amorini* looking into a half-closed book.

The medallists of Venice, Bologna, and the neighbourhood may next be mentioned. Venetian nobles, from their close connection with the East, were among the first of the Italians to make collections of the coins and gems of ancient art. The Venetian Pope (Paul II.) was an enthusiastic collector of coins and gems. One of the earliest Venetian medals was of the ill-fated Doge Foscari, who died about 1457. The reverse has the seated figure of Venetia, following the traditions of the Paduan School, modelled after the antique. To this Pope belongs the remarkable medal mentioned already.

M. Guidizani was the author, about 1450–1460, of the medal of the great Captain Bartolomeo Colleoni, whose equestrian statue in Venice is so well known in front of S. Giovanni e Paolo.

Costanzo, in 1481, made the remarkable medal of Mahomet II., a vigorous and life-like head in the style of Pisanello. The reverse represents him on horseback, riding a high-stepping Arab cob.

Victor Gambello, a goldsmith, engraver, and medallist, worked from 1484 to 1523. He was Master of the Mint in Venice from 1484 to 1515. Two characteristic heads in the early severe style of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini are a contrast to his later ones, with more pictorial treatment in the reverse of his medals. Besides his medals which he cast, he adopted the method of stamping medals in higher relief than was customary in the coins which he struck for the Popes from 1515 to 1517.

A medal of the Doge Andreas Gritti, although not signed by him, is probably his work, as he is stated to have made a medal of this Doge in the year 1523. This (Fig. 4) is a very carefully finished portrait, and the reverse, a draped figure of Fortune seated with the Lion of Venice on each side, a crown

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on her head, scales in her right hand and a cornucopia in her left, Venice in the background and a trophy of arms, with the legend at the base, "Venet," in large letters, is characteristic of the refined grace of the North Italian School.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century, Sperandio, during more than twenty years, beginning from 1450, worked in Mantua, Milan, Ferrara, and in Bologna from 1478 to 1495. This most fertile medallist of the fifteenth century has handed down to posterity no less than forty-five medals of the most distinguished men of those towns, among them Francisco Sforza; Federigo Montefeltre, Duke of Urbino; Jacopo Trotti; Niccolo da Corregio; Andrea Barbazza, a great Jurist. He was not always successful with the reverses of his medals, which are inferior in lively imagination and freshness to, though drawing some inspiration from, Pisanello. Returning to his native town he represented the Doge Agostino Barbarigo and the Marquis G. F. Gonzaga and Giovanni Bentivoglio II. in three of his best works.

Francesco Raibolini (Francia)—1450–1517—the celebrated painter, also carried on the work at Bologna both as goldsmith and medallist, and trained a large number of pupils, whose names have not come down to us, but who perpetuated his art and delicate work. Cardinal Alidosi, Giovanni Bentivoglio II., and Pope Julius II., with the reverse of St. Paul on the way to Damascus, and legend, "Contra stimulum ne calcitres,"[1] are among his best portraits. It was under Francia that a change was made in the art of coining by stamps, and after the middle of the sixteenth century the art of casting, except in a few large medals, nearly died out.

Giovanni Zacchi of Volterra (1536–1538) executed a few medals, the most remarkable of which was that of Andreas Griti, Doge, when he was eighty-two. The reverse of this medal has a nude female figure, with cornucopia in her left hand and in the right a pole, with which she is directing a three-headed dragon on which she is standing.

[1] Do not kick against the pricks.

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To return to Verona, the medallists of the beginning of the sixteenth century do not follow in the style of Pisanello, but show the influence of the prevailing ideas of the Renaissance.

Francis Carotto is known by one medal of the young Marquis of Montferat (1518); the youthful head is picturesquely shown, and the reverse bears traces of the style of Michael Angelo in the vigorous nude figure of Hercules chastising a woman.

Pomedello was an artist, engraver, and goldsmith. His fourteen medals between 1517 and 1527 included the medals of Maximilian, Charles V., and Francis I., which owed their origin to the peace of 1517, which raised the long seige of Verona. Later than these is the portrait of Isabella Sessa-Michieli, with the firmly modelled nude figure of Fortune in the Greek style.

Giulio della Torre was a lawyer and lecturer at the University of Padua, and though an amateur, yet he designed at least twenty medals of great finish and taste, representing likenesses of his own family, the statesmen, and leading men of his own university. In the reverse of that of B. Socino, he is represented in the chair lecturing to his pupils. These three close the list of those at Verona. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there are two more Venetian medallists. A. Spinelli (1535–1571), by whom is a fine head of Hieronymus Zani, a Senator of Venice, the reverse of which shows the influence of Albert Dürer in the representation of St. Jerome in the desert, signed 1540. There is also a small medal (Fig. 2) of the Doge Andreas Gritti; the reverse has a representation of the Church dedicated to St. Francis, and bears the date 1534, and the initials AN . SP . F. Alessandro Vittoria (1525–1608) was one of the most remarkable artists, as architect and sculptor of the Venetian "Cinquecento." The striking portraits of Pietro Aretino, the "Scourge of Princes," as he styles himself and his mistress, Maddalena Liomparda, are both artistic and true to life. He is now recognised as the author of the medal of the learned Dr. Tomaso Rangone, who died in 1577 at a great age. On the reverse is a nude

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female figure with an eagle taking a child from her breast, and a circlet of stars beneath the figure; in the foreground are three lilies and three birds. It is believed to depict the birth of Hebe.[1] (See Fig. 6.)

In the Romagna and the Marches a few medallists worked, such as Gian Francesco Enzola (1456–1475), whose medals of Francesco Sforza and Constanza Sforza are very lifelike, and carry on the traditions of the best artists of Ferrara. Clemens of Urbino has a good likeness of Federigo Montefeltre, the tyrant of Urbino (1468) which is more faithful, but not so artistic a likeness as that of Sperandio. Paolo da Ragusa has a portrait of the same Montefeltre, probably earlier, about 1450. He also executed a medal of Alfonso V. of Naples.

In the second half of the fifteenth century the art of the medallist was taken up by the Florentine School, and was developed there to a greater extent than in any part of Italy, the numbers reaching to 200 pieces. Many of them, however, were unsigned. The general character of the heads showed the same forcible representation of nature, but less pains were bestowed on the reverses, which were more of an historical than an allegorical character.

Antonio Averulino (1400–1460) has left a portrait of himself in an oval medallion. He was the designer of the bronze gates of St. Peter in Rome, and architect to Francesco Sforza at Milan.

Andrea Guazzalotti (1485–1495), as a Canon of the cathedral, designed and cast numerous medals in Prato, both of the Popes Nicholas V., Pius II., and Sixtus IV. The first-mentioned is the earliest of the contemporary Papal medals, and the only bronze casting is preserved in the library of St. Mark at Venice. It seems to be the finest work of the artist.

[1] In the catalogue of the Medici Museum it is under the head of the unknown artists. In "Fabricsy," pp. 39 and 40, it is attributed to Alessandro Vittoria, on the authority of the director of the Berlin Cabinet, A. von Sallet.

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Bertoldo di Giovanni (1420–1491), a pupil of Donatello, and a worker in bronze, was Keeper of the Museum of Antiquities in the garden of San Marco. There is only one signed medal of his known, a fine portrait of Mohamet II., with a classical reverse representing a figure of Victory in a triumphal chariot drawn by two horses, dragging by a rope three chained female figures as captive nations. He was described by a contemporary as an excellent maker of medals for Lorenzo the Magnificent, and we may safely ascribe to him, and not to Antonio Pollaiuolo, the important medal of the conspiracy of the Pazzi (1478) representing a head of Lorenzo de Medici, with the legend of "Salus Publica" on one side, and on the other Giulio de Medici, who fell a victim to it, with a corresponding "Luctus Publicus," the "Common Weal," and the "Common Woe."[1] (Pollaiuolo was the recognised author of the medal of Innocent VIII., included in the Papal series.)

There are several good medals of Cosmo Medici, Pietro and Giovanni Medici, by anonymous masters; and some by Niccolo Fiorentino (1430–1514). He came from a family of hereditary goldsmiths, but did not execute any work till probably 1488, but the one of Lorenzo de Medici is before 1490. The reverse is Florence personified as a female with a lily in her hand and the legend, "Tutela Patriæ."[2] There are also medals of Giuliano Medici and Cardinal Giovanni Medici, with female figures on the reverse; the latter was probably one of his last works. Besides these he executed a number of portrait medals of distinguished Florentines: Lorenzo Tornabuoni; Giovanni Albizzi, with the Three Graces on the reverse after the antique; Pico della Mirandola, who died 1494 at the age of thirty-one; and Angelo Poliziano, the poet and accomplished scholar, and tutor of Lorenzo de Medici's sons.

About 1489 are found several anonymous authors of medals to which the French "connoisseurs" have given names

[1] "Fabriczy," p. 53.

[2] The guardian of her country.

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from the characteristic features of the figures on the reverse of their medals. The reverses of the Florentine artists as yet unknown are of three types: a woman with clasped hands looks up to heaven in the act of devotion, this is called "Hope"; the second, an undraped woman standing on a dolphin, having in her right hand a full sail, called "Fortune"; the third, an eagle lighting on a tree, called "Eagle." Nonnina Strozzi is by the master called by the French "A l'Espérance," from a figure with the legend, "Spero in Deo." Alessandro Pagagnotti is by the same hand.

The head of Lorenzo Ciglia Mocchi is by the master called "A la Fortune," who has left eight medals with the reverse of a nude figure of Fortune, before described, and the date, 1495.

Filippo Strozzi, a very carefully designed head, is the work of the master called "A l'Aigle"; on the reverse is a flying eagle lighting upon a tree on which a floriated shield with a coat-of-arms is hung.

A medal of the remarkable Caterina Sforza-Riario in a widow's cap, after the death of her murdered husband in 1488, when she gallantly faced her enemies, has a figure of fame driving two winged horses on the reverse, with the legend: "Victoriam fama sequitur."[1] It is thought that the Florentine goldsmith, Domenico Cennini, who worked for her, is the author.

There is a large number of portrait medals of distinguished persons — Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, and the Medici — by anonymous authors, the works of which are worthy of special mention: the head of the early printer, Aldus Manutius, with the reverse of the dolphin twisted round an anchor, the well-known device in his books; the distinguished Venetians, Pietro Grimani, who was the spokesman for Venice in Hungary against their common foe the Turk; Agostino Barbarigo, identified with the seizure of Cyprus; Catarina and Adria Sandella, a beautiful mother and daughter before her marriage in 1548; a head of Antonio Bossi, with the reverse a draped

[1] Fame follows victory.

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figure of fame with a long trumpet and legend: "To be fulfilled by the event"—"Nunquam moriar."[1] The Doge Mario Grimani has on the reverse the winged lion of St. Mark in a spirited attitude.

To this period probably belong the three anonymous medals in my possession: Eugenius Sincritico, C.R., a charming youthful pair, a boy and girl, with "Celestis Imago" on the reverse (Fig. 7).

"Io Franc Martinio Mediolan Medicus." This is sixteenth-century work, struck to commemorate an ardent scholar, physician, and Philhellene at Milan. He was the editor of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates." The reverse has the head of a bearded man, Hippocrates,[2] with inscription on his helmet: ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝ ("The Friend of Greece"); and the legend: ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ ΣΩΘΕΙΣΗΣ ΔΩΡΟΝ.[3] (Fig. 8).

Jean de Valette, of an ancient family of Toulouse, is taken in profile, with rich armour and the Cross of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem on his breast, a likeness from which the engraving in Vertot's "Malta" is probably taken. He was Grand Master of the Knights of Malta (1557–1568), and defended it against the Turks, who besieged it with a fleet of 159 vessels and 30,000 troops. After a series of desperate attacks he eventually repulsed the Turks.

The reverse represents two knights landing from the platform of a ship bearing three Maltese crosses; an elephant meets them, with uplifted trunk, bearing a castle with a figure in it; there is a palm-tree behind; the castle of St. Elmo is in the distance; the legend above is "Habeo te."[4] (Fig. 5). It probably describes the relief of the island after the fort of St. Elmo was taken, by a fleet sent by the Viceroy of Sicily. Armand attributes it to Marius[5] (1560–70), and Furse[6] to Federigo Cocciola.

[1] I shall never die.

[2] See note, "Armand," part ii. p. 160.

[3] The gift of Greece saved.

[4] I have you.

[5] "Armand," vol. i. p. 220, and vol. iii. p. 102.

[6] Furse, "Mémoires numismatiques de l'ordre souverain de Saint Jean de Jerusalem." Rome. 1885. Page 322.

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Fig. 3



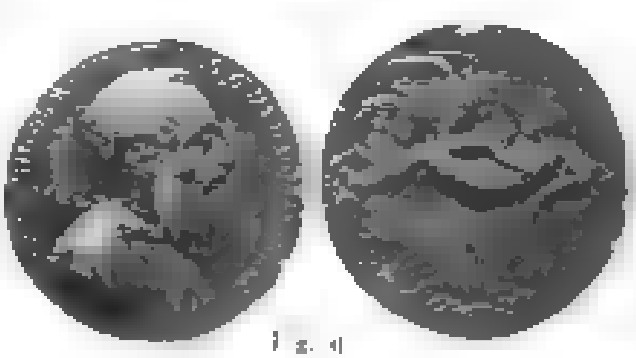


Fig. 4

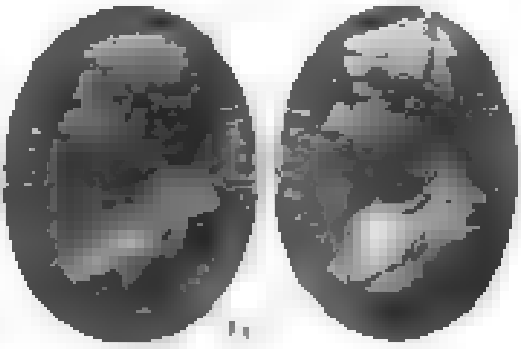


Fig. 5

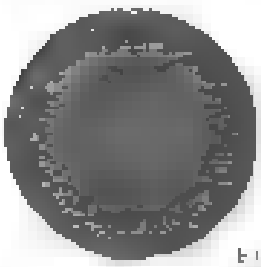




Fig. 6



Fig. 7



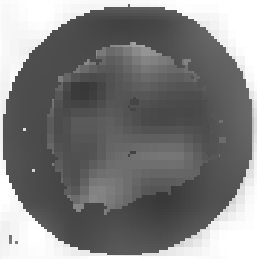


Fig. 8

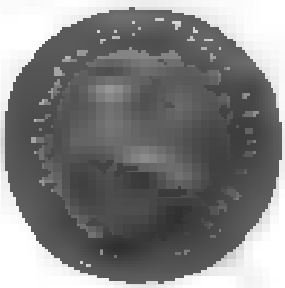


Fig. 9

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The medals of Savonarola, of which there are several types, are attributed by Vasari to one of the two sons of Andrea della Robbia. He is represented clasping a crucifix with one or both hands; the reverse has the sword of the Justice of God and the Holy Spirit hovering over the City of Florence, in allusion to the gloomy prophecies of the irreconcilable preacher of Judgment to come. A large gilt bronze one was probably executed after his death in memorial of him by one of his admirers, possibly Fra Bartolomeo.

Adriano the Florentine worked, in 1493–1495, before going to Germany, in Naples, at the Court of Ferdinand II., on the medal of Elizabeth Montefeltre, Duchess of Urbino, and was the author of the medal of Degenhart Pfeffinger. He worked in Germany in a yellow bronze gun-metal, unlike the usual Italian castings, about 1498.

The list of the Florentine medallists in the fifteenth century closes with the medals of Francesco Lancelotte, a painter (born 1472) of Lorenzo de Medici; Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours; Lorenzo Medici, Duke of Urbino; and Giovanni della Bande Nere (1498–1526), son of Catarina Sforza and father of Grand Duke Cosmo I., who, at the head of his black-mailed followers as the last of the old Condottieri, fell before Mantua in a fight with the Imperial troops.

The following three artists at the end of the fifteenth century cast their medals instead of stamping them:

Domenico di Polo, a Florentine (1480–1547), well known as an engraver ot gems, made a characteristic head of Alessandro de Medici; the reverse was in the style of the ancient gems, and represented a seated female figure of peace piling up a heap of weapons into a fire.

Francesco de Sangallo, sculptor and architect (1499–1576), is represented by a high-relief portrait of himself, and his wife on the reverse. He also was author of several medals of Giovanni and Alessandro de Medici and Pope Leo X.

Benvenuto Cellini is better known by his gold work, especially in his shields with figures in high relief, than for his

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medals, which are wanting in the artistic feeling of the older artists even when they are cast, and his reverses are commonplace and conventional, such as on the reverse of the medal of Pope Clement VII., where a figure of Peace sets on fire a bundle of weapons in front of a figure of Discord, seated and chained to the temple of Janus.

One of the most fruitful artists of the sixteenth century was Pastorino of Siena (1508–1592). Throughout this century he was employed to make medallions in wax, afterwards painted; and excelled both in casting medals, engraving, and in painting glass. In the latter part of his life he was in the employment of the Grand Duke Francesco at Florence. His figures are full of grace and refinement: the heads of Ariosto and Titian, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este (the builder of the Villa d'Este), Lucrezia Medici, Margaret of Parma, and Eleanor Gonzaga testify to his skill.

The medallists, as well as other artists, were attracted to the Courts of the principal rival states of Florence, Siena and Ferrara, according as their ruler was a patron of the particular art they professed. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Court of the Medici at Florence was the market for the best workers in the precious metals, and they found ample employment in the Mint of the Grand Duke. They handed down the likenesses of the Medici family, whether as rulers of Florence or as Popes or Cardinals; and they were also employed in the Courts of Brussels and Madrid.

Francesco dal Prato struck the head of Clement VII; Domenico Poggino that of the Grand Duke Cosmo I., with the reverse of Hetruria Pacata; Giovan Paolo Poggini, the head of Philip II. and his wife, Anne of Austria; Domenico Poggini, the Grand Duke Francesco and his wife, Joanna of Austria. These were carried out with great attention to detail, but with rather a hard conventional treatment which was adopted in the coinage of the period, and lacked the freedom and softness of outline of the medals which were cast, as in the medal of the historian, Benedetto Varchi.

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Paolo Galeotti (died 1584) struck twelve medals of the Duke Cosmo I., with the reverses depicting the principal home events of his reign, viz., the supply of Florence with water, the draining of the marshes round Pisa, the union of the States of Siena and Florence, the building of a fortification in Elba, the column in the Piazza Santa Trinita brought from Rome, the improvement of the Library of San Lorenzo, the foundation of the Knights of San Stefano, the building of the Pitti Palace. His medal of G. Grimaldi has on its reverse Prometheus chained to a rock with an eagle gnawing at his heart.

At the end of the sixteenth century Gasparo Mola was a distinguished goldsmith, the designer of the celebrated shield now in the National Museum, formerly attributed to Benvenuto Cellini; he made the medals of Ferdinand I. and Ferdinand II., and Cosmo II. and Maria Maddalena of Austria. The likenesses are well modelled and are remarkable for the delicacy of detail, and though in the first quarter of the seventeenth century did not show the decay of art which soon took place.

Domenico de Vetri (1480–1547), a Florentine engraver of gems, made numerous medals of the Medici family. One of Cosmo Medici II. (Fig. 9) is a youthful figure with armour and bare head; the reverse has a wreath with the legend, "Publicæ saluti."[1] Another (Fig. 10), by the same author, has the reverse, "Animi conscientia et fiducia fati,"[2] with the sign of the Capricorn.

From the North of Italy came Leone Leoni (1509–1590), a native of Arezzo, employed in Rome as designer of the Mint. He was the medallist of Michael Angelo, of Pope Paul III., of Charles V., and also of Ippolita Gonzaga at the age of sixteen. The reverse represents Diana as huntress, a spear in her right hand, with a horn at her mouth, followed by three hounds; behind her Pluto is seated with Cerberus at his feet. Above, the moon is surrounded by stars, with the legend: "Par ubique Potestas."[3]

[1] For public welfare. [2] With a conscious mind and trust in fate.
[3] Equal power everywhere.

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Jacopo Nizzola de Trezzo (1515 or 1520–1601), said to be a pupil of Leone Leoni, was a skilful cutter of gems, goldsmith and medallist of Milan. He designed several medals of Philip II. of Spain; the reverse of one represents his second wife, Queen Mary with head-dress encircled by precious stones, richly embroidered dress and a jewelled ornament on her breast. His portrait of Ippolita Gonzaga, wife of Antonio Caraffa, when she was seventeen (Fig. 11), is modelled with exquisite taste and a finish of detail which justifies the reputation he enjoyed as medallist. She has a double necklace of pearls and jewels and delicate drapery on her shoulders and neck. The reverse represents Aurora standing in a chariot floating on the clouds, drawn by a winged horse, with a torch in her left hand and in her right hand a basket of flowers, which she is scattering; in front of the car is a cock who is crowing. A distant view of the earth is seen below.

Compare this medal with that of Anna M. Ludovica, wife of William, Elector Palatine, and daughter of Cosmo III., the great patron of the medallist. This (Fig. 12) shows the decay of art in its absence of simplicity in its detail, but it still retains much dignity in the pose of the figure and the modelling of the features. The obverse has the legend: "ANNA M. LUDOVICA, P. AB. ETR. COSMI III M. E. D. F. IO WILH. E. PAB. ETC. OLIM UXOR." The reverse has a sun shining on a landscape, with Florence in the distance; an angel, holding the armorial lily of Florence in his right hand and a wreath in his left, is descending; in the foreground a female figure is kneeling to pick a flower, and opposite to her is a slightly draped figure of a River God with water proceeding from a fountain and a lion at his feet. The legend at the top is "Laetitiae Reduci,"[1] and at the base "Firmantur sole regresso."[2] As the last of the Medici, who died childless, it may be fairly contrasted with those of the earlier members of the Medici family.

[1] To the return of joy.

[2] They are strengthened by the return of sunshine.

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In the medals of the best period we are brought in contact with the fascinating history of the Italian Renaissance; its revolutions and sudden changes of politics; its brilliant but unscrupulous statesmen and rulers; its patrons of the revival of art in literature, painting, and sculpture; and if in these days we wish to revive the art of commemorating our events and the likenesses of our great men in gold, silver, or bronze, it is to Italian art we must turn, as both in our coinage and our contemporary medals we are far behind Pisanello, Sperandio, or even of the later Dupré in his medal of Henry IV. and Marie de Medici on their marriage, or of Simon in the Coronation medal of Charles II.

The series of Papal medals demands a subsequent article.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

IT is almost a rule of the game, if a writer wishes to obtain full consideration for his views on some burning controversy in our own country, that he should identify himself with neither side completely, but should see elements that are true and good in both, excesses in both. If there is to be a general rule in such matters, perhaps it is not a bad rule, though it may sometimes issue both in injustice and in lack of whole-hearted enthusiasm where such enthusiasm is really deserved. Tennyson used to complain of the reviewers "a little praise and a little blame, carefully balanced; they will venture no further." The editor of a celebrated Review scratched out the epithet "great" poet, applied to one who was already the author of *In Memoriam*, and substituted the word "true."

But if the rule I speak of should have exceptions in England, in France, the land of extremes, it should hardly have place at all. There are excesses which can only be fairly dealt with by an attitude of unmixed condemnation. "Une œuvre française, donc une œuvre exagérée" was de Maistre's account of the Revolution. And the philosophic mind of Burke by a true instinct abandoned its habitual moderation in his protests against it. He became frankly a party man. This does not mean that there are not two sides to French questions, as to English questions. But the debatable ground generally goes so far back, in this logical and passionate race, that it is ground only for those who philosophise on first principles. In England

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if we discuss Disestablishment or the Education Bill we address a large public, on *both* sides, who value the influence of the Church and of religious education. In France it is otherwise; and no true view of the forces really at work can be gained if we lose sight of the fact that the spirit which expressed itself in "écrasez l'infâme" has never died, that it is now rampant, and that it is the strongest factor in the struggle at present going on against the Church. Decency forbids its constant proclamation,—though it must be owned that there has been no over-delicate disguise on the subject. But it has always been visible to those who looked facts in the face. It is no creation or distinctive appendage of the Republic. Such men as M. Ferry and M. Combes have been its mouthpieces, and represent its renewal and development after partial abatements. But Taine saw it long ago when he told us in his *Régime Moderne* that the Concordat could not be again the old solemn and reverent marriage at Rheims between Church and State; that it really only marked and regulated a divorce. The State utilised its provisions to treat the Church, whom it no longer loved or respected, as its slave. "We are paid by our enemies," wrote Lacordaire in the *Avenir* in 1830, "who regard us as hypocrites and fools." We cannot read the following description of the Ministers of Louis Philippe, by the same pen and written in the same year, without feeling that the spirit of 1904 was already alive and at work seventy-four years ago.

> Ils n'ont ouvert la bouche que pour nous menacer; ils n'ont signé d'ordonnances ecclésiastiques que pour sanctionner les actes arbitraires dont nous étions victimes; ils ont laissé debout les agents qui violaient nos sanctuaires, qui y faisaient pourrir des morts devant Dieu; ils ont souffert qu'on fît de notre habit sur tous les théâtres le vêtement de l'infamie, tandis que leurs lieutenants généraux nous ordonnaient de le porter, sous peine d'être arrêtés comme des vagabonds sortis de leur bagne; ils ne nous ont pas protégés une seule fois sur un seul point de la France; ils nous ont offerts en holocauste prématuré à toutes les passions; voilà les motifs de sécurité qu'ils ous présentent! Voilà les hommes de qui vous consentiries à recevoir vos collègues dans la charge des premiers pasteurs. (*Avenir*, 25 Novembre, 1830).

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Philosophers may still debate whether Christianity is or is not a one-sided interpretation of human nature, whether secularism is not the true outcome of modern science, whether the Church is or is not an evil. If the secularist view on these subjects be adopted to its full extent we may discuss M. Combes' policy in a spirit of moderation—partially excusing his excesses in consideration of the excellence of his aim. But if we accept the Christian standpoint no moderation of judgment can be claimed on the score of genuine political grounds for his policy; and to judge the present or forecast the future as though only or mainly political and social considerations were at work, and neglecting the true moving power—the sentiment of contempt or hatred towards religion—would be even more unreal in 1904 than in 1880. In the really critical matter in dispute, then, we must take sides. There may be very much in the existing French Church which we dislike or disapprove. There may be abuses among the religious orders; they may have needed weeding and controlling; clerical influence may have run to excesses. Jesuit education may promote—notably in the Army—Royalist sympathies, or, at least, a want of cordiality towards the existing Republican system. But to make such considerations a defence for M. Combes' action would be like pleading that schoolboys had gone out of bounds as often as five times in one day as a reason for cutting off their heads. The disproportion between the reasons alleged (when stripped of rhetorical exaggeration) and the policy pursued, is a startling reminder that the said reasons are little more than excuses; while the real reason lies in the hatred of religion which is avowed by the Socialists and Anarchists, whose sentiments find an echo in those of M. Combes, and more or less apathetic instruments elsewhere. Truth is reached not by looking for feelings of respect and justice where they do not exist, but by seeing clearly the strong and fanatical passion which is at work, and which is inconsistent with justice towards its object. True candour lies in recognising existing excesses as such; and the pseudo-

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candour which urges a moderate estimate of what is immoderate, is the Candour gibeted long ago by Canning:

> "Much may be said on both sides." Hark! I hear
> A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,
> The voice of Candour. Hail! most solemn sage,
> Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
> Candour, which softens party's headlong rage,
> Candour, which spares its foes and ne'er descends
> With bigot zeal to combat for its friends;
> Candour, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
> Of acting foolishly, but meaning well,
> Too nice to praise by wholesale or to blame,
> Convinced that all men's motives are the same,
> And finds with keen, discriminating sight,
> Black's not *so* black, nor white so *very* white.

The present crisis is but one act in a drama which began three years ago; and we must, therefore, to begin with, briefly remind ourselves of its earlier scenes, beginning with the Associations law of M. Waldeck Rousseau. Conscious, moreover, of the pitfalls which beset the foreigner in writing of a country in which he does not live, I have availed myself largely of a memorandum supplied to me by an able French Catholic, the Abbé Henri Bremond, who is known as at once a representative writer and a large-minded thinker.

The real motive underlying the recent legislation [says M. Bremond] I would suggest to be this. There is a class of persons in France now—and no serious Frenchman will attempt to deny this, or to underrate their strength—whose aim it is to secularise their country, to destroy Christianity, and, above all things, to put an end to every kind of religious instruction. These people have determined the policy of the Government, promising their support if their commands are carried out. M. Waldeck Rousseau was not a freemason, he belonged to no particular sect. I do not assert that he personally had a deep hatred for anything, or that he desired to destroy Christianity in France; but in this law he found a successful means of satisfying those who did, and of distracting the minds of his majority—of rallying them upon an easy standpoint; and, in the meantime, of making the Socialists forget the social reforms of which they are always dreaming, which all Governments promise to grant, and which no Government in the world really intends to grant.

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The anti-clerical campaign has been, then, a succession of sops to Cerberus, thrown unwillingly by M. Waldeck but most willingly by M. Combes, whose own desires are identical with those of the fanatical party.

Coming to the Associations law itself, the writer thus continues:

The law relating to religious congregations was not merely a simple law of registration or regulation; it was, also, according to the confession of its author, a *law of direct attack*. On the one hand its professed aim was no doubt to regulate, to concentrate, and to make uniform the law relating to associations, but it also professed from the outset to aim at exterminating certain religious congregations which were said to be harmful to the secular clergy and dangerous to the safety of the country. "If you are able" [said Waldeck Rousseau in the debate of June 27, 1901] "to disperse those monks who are plotters against the State and those who interfere in politics, you will succeed in putting a stop to their parasitical efforts."

On reading such words, used by the Prime Minister of a great country, Candour, the "solemn sage," will undoubtedly say—"Here we have the real motive of the Government; an admitted political danger from religious orders who participate in plots against the Republic. We may doubt as to whether the danger is greater or less. But no moderate person can deny its existence."

Very different is the verdict of my French correspondent:

It is almost impossible [he writes] to imagine how little French monks interest themselves in political matters. With the exception of a dozen of the Assumptionists who were on the staff of the newspaper *La Croix*—which, by the way, was Republican—it is impossible to see on whom the Prime Minister's accusation of meddling with politics could possibly fall. The only other order against which the accusation has been seriously made is the Jesuits, and it has never been substantiated in their case.

And this is not mere assertion. The writer proceeds to emphasise the undeniable fact that this charge of M. Waldeck Rousseau, the chief alleged ground for legislation, has never been supported by any evidence whatever.

If any individual or order went beyond the limits of what was right [he continues] there has always been, and still are, the ordinary legal tribunals

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before which they could be called to account. Nothing could be easier than to bring to justice any member of a religious order guilty of exciting to rebellion or implicated in a Monarchist plot. Had such an accusation been proved in the ordinary law courts, and had the existing law been unequal to dealing with it, there might have been some pretext for exceptional legislation. But nothing of the kind has been attempted. And in the case of the Assumptionists the Pope himself had anticipated the wishes of the Government and forbidden them to continue the editorship of *La Croix*, which was at once transferred to lay editors. . . . What would be said of a law which should suppress all nurses because in one or two cases nurses had got intoxicated and neglected their patients?

But if M. Waldeck's words involved an unjust accusation, suspicion was at first partly allayed; for it was represented that only very few would be affected by the proposed law.

It appeared [the memorandum continues] that positive expulsion was to be merely a threat. The orders would present their request for authorisation: it would be examined as a matter of form, and authorisation would, in most cases, be granted them—so at least his words and actions seemed to forbode. He himself promised the Dominicans—although they were very unpopular with the deputies because of the Inquisition—that their authorisation should be granted; and it was also represented to the Benedictines, Trappists, Carthusians and many other orders, that they had only to give this simple proof of submission to the State.

We all remember how those monks and nuns who preferred to remove themselves and their property from the country were commonly regarded as extravagant and fanatical, as attributing to the State unjust intentions—an attitude which only showed how suspicious was the clerical mind, how unable it was to recognise the virtues and liberality of the Republican *régime*. The "solemn sage" condemned their action as savouring strongly of mediæval bigotry.

Happy, however, as the event proved, were the 86 communities of men and 211 of women who declined to trust to the tender mercies of the French Government.

M. Combes had hardly succeeded M. Waldeck Rousseau when, by a flagrant violation of justice and of good faith, he contended at the outset that new houses founded by orders already authorised by the State were to be treated as unauthorised, and

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might simply be swept away. First, in June 1902, 180 schools, and then, in July, 2500 more, were shut up. The houses had, for the most part, not applied for authorisation, because they firmly believed themselves to be already authorised as belonging to authorised congregations. M. Waldeck Rousseau had confirmed their view of the case. Every reason for the authorisation of the congregations themselves applied equally to their several houses. The action was one of such incredible arbitrariness and undisguised hostility that the puzzled Englishman is perhaps inclined to believe that there is some mistake about the matter. He passes no severe judgment, because he half thinks it never happened.

Then, with regard to the application of the law, M. Combes simply got rid of the principle which is at the root of the French Constitution—in which, as in our own, the two Chambers exercised a controlling influence on each other. He passed a law whereby *one* Chamber alone was to decide in applications for authorisation. He then assigned to the Senate only five (those whom alone he meant to obtain authorisation), namely, the Order of St. John of God, the Trappists, the Cistercians, the African Missions, and the White Fathers. Next, twenty-five teaching congregations, representing nearly 12,000 monks, were] refused authorisation *en bloc* by the Chamber on March 18, 1903. Six days later twenty-eight preaching congregations were similarly treated. The former group included the English Benedictines at Douai, the latter the English Passionists in Paris. Two days afterwards the Carthusians were suppressed, and the first act of the drama terminated.

The same absence of almost any pretence of fair play, the same undisguised attitude of hostility, has been visible in the recent rupture between France and the Holy See. And here let it be noted that the policy of M. Combes has throughout been drastic and in a sense effective, not from any qualities of the statesman in the Minister himself, not from any ability to gauge how public opinion might best be won, but because he has

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been a man of one idea—a perilous gift in the long run for a Prime Minister. Not insight, but blindness, is his strength. Anti-clericalism is his ruling passion, and to follow the lead of the anti-clerical party is his policy. No organ of moderate French opinion (as my correspondent points out) is with him. The *Temps*, which its worst enemies could not regard as tinged with clericalism, as little approves of him as the *Journal des Débats*. His only supporters are the Socialist journals. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and a fool may thus accomplish, by determination and good fortune, what a wise man, even though his aims be the same, might fail in securing. The refusal of authorisation was in many instances too indefensible for any wise statesman to have attempted it. One who was so little a fanatical clerical as the late M. de Blowitz protested almost fiercely in the case of the English Passionists of Paris. And it was by no means the worst instance. But M. Combes did attempt it, and carried it through. Where he has deserted the blind pursuit of his *idée fixe* he has failed. Where he has hesitated, it has been in the wrong place.

This is very noteworthy at the beginning of the recent disputes. Had M. Combes taken the dispute over M. Loubet's visit to Rome as the reason for a definitive rupture of diplomatic relations with the Holy See, however unfair he might have been in detail, so far as the broad issue was concerned he would have stood on very strong ground in the eyes of the world. Even for those who take the strongest view as to the indefensible character of the original spoliation of the Papal States, the lapse of thirty-four years has altered the situation very materially. Even those who believe that the Pope is well within his rights in keeping up his formal protests until some satisfactory way is found for safeguarding his independence, are aware that every year those forms of protest which affirm the claim to his lost dominions are less and less effective. The Cardinal Secretary's letter, though in its substance possibly enough some such protest was necessary, offered an excellent opportunity of winning over to

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the side of France the bulk of hostile opinion. Weighty French journals were, on this particular issue, largely with M. Combes.

Yet instead of seizing on the opportunity and consistently using it, M. Combes at first simply ignored it. Then, apparently as an afterthought, and in deference to those who pointed out how useful a lever he was throwing away, the question was raised again by the publication in *l'Humanité* of the copy which had been sent to the Powers of the Cardinal Secretary's letter of protest against the visit of M. Loubet. The only portion of this copy which could with any decency be acted on at this stage was that which was not contained in the original letter to the French Government. The importance of this passage was therefore magnified to enormous dimensions. The Cardinal Secretary's request to have questions in its regard put in writing—a request which would have been denied to no other diplomatic Power in the world—was refused. M. Nisard, the French Ambassador, left Rome. Yet, after all, diplomatic relations were not positively terminated at this point, and the Nuncio remained in Paris. M. Combes' hand-to-mouth policy, and his indecision, which is with him the only alternative to blind brutality, caused him again to let slip his opportunity—less good, indeed, than if he had seized it at first, but still good.

The excuse of which he actually availed himself for the final rupture was as bad as possible from his point of view. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and therefore possibly he did not care. But the fact remains, and will tell in the long run with public opinion. The claim of Rome which he angrily resisted and made the crucial reason for a rupture, was not like that to the Temporal Power, a partly political claim, but one to purely spiritual jurisdiction over the Episcopate, exerted in the interests of morality and religion. Rome claimed to call on two Bishops to answer grave charges which had reduced their authority in their dioceses to a nullity, and which if true made them unfit to hold their positions.

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But before reminding my readers of the details of this dispute, it may be noted that this unstatesmanlike indecision, and choice of a pretext, rested on another ground of indecision equally unstatesmanlike, because it betrayed ignorance of well-known facts. M. Combes had not yet made up his mind that separation of Church and State was the best policy for crushing the Church. The *Concordat*, plus the Organic Articles, had always been recognised as a serviceable machine for bullying purposes. M. Dumay had for many years in his episcopal appointments been endeavouring to detach the French Church from Rome. An amended Concordat worked by State Bishops, a kind of revised edition of the Civil Constitution of the clergy, might serve his purpose, the Prime Minister thought, better than separation. And for a time, there is no doubt that some such proposal was generally anticipated. For this purpose a dispute in which the relations of the Holy See to the Bishops was the turning-point would be the most serviceable.

Here was apparent very great ignorance of the state of feeling in the French Church of to-day. In the days of Bossuet, or in the days of the Petite Eglise, such an idea would perhaps not have been chimerical. Nay, even at the time of the Reformation the relation of the Bishops to Rome was such as might have afforded ground of hope for success in this policy.

There is an interesting case recently recorded by M. Antoine Degert in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for July, 1904, which throws significant light on the attitude of independence which French Bishops would take up on occasion in their dealings with Rome in the sixteenth century. The Cardinals of the Inquisition, with the approval of Pius IV., summoned before them eight French Bishops suspected of Calvinism, under pain of excommunication *latæ sententiæ*. Seven of them appealed to the Gallican liberties, and simply refused to obey the summons. They threw themselves on the protection of the Crown, which was fully accorded. On December 11, 1566, Pius V. declared them

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deprived of their sees for their contumacy. The Bishops appealed from his sentence as an abuse of power, and it simply remained a dead letter. For years the Pope strove to enforce it, and his successor, Gregory XIII., did the same, but to no purpose. The excommunicated and deprived Bishops calmly continued to discharge the functions of their office; their clergy entirely accepted the situation; all that Rome could do was, when the death of each in the course of nature made a new appointment necessary, to state in the official documents that the late Bishop had been deprived of his see by a decree of the Inquisition in 1566.

At present, however, loyalty to Rome is of the very essence of French Catholicism, and even the least Roman of the Bishops would not venture on the desired policy. It may be added that M. Combes' undisguised contempt for the clergy might well also make any Bishop hesitate, from motives of self-interest, to take a course in which his only hope for the future should lie in the tender mercies of the ex-Seminarist. At Rome, at all events, all Prelates could count upon some of the respect due to their office. But from a group of statesmen who were hesitating between a new Concordat which would mean servitude for the Church, and a scheme of separation which, as planned by M. Briand, would involve wholesale spoliation, there was not very much to be confidently hoped for.

Be this as it may, any scheme of this kind which may have dwelt in M. Combes' mind has been signally defeated. After a struggle in which Candour, the "solemn sage," was his only supporter outside his own party—in which no fair-minded onlooker could take his side—diplomatic relations with the Holy See were broken off on the most flimsy of pretexts; and then the recalcitrant Bishops, instead of playing their part to the end as it had been rehearsed before M. Combes, invented on their own account at the last moment, a new termination to the comedy by submitting to Rome, and resigning their Sees.

The particulars will be in the memory of most readers. But they may be briefly recalled.

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On May 17, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, writing on behalf of the Holy See, invited Monsignor Geay, Bishop of Laval, to resign his See. It was a repetition of an invitation made three years earlier, on the ground of grave charges against the Bishop, who at first consented to resign, but afterwards withdrew his consent. The Cardinal stated simply that if he did not resign the Sacred Congregation "might be driven to proceed to further measures" (*ad ulteriora*). The French Government, to whom the Bishop communicated the Cardinal's letter, treated the threat of "further measures" as though it were an explicit threat of deprivation, pointed out that as according to the Concordat the nomination of Bishops belongs to the State, so equally must their deprivation, and demanded in a despatch of June 8 that the letter should be withdrawn. Cardinal Merry del Val replied on June 10 that the "further measures" meant not definite deprivation, but only a summons before the Inquisition. To refuse to allow Rome to invite a Bishop to resign on account of grave moral charges, or to summon him to Rome to justify himself before the Holy Office, "would be equivalent to saying that the French Bishops are placed by the Concordat outside the Catholic Church."

On July 10 the Cardinal Secretary repeated the summons of Bishop Geay to Rome, requesting that he should come before the 20th, and pointing out that the penalty for refusal was suspension from his orders and jurisdiction, incurred by the very fact of disobedience (*latæ sententiæ*). Monsignor Geay again communicated the letter to the Government, and the French Chargé d'Affaires at once seized on this last sentence as a threat of deposition, and intimated on July 28 that diplomatic relations would be broken off unless the letters were withdrawn. He also declared that in summoning a Bishop to Rome without the knowledge of the Government its rights were ignored. "The Government of the Republic," he added, "leaves to the Holy See the full responsibility of the resolutions to which it shall be compelled." Cardinal Merry del Val replied, refusing to withdraw the letters,

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and pointing out that the Pope had never surrendered his right to summon Bishops to Rome irrespective of the permission of the Government, that right being denied not in the Concordat but in the Organic Articles, which Rome had never accepted. The duty of all Bishops to come at certain times to Rome, under penalties *latæ sententiæ*, was contained in a "well-known law certainly not unknown to the French Government." He repeated what he had already stated on June 10, that in the event either of resignation or of a regular process against a Bishop with a view to his deposition, "the provisions of the Concordat *at the proper time* would not be neglected."

Exactly the same points were urged in the case of Monsignor Le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon. On July 26 Cardinal Merry del Val pointed out the formal oath taken at canonical institution by the Bishops, "Mandata apostolica humiliter recipiam et quam diligentissine exsequar." The Government did not trouble itself to answer the Cardinal's arguments. It did not wait to see if an attempt would really be made at formal deposition without the consent of the civil power. Diplomatic relations were broken off in a verbal note from the Chargé d'Affaires, which was communicated to the Nuncio with an equally brief note from M. Delcassé on July 30. I do not think it is possible to read the "White Book" in which this correspondence is given without feeling that the Government had already come to this decision on grounds quite distinct from the merits of the argument; and that it did not take the trouble to preserve the bare pretence of fairness, or to disguise its contemptuous dislike of Rome and of the Church itself. It is clear that if the powers claimed by the Holy See were disallowed, there would be no protection against either immoral Bishops, or Bishops who were heretics or even atheists. The Pope had always been accorded the right to refuse canonical institution on the ground of grave irregularity in a Bishop nominated by the Government,[1] and his right to

[1] A priest who had been "suspended" could always be refused by Rome, and it used to be said, in jest, that in order to give the Pope a free hand, Bishop

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suspend a Bishop from his spiritual functions was inalienable. Actual deposition no doubt would mean (as the Cardinal intimated) joint action with the Government. The Government did not wait, as I have said, to see if the Holy See would attempt to take this step without its consent. Had it cared for even the appearance of fairness it would have done so. It was quite possible that some more plausible ground might have been found at this point, where the Government had an undoubted *locus standi*. But in dealing with priests such attention to appearances was really unnecessary. It is very unlikely, however, that further delay would have changed the practical result. Clearly such cases, in which Church and State have to act together, demand some sense of justice and some mutual goodwill—conditions which were absent. Had the comedy been prolonged the *dénouement* would have been the same.

For some months after the rupture those who were best in a position to know the sentiments of the Government expected, as I have said, that it would attempt to fashion a Concordat which should reduce the power of the Vatican to zero, a plan which was rudely defeated by the journey of the two Bishops to Rome and their resignation. On September 4 came the famous Auxerre speech of M. Combes.

M. Combes was frank and truthful in his address on two points: he affirmed that the policy of the Government aimed, like that of the Revolution, at the "complete secularisation of society" as its "last formula and conclusion." He was frank, too, in stating that the separation of Church and State was the step which he eventually contemplated. For the rest, his justification of so drastic a measure consisted in a picture of the situation in the present and in the past which was such an undisguised piece of special pleading as only to emphasise the bitter hostility which could contemplate so weighty a political revolution without a more plausible excuse. Every expression of resentment on the part of Catholics at the Associations law

Dupanloup found a pretext for suspending at some time or other nearly all the clergy in his diocese.

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was represented as an act of aggression against the Government, and the rupture of diplomatic relations and the sequel now contemplated were laid at the door of the clergy and of Rome. The Church was described as having gradually become more and more domineering over the State ever since the days of Napoleon, and the patriotic mission of M. Combes was to lay low this haughty enemy of the Republic.

The *Journal des Débats*, a safe index of what may be accounted moderate opinion in France, here stepped into the arena and pointed out the Premier's exaggerations. It did so with all the more effect because in the earlier conflict between Cardinal Merry del Val and the Government it had severely criticised both the Cardinal and Pius X.

> The majority of the accusations of M. Combes [it said in the issue of September 6] against the French clergy, or against the Church, are false, or where they contain a slight particle of truth the exaggeration which he introduces makes them still mendacious. Whatever he may say the attitude of our clergy has nothing in it which resembles a revolt, and it is even surprising that acts like those of the years just passed could have been accomplished without more vigorous protests. It would not have been so at any earlier epoch of the Church's history.

The Prime Minister's detestation of the Church, the writer adds, cannot disguise itself. "Hatred is apparent throughout his whole speech." M. Combes had gone so far in his special pleading as to intimate that the Government of July, 1830—the very Government against which Lacordaire's bitter invectives had been directed on account of its utter irreligion and contempt of the Church—had been clerical in its tendencies. "See," exclaims the *Débats*, "how history is written in the Ministry of the Interior and of Public Worship!" Such a statement is "an historical untruth, so evident that it is not worth the trouble of refuting."

And now for the future. If, as seems too probable, M. Combes is strong enough to carry out his project, what will be its effect on Catholicism in France? Will it be, as Lamennais and Lacordaire hoped in 1830, its regeneration?

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Or will the Church be so crippled in its resources as to deprive the people in many places of all religious ministrations, and gradually of religious faith?

One most important preliminary question must first be asked and answered. M. Combes gave certain assurances at Auxerre as to the scope of his proposed measure. The existing religious edifices, he intimated, were to be retained by the clergy, and pensions given to present holders of benefices. "There is no reasonable concession or sacrifice conformable to justice (he said) that I should not be disposed on my side to advise." He insisted that "Republicans should give proof in this debate of largeness of ideas and of benevolence" towards those Churchmen who should help to carry out the scheme. This raised an all-important question: Is the separated Church really to keep the existing churches and seminaries? Allowing that M. Combes meant what he said at Auxerre, who could guarantee his power to carry it out? Let us recall the weighty words used at the time by the *Journal des Débats:*

> M. Combes speaks of a separation which should leave a certain liberty to religion. . . . At starting we always hear only of gentle and agreeable measures. All is to be kindly, easy and peaceable. Six months later the whole country is plunged in religious and social war. The law of Associations was to be a liberal measure; it was to take account of distinctions and to admit of being temperately applied; it was to let certain religious associations live quite freely. We know how in the event it has turned out. Will it be otherwise with M. Combes' scheme of separation? The President of the Council enunciates to-day large views, fitted to rally round him all the waverers, and to make sure of the goodwill of radicals who have become hostile.

But once the principle of separation was allowed, it was evident that he would have all the pressure of the uncompromising views of M. Briand and M. Jaurès as to the mode of its realisation. "History proves," added the writer, "that in such a case M. Combes is unable to resist."

Most painfully has this prophecy been realised. We know the scheme of M. Briand, and even in October M. Combes told us that that statesman's sketch of a scheme of separation, which has little in it of the conciliatory character on which the Prime

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Minister insisted at Auxerre, would probably form the basis of discussion for the Government measure. Since then we have the actual text of the proposed *projet de loi*, which realises the worst fears of the Catholics, and entirely departs from the promises made by the Prime Minister when he first announced his intention.

So far as the present writer has been able to gauge the opinion of French Catholics of insight, they appear to think that if, in deference to the strength of the opposition, M. Combes should after all carry out a moderate scheme of separation, treating the clergy with liberality and leaving to them the existing religious edifices, leaving, moreover, real freedom to the Church, in the long run religion would be the gainer. There would be a time of great hardship before private devotion and liberality had done what was necessary for the support of the clergy. But the history of the orders shows how great private beneficence in support of religion is likely to be; and a persecution might prove stimulating and not crushing. Intellectual interests especially would suffer; university training for the clergy would be almost impossible, and the necessarily narrower atmosphere of the seminaries would not improbably diminish the power of the present valuable intellectual movement among French Catholics. But these drawbacks would, it might be hoped, prove temporary.

On the other hand, if the present scheme should become law, and if it should be administered in a spirit of utter hostility to the interests of the Church, the blow inflicted on the liberty of the clergy and on their means of support might be almost fatal. It might so hopelessly cripple the resources of the Church as to stamp out religion altogether in some parts of the country, owing to the inability of the clergy to support the burden of building new churches to replace those confiscated by the Government. Still, poverty is regarded as preferable to loss of liberty; and should the Government offer to lease the cathedrals to the clergy on conditions fatal to their independence, the offer should be refused.

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I must not terminate these remarks without touching on two questions—branches of one and the same question—which the common sense of the Englishman prompts him to ask before he can accept such views as I have endeavoured to set forth in this article. "If," he will say, "the policy of M. Combes is opposed to the general feeling of the country, how is it that the electors endorse it?" And again, "If the aggression on the regulars is as tyrannical as its enemies represent it to be, how is it that Catholics are not more vigorous or more unanimous in their denunciation of it? Nay, in the days of Waldeck Rousseau especially, many Catholics largely approved of the Law of Associations."

I am inclined to think that the answer to the first question depends partly on certain conditions in the French Constitution, and on habits of mind and points of temperament in a Frenchman which it is hard for an Englishman fully to understand. The French are essentially a docile race who wish to be governed. The political power of the people is to some extent new, and they do not fully realise it or use it. With them, even more than with the lower classes of Englishmen (of whom it is also partly true), what spurs them to vote is some immediate appeal to self-interest. To organise on behalf of some great end of public importance is at present beyond them. They do not realise its possibility. Since the days of the Terror it has remained true that a small and fanatical party which *does* realise and exert its whole power can domineer over the country. Moreover, the present Constitution plays into the hands of this tendency. The intense centralisation effected by Napoleon makes it easy for the Government to inflict heavy penalties on those who should thwart its desires. To a very large number of the electors it is a matter of vital importance for their career and their livelihood to keep the good will of the Government. Others, who are less absolutely dependent, know that all the municipal and local schemes and improvements which they desire can only be obtained by a deputy who has the friendship of the Government. Such is the

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centralisation of modern France. On this subject the Abbé Bremond writes as follows:

It may be said once for all that the elections are not free. A Government that is strong, decided and unscrupulous can have at the polls the results it wishes to have. The whole army of great and small officials is in its hands; every one feels that if he is suspected of having voted against the prefect's candidate he runs the risk of losing his position. I am not speaking now of actual electioneering frauds, which are common enough, or of wholesale intimidation. The most absurd pretext is good enough to invalidate the election of an opposition deputy, and even if he has been returned by a strong majority, there is always a chance that he will not be re-elected now that it is well known on which side is the majority in the Chamber.

But quite independently of all direct pressure, the ordinary middle-class elector will vote instinctively for the Government actually in power. It has been impressed upon him over and over again that to overturn the Government means overturning the Republic, that any other form of government would certainly bring on a war, and, finally, that the great necessity of the country is that everything should remain *in statu quo*. The two great electoral forces, the peasant workman and the little shopkeeper, are won beforehand to the cause of the Government in possession. The workman, in consequence of a very strong Socialist organisation, the peasants and shopkeepers by conviction—which is reasonable enough—that they have everything to gain by remaining faithful to the Government deputy. It is he, and he only, who can obtain for them the favours which they hope for, such as good roads, bridges, banks, situations for their relations and friends, decorations, &c.

All this will appear extraordinary to an Englishman, but it is in this that the strength and duration of the Waldeck and Combes Ministry consist. There is no favour to be obtained by any man who does not offer his services and profess positive devotion to the Government by supporting the Ministerial deputies, over and above merely acquiescing in the present state of things. And we must remember that all positions and places of trust are in the hands of the Government.

As to the attitude of the secular clergy, and of some of the laity, towards the law of Waldeck Rousseau, it must be remembered that at first its persecuting intention was not fully apparent. The Seculars in France, as elsewhere, have always suffered from the wealth and power of the Regulars. English Roman Catholics remember the strong feeling on the subject in England itself prior to the regulation by the Constitution *Romanos Pontifices* of their respective relations. What the

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Romanos Pontifices did in England it was hoped by those who were least suspicious of the Government that M. Waldeck's law would do in France. The curé who has not means to support his church cannot entertain a very warm regard for the neighbouring Jesuit church, whither the rich and the *élite* of the parish repair, contributing to its already abundant wealth, and leaving the parish church unsupported. Bishops, moreover, may resent the privileges and immunities of the orders, the presence in their dioceses of powerful corporations relatively independent of their jurisdiction.

The peasant, again, who wants a curé to marry him, to christen his child, and to give him the sacraments, has no link binding him to the large rich congregations of men in his neighbourhood. The orders of nuns, indeed, who nurse the sick and teach his children, he will love. But in regard to the great monastic houses he will sympathise with the curé. A law which had curtailed the privileges of the orders, which made their authorisation depend on the fulfilment of certain conditions, which had suppressed a certain number in deference to the really valid objections to the existing state of things, would no doubt have had many adherents. Since the thoroughly persecuting *aim* of M. Combes' law has become apparent, the indignation among sincere Catholics has been almost universal. There are always a few "cranks" with loud voices to form exceptions, and little-Englandism has its parallel in the world ecclesiastical; but the exceptions form a small proportion. Active agitation, indeed, there has been little. Bishops and clergy know that it is penal. Any protest is immediately followed by suspension of salaries. But, when all this said, it is difficult to avoid the impression of a certain lukewarmness, a want of energy and organisation among French Catholics. The spectacle of a certain number of Bishops protesting, regardless of fines and imprisonment, would have been to most of us a refreshing one. And it would have been more convincing to English public opinion than any reasoned defence of their cause.

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We have now and again fresh attempts on the part of the more respectable supporters of the Government to represent its policy as one of genuine liberalism, and not of persecution. There was, for example, a month ago, the controversy between M. Goblet and M. Buisson on the subject of liberty of teaching. M. Buisson, professing those "large ideas" which M. Combes at Auxerre exhorted his Socialist followers to display, pointed out that secularised members of the teaching congregations were quite at liberty to open private schools under the requisite conditions. He advocated indeed the "laicité intégrale" of the State. But this was, he declared, no formula of persecution. It meant only a fine and philosophic toleration. "A State without God," he wrote, "does not mean a State which makes war on God." Let every one be allowed to conceive of Him in his own fashion. Let civil society no longer either do injury to any of these conceptions or do it the favour of taking it under its protection." "Here," the solemn sage, Candour, will say, "is the real spirit underlying the Socialist policy towards the Church, of which so unfair an account has been given by its enemies."

Words cost little, however. How far do M. Buisson's words correspond to facts? that is the question. M. Goblet and the *Journal des Débats* ask this question and answer it. In point of fact no such spirit of tolerance is, they tell us, exhibited by the Government, but precisely the contrary. In point of fact "the most futile and arbitrary pretexts are invoked by the inspectors of education and the mayors to oppose the opening of private schools" by the ex-congregationalists. The difficulties they meet with often amount to an inhibition hypocritically disguised (*interdiction hypocrite*) to carrying on their profession at all. And in order to punish or intimidate those tribunals, whose conscience has forbidden them to carry out this policy thoroughly and unscrupulously, the Minister of Justice has planned a new project for getting rid of magistrates who will not do his will.

It is the old story, familiar since the days of Jacobinism, of

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the cry of "liberty" and the reality of "persecution;" of

> Freedom free to slay herself and dying while they shout her name.

Let us listen to the weighty words of the writer in the *Journal des Débats*, whose article has just been quoted.

> That the State should be entirely secular (*laïque*) is a conception which all Republicans admit, and which is hardly contested now even by the Conservatives. But this secularisation of the State has been fully realised by the secularisation of public teaching. To go further than this, to require the secularisation of private teaching, is not merely to secularise the State, it is to want to secularise society, denying the liberty of private persons to give or receive an education in conformity with their religious ideal.

Those who so act have no longer any right to give themselves out to be liberal, "as they attempt to exclude religious opinions from the private as well as the public domain." This is to "identify oneself with those who attack not only clericalism but the religious spirit itself."

In truth such language of toleration as M. Buisson's is, as this writer points out, a mere external cloak of respectability thrown over a policy which is too unseemly in its onesidedness to be avowed nakedly by the more respectable statesmen. The *Revue de l'Enseignement primaire*, which is free from such scruples, characterises the axiom, "all beliefs which are sincere should be respected," as "*une niaiserie ou une lâcheté*." The visible symptoms, the movements of the Government, point to its being inoculated rather with this simple and trenchant sentiment, than with the more complex and philosophic magnanimity of M. Buisson. Thus also the movements of Mr. Pickwick and his friends on a memorable occasion showed strong signs of being caused by intoxicating liquor. But Mr. Snodgrass hastened to explain "it was not the wine, it was the salmon." So now we hear "it is not persecution, it is toleration." But Mr. Trundle and Mr. Tupman saw their friends stagger, and smiled; and the able writer in the *Journal des Débats* is equally unkind to M. Buisson's explanation. "Complete secularisation," as conceived by those whose policy M. Buisson is carrying out, the writer says, is "a

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formula of anti-religious war." Not only the public but the private schools must be secularised. And secularisation is not enough. They must "*laiciser la laïque*"; that is to say "breathe a purely anti-religious and socialist spirit into the university body." The *esprit laïque* means in those who really hold the power "the anti-religious spirit," and neutrality and toleration are denounced by their organs.

No wonder that M. Goblet holds that the present policy "profoundly troubles his unfortunate country"; and "threatens to spread disaffection among many citizens of the Republic."

I have in this essay attempted to give what I believe to be the opinion of the fair-minded public in France. I have taken the *Journal des Débats* as an organ of acknowledged moderation, and by no means clerical sympathies. M. Goblet is a Radical, who desires the separation of Church and State. My Catholic correspondent, M. Bremond, is one whose judgment is generally recognised as being also moderate and sound. We see other views put forth daily in the English papers. But I wish to emphasise what is not, I think, adequately recognised in England, that the severe judgments I have quoted on the policy of M. Combes are not the judgments of the persecuted clericals themselves. They represent the views of those who are averse to the extremes of Clericalism and Socialism, and have the interests of their country at heart. These Frenchmen do not regard the present policy as one claiming respectful and moderate judgment, but as dangerous and fanatical.

I have kept deliberately to the sole subject of the great war going on between Church and State. I have not touched upon the real needs for reform within the Church, the encroachments of the orders, or the (distinctly limited) danger to the Republic arising from the anti-Republican sentiments of some of the clergy and their pupils. On this last point it is enough to say that if a rhetorical account of these anti-Republican sentiments is to be ground for exceptional legislation, the first principles of justice are imperilled. When evidence is produced

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of complicity on the part of the Church or the orders in any political plot, but not sooner, will this consideration assume such proportions as to deserve a place in the discussion. With regard to the other points the present writer would by no means take an optimistic view were these discussions in place here; but he echoes the words of the French correspondent already quoted in these pages: "Ce n'est pas le moment de tomber sur les congrégations et de nous jeter reciproquement la pierre." All sense of proportion is lost when writers set off against flagrant injustice towards the Church and bitter hostility towards Christianity considerations which hardly weigh one feather in the scale by comparison.

My French correspondent has for years been an enthusiastic Anglophile, and is deeply disappointed that public opinion in this country has not pronounced more strongly against the policy of the French Government.

> Pour moi [he writes] c'est une humiliation de penser qu'il puisse y avoir un seul Anglais Combiste, et une joie de penser que Combes serait impossible en Angleterre.

[P.S.—Two of the later developments of M. Combes campaign must be touched upon—the suppression of the congregation of St. Sulpice as teachers of the clergy, and the recent army scandal. The Sulpicians were authorised by the Government both in 1818 and in 1816 as a teaching congregation. "I know nothing more venerable than St. Sulpice," wrote Fénelon. It has given to France its best priests, and its reputation is undiminished. Such leaders of the present Catholic intellectual movement as Archbishop Mignot and Père Lagrange were educated in its walls. Renan's loss of Christian faith could never destroy his admiration for his old Sulpician masters. M. Combes drives his coach and four through its legal authorisation. He simply gives orders to the Bishops that in twenty-three seminaries (including Saint Sulpice itself) the Sulpicians should be replaced by secular priests. He pronounces their teaching to be unsatisfactory,

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and states that the Council of Trent requires secular priests to direct the seminaries. These reasons are impertinent and insincere. That M. Combes should pose as the judge of theological teaching is an impertinence which no comment could emphasise. And it is well known that M. Olier founded the Sulpicians expressly to carry out the wishes of the Fathers of Trent—the congregation being one of secular priests, in the sense understood by that Council—being, that is, directly subject to the Bishops. With regard to the debates in the Chamber on the War Office revelations, it may be said that they render unmistakable both the animus of the present Government and the hopelessness of the situation. That officers should be systematically kept back from promotion at the bidding of the masonic authorities, because their children attend Catholic schools or their wives teach the catechism, reveals a system of *espionage* and favouritism so hateful that even the French Chamber gave the Government only a majority of two in its vote on the subject. That afterwards the purely personal offence of M. Syveton in attacking the Minister of War should at once bring the Government up to one hundred and seven, and should give M. Combes courage to bring in his Separation Bill immediately instead of waiting until January, brings home to us the utter absence of intellectual fibre among the voters, and the neurotic conditions which determine their votes. M. Syveton's offence, however serious, does not touch the real issue. The loss of self-control by one man is, it would seem to be sufficient reason for sanctioning a system of *espionage*[1] which is a disgrace to a civilised country, and passing a Separation Bill which is a measure alike of persecution and of spoliation.]

WILFRID WARD.

[1] Since these lines were written the Minister for War, General André, has resigned. But on the other hand, M. Combes continues to defend the principle of *espionage*, and appears to contemplate extending it to the civil service as well as the army.

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ELIZABETHAN CRIME-PLAYS

IT is almost an axiom among the cultured that a keen interest in crime and criminals is a token of defective intellectual development. Such a generalisation, however, requires a good deal of qualification, and is perhaps at bottom only part of a more far-reaching confusion between intelligence and refinement. Neither, no doubt, is very conspicuous in the average reader of police news, but the number of prominent literary men who have investigated criminal records with interest is enough to refute any such general maxim as that quoted above. To mention only a few instances, George Borrow found the task of compiling the lives of noted criminals by no means uncongenial; he even quotes a sentence from the autobiography of one of these heroes as a model of narrative style. One of De Quincey's best known, though perhaps not most successful, essays is his "Murder as a Fine Art." A greater man than of either these, Robert Browning, was by no means without interest in such matters. "Red-cotton-nightcap Country" was suggested by a *cause célèbre*, and his *magnum opus*, the "Ring and the Book," is built up on the foundation of an old pamphlet and a forgotten trial.

In spite, however, of the very general interest in crime and criminals in our day, the direct and undisguised use of criminal records for the stage would certainly offend modern taste, so that, whenever recourse is had to them, the adaptation is always veiled by a careful change of names and surroundings. It was

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not so with the Elizabethans. To them the crime-play presented itself as a legitimate though humble variety of historical tragedy. The eighteenth-century conception of the dignity of history had not yet arisen to confine historians to political events. Nothing forbad the Tudor chroniclers, Hall and Stow and Holinshed, to mention, sometimes with detail, a crime wholly without political bearing, if it had deeply stirred the imagination of their contemporaries. Now it is well known how general was the custom in that time of dramatising events from English history or from the legends, such as those of Lear and Cymbeline, which then passed as such. If the crimes of princes were available as material for drama, why not on a lower plane those of private individuals?

These plays had two qualities that made strongly for popularity—topical interest and abundance of horror; and it is not surprising that the *genre* flourished. No less than sixteen names have come down to us, but only four of them are extant. I propose to confine my remarks to two, both of such transcendent literary merit that they have on this ground alone often been ascribed to Shakespeare.

The first edition of Holinshed's "Chronicle," published in 1577, devotes in the year 1550 no less than five pages to the account of a murder committed at Faversham, in Kent. One Thomas Arden of that place was murdered by two assassins, hired by his wife Alice, her lover, by name Mosbie, and an enemy of Arden's called Greene. The impression made on the public by this crime may be gauged by the space Holinshed devotes to it, and in 1592 (forty-two years after Arden's death) it was still sufficiently alive in the public memory to be the subject of a tragedy. The course of events follows step by step the account in Holinshed, and is merely a succession of plots by the conspirators against Arden's life, unaccountably frustrated, and always renewed.

It is one of the distinguishing marks of the play that these repeated failures never produce on the reader the slightest doubt of ultimate success. There is no attempt to excite

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curiosity. The plot that pursues Arden seems no mere human contrivance, but an Ate, a mysterious destiny, which, though often baffled and stumbling, cannot fail to overtake him at the last. There is the truly tragic sense of inevitableness. We feel from the start that Arden is doomed. His opening conversation with his friend Franklin shows him the conscious victim of a misfortune with which he is helpless to grapple. He is profoundly miserable at his wife's faithlessness, but his resolution to be revenged goes no farther than abuse of her lover and idle threats against him, and he is persuaded by Franklin that he will win back his wife by a signal display of confidence. He will spend the rest of the term with Franklin in London, and leave Alice at Faversham, free to see as much of Mosbie as she pleases. He is so loath to believe in his disgrace that, when his wife comes in, the thinnest explanations on her part suffice for the time to allay his suspicions. Yet at this very moment she and her lover have already "decreed to murder Arden in the night," and, when the servant Michael comes to fetch the horses for the journey to London, she reminds him of his oath to make away with his master, and undertakes, as a reward, to procure his marriage with Susan Mosbie, her lover's sister and her own maid-servant. Mosbie, however, has another plan. There is a rival to Michael in Susan's affections, one Clarke, a painter, to whom her brother promises her in return for a poisoned picture, that whoever looked upon should "suck poison with his breath and slay himself," one of the many subtle means of taking life with which the Elizabethans credited the Italian *virtuosi* in assassination. For this device they, however, substitute some poison in the porridge given to Arden before starting on his journey; he detects a curious taste, and is suspicious enough to take an antidote "to prevent the worst." Mosbie is half inclined to give over the attempt, but Alice urges the hiring of *bravi*, "alehouse ruffians," in London. At this juncture Greene comes on the stage. He is known to have a grievance against Arden in connection with the confiscated lands of Faversham

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Abbey, and Alice works on his feelings till at length they "grow to composition" for her husband's death. Greene is perhaps the least satisfactory character in the play; he is described by Mosbie as a "man of great devotion," but we are given no specimens of his hypocrisy.

The whole of the second Act, and the third up till Scene 5, are taken up by the constantly-foiled attempts of Greene's ruffians, Black Will and Shakebag, to murder Arden in London, with the connivance of Michael, whose qualms of conscience are the chief cause of their failure. After this follows the finest scene of the play. In Arden's absence Mosbie has had leisure to reflect on the dangers of the situation. He enters in a paroxysm of fear and concludes a powerful monologue with the necessity for murdering all his accomplices, including Greene, for whom, relying on his superstitious habits, he has already caused Clarke to prepare a poisoned crucifix, and even Alice herself, whom he can never really trust. She has betrayed Arden, why not him? At that moment Alice comes in. She, too, has had time for thought, and her conscience has been to a certain extent aroused. She is repentant, or believes herself to be so, and enters pensive and carrying a prayer-book. He questions her, and after passionate mutual reproaches he turns to go. Here her repentance breaks down. She grovels before Mosbie, and, tearing the leaves out of the prayer-book, swears that only his sweet phrases and his "letters shall dwell in the golden cover." Pride at her humiliation overcomes Mosbie's fears, and they fall in each other's arms. Here a letter is brought from Greene announcing his failure. It leaves them undaunted, and Mosbie's last words to Alice as they leave the stage are: "Ay, to the gates of death to follow thee." Arden gets home in safety, and the following day his wife and Mosbie lay an ambush for him and Franklin on their return from dining with a friend. A fog causes the *bravi* to miss them, but on the way home they meet with one Reede, who accuses Arden of cheating him out of some land, and, on his refusal to make

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restitution, solemnly curses him and prophesies that his dead body will be cast forth on the disputed ground. Meantime the cut-throats have reported their failure, and Alice and her lover have concocted a fresh stratagem. By an insolent display of familiarity they provoke Arden to draw on Mosbie, whereupon the two ruffians rush in. Arden and Franklin, however, get the better of the scuffle, and Mosbie withdraws with a wound in the arm. At this stage even the confiding Franklin sees through the situation, but Arden's infatuation keeps pace with the audacity of his enemies. He believes his wife's assurance that the whole affair was a jest, and invites Mosbie to a supper-party he is giving that evening. There, at length, his fate overtakes him; before the other guests arrive, Mosbie and he sit down to the then popular game of tables. At a preconcerted signal the ruffians rush in upon him; he is thrown down and stabbed, and his body is carried out behind the Abbey. This precaution, however, does not avail the conspirators, who are all apprehended and sentenced by the Mayor of Faversham (!) to suffer capital punishment in various forms and places. An epilogue, spoken by Franklin, describes the fate of the ruffians, and adds:

> But this above the rest is to be ruled,
> Arden lay murdered in that plot of ground
> Which he by force and violence held from Reede;
> And in the grass his body's print was seen
> Two years and more after the deed was done.

This seems to be the keynote of the play. Arden's blindness to the plots around him is no mere human folly. It is a case of "Quem deus volt perdere prius dementat." His excessive tenderness to his wife and the ease with which she deceives him are Heaven's requital for a career of unrelenting violence and fraud towards the world at large. While mental obtuseness seems the immediate cause of his overthrow, there is a hint at some obscure ultimate connection with moral obliquity. His infatuation is not the mere pathetic stupidity of a Charles Bovary; it acquires the tragic dignity of the

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Greek Ate. His doom is, in some mysterious fashion, the punishment for a fault to which it is not humanly traceable. This conception of Arden's character as a man harsh and grasping to the world at large, with one trait of excessive tenderness, is quite inconsistent with the very *scabreux* situation described by Holinshed, who represents Arden as aware from the first of his wife's adultery, and conniving at it, in order to avoid a quarrel with her wealthy and influential kinsfolk. Such a situation, however suitable a foundation for a realist novel, would, without doubt, be far too *rosse* for successful dramatic treatment. It would leave no character who could claim the sympathies of the audience. The writer evidently felt this and modified it accordingly, much as realist novels are now adapted for the stage.

There is a corresponding change, though not so radical, in the position of Mosbie. In Holinshed the plan for Arden's murder was first concerted between Alice and Greene, and Mosbie was only induced afterwards to join in it. In the play, on the other hand, Mosbie and Alice have already resolved on the murder before the action begins; Alice reminds him of their resolution in the first act: "Did we not both decree to murder Arden in the night?" Mosbie is blackened to an absolute villain with no redeeming feature in his nature, not even the physical valour which is commonly supposed to be needful for woman's good opinion. He has not the courage to answer Arden's taunts, and does not withstand his snatching away his sword. He uses his hold over Alice in the spirit of a bully. His change of mind in Act II., scene 5, is fear of detection, not remorse, at the moral wrong he has committed. When he is wounded in the scuffle he reproaches Alice; after the murder his only thought is how he can contrive his own escape, quite irrespective of her; in the final scene, after they are all doomed, he loads her with reproaches and throws upon her the blame for their common ruin. He is altogether about as despicable a paramour as could be found.

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But the character which almost exclusively fastens the attention of the reader is that of Alice. Her love for the wholly contemptible Mosbie is an infatuation which she herself only half understands. It is her destiny. She knows it is of no use to strive against it. After their first seeming quarrel in Act I. she says:

> So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song,
> So looks the traveller to the basilisk;
> I am content for to be reconciled,
> And that I know will be mine overthrow.

She foresees that her guilty passion must end in crime and shame, and nevertheless goes forward with her eyes open. She is wholly at Mosbie's mercy, always in nervous terror of losing her hold on him, quite unable to meet him on equal terms. When, rather frightened at the issue of their attempt to poison Arden, he has sworn never more to importune her in her husband's lifetime, she answers passionately:

> Thou shall not need; I will importune thee
> What? Shall an oath make me forsake my love?
> As if I have not sworn as much myself
> And given my hand unto him in the church!
> Tush, Mosbie; oaths are words and words is wind,
> And wind is mutable; then I conclude
> 'Tis childishness to stand upon an oath.

He answers coolly:

> Well proved, Mistress Alice; yet by your leave
> I'll keep mine unbroken while he lives.

This drives her to desperation:

> Ay, do, and spare not; his time is but short;
> For if thou be as resolute as I
> We'll have him murdered as he walks the streets.

Mosbie prudently avoids entering upon this project, and the fear that he may possibly carry out his expressed intention of leaving her drives her into the rash arrangement with Greene. Her courage is that of reckless despair, not of self-possessed strength. She lives wholly in the present. When

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Mosbie angrily points out the danger of her negotiations with Greene she can only answer: "I did it for the best." Her repentance in the third act takes no account of the fact that withdrawal is now impossible, as the assassins are already on Arden's track, and she is as powerless to reach them as to appease the desire for revenge which she has kindled in Greene. With this want of foresight is subtly combined a feminine readiness of resource in meeting an immediate emergency. Time and again, after the attempted poisoning, after the street scuffle, she saves the rest from detection by her ready wit. After the murder, however, her nerve is greatly shaken by unforeseen difficulties in getting rid of the stains of blood on the floor. Her previous sceptical tone breaks down with her courage and she answers Susan's question as to the cause of the difficulty: "Because I blush not at my husband's death." When the guests arrive she overacts her part. Her zealous inquiries after her husband arouse the suspicions of Franklin. The opportunity, which they have carefully arranged for her and Susan to get the body out into the fields, finds her quite incapable of calm and instant action. It is a wonderful touch of nature that makes her say to Michael, whose part is to decoy the guests out of the way:

> Michael, bring them to the doors, but do not stay;
> You know I do not love to be alone.

There is less of the Nietschian Uebermensch in her than in many great female criminals of the Renaissance drama, Webster's Vittoria Corombona for instance, or even Belimperia of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." She has been called a *bourgeoise* Clytemnestra. *Bourgeoise* she is to the core; but, apart from her crime, there is little in common with Clytemnestra. There is nothing in the author's conception akin to "Aeschylus' bronze-throated eagle—bark at blood." His feminine psychology is far more reminiscent of Euripides. Such speeches as that quoted above on the futility of oaths, or her saying at the beginning of the play, "Love is a god and marriage is but

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words," are more than accidentally and superficially Euripidean. There is a deeper likeness in character to Euripides' heroines, though no individual woman of Greek drama offers a complete parallel. When the play begins Alice Arden has already yielded up body and soul to her lover, and, although we feel from her general tone that she "swayed and rocked and suffered ere she fell," we see nothing of the struggle. This at once distinguishes her from Phaedra, the literary ancestress of so many *pauvres faibles femmes* of the French romantic school, and to whom René's sister offers the most obvious parallel. Alice Arden is far more *terre à terre*. Her true affinity is with the heroines of modern realism. She has their gift of dissimulation, their lack of definite moral principles joined with half-sincere *nostalgies de religion*, as in the great scene in the third act, where her effort to repent is curiously complicated by a very feminine sense of Mosbie's social inferiority:

> Even in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
> A mean artificer, that low-born name.

She is, in fact, a kind of Emma Bovary transplanted into the Elizabethan age, with its readier facilities for crimes of violence and consequent promptitude therein of natures which in our own day would content themselves with immorality.

Many distinguished critics, including Mr. Swinburne, ascribe this play to Shakespeare. Their arguments seem, however, merely to amount to this: that it is too good to be by anyone else, a rather unsafe foundation to build upon. There are many objections. If by him at all, it must be a very early work, as the first edition appeared in the probable year of his very first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*. Saving insight into human nature, it would be difficult to find any quality common to these two plays. One is romantic to the verge of extravagance, the other would be his only experiment in realism. The language is as different as the plots. The overloaded euphuism of *Love's Labour's Lost* is as remote from the unadorned speech of *Arden*, wherein, as stated in the epilogue,

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"no filed points are foisted in," as the idyllic chivalry of the King of Navarre and his courtiers is remote from the sordid relations of Mosbie and Alice. This difference of language is, of course, by itself no argument against the Shakespearean authorship, apart from the difference of subject. The exuberant flowers of speech which adorn the romantic courtship of the enthusiastic Southern noblemen, who had grafted the culture and neoplatonism of Renaissance Italy on to the chivalry of the Middle Ages, would be absolutely inappropriate to a story of *bourgeois* adultery. The difference of language goes hand in hand with the difference of theme. If the play were Shakespeare's, it would merely mean that he already knew how to suit his language to his characters, of his capacity for which in later years we have abundant evidence. Still, the production almost simultaneously of two such plays would be a tremendous instance of versatility, to which there is no true parallel even in Shakespeare's maturity. The writing of tragedy and romantic comedy in the same year, even if far more common than the latest chronology of his plays would lead us to suppose, scarcely affords a parallel. Shakespeare seems to avoid the common life of his own day except as comic relief to his historical plays. The famous description of Falstaff's death in *Henry V.* is by no means the only instance of powerful realism, but *Arden*, if his, would be his only complete realist play. It would also be his only detailed portrayal of feminine immorality. Whether on moral grounds we do not know, but he always either avoided or slurred over this branch of pyschology, so beloved of our own day and not uncongenial to his. The matrimonial unfaithfulness of Goneril and Regan is wholly subordinate to their other faults; it is an effect, not the cause, of their main delinquencies, and is very lightly touched. Cleopatra is merely an apparent exception. She is non-moral rather than immoral, a sumptuous *belle du temps jadis*, whose conduct is lifted out of the moral sphere. She ruins Anthony; she does not degrade him. He is mastered, in Professor Dowden's admirable phrase, by the sensuous

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imagination rather than by the senses. On the whole, there seems no justification for extending the genius of Shakespeare, however great, to cover a field on which there is no substantial reason to believe he ever entered. One may find an argument of detail against Shakespeare's authorship in the gross legal solecism of representing the Mayor of Faversham as passing sentence on the criminals. This unwarranted extension of his powers would scarcely have been made by Shakespeare, whose accuracy in legal matters is well known.

There is even less ground for ascribing to Shakespeare a realist drama which embodies what is perhaps the most vivid portrait of criminal lunacy in all literature. It was not included in the work of Shakespeare till the folio of 1685; the only excuse for attributing it to him is its extraordinary force, and this force is not Shakespearean. It is the vehement rush of the narrow pent-up torrent rather than the ordered flow of a full-fed river. The piece is quite short and is not divided into acts and scenes. It is emphatically a thing to be read without taking breath—at all events the first time. It must take the reader by storm, or will perhaps fail to take him at all.

The "Yorkshire Tragedy," on which the play is founded, is a "strange crueltie," briefly recorded by Stowe's "Chronicle," under the year 1604:

> Walter Calverly, of Calverly in Yorkshire, Esquier, murthred 2 of his young children, stabbed his wife into the body with full purpose to have murthred her, and instantly went from his house to have slain his youngest child at Nurse but was prevented. For which fact at his triall in Yorke he stood mute and was judged to be prest to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the Castell of Yorke the first of August.

In the play, first printed only four years after the event, names are, for obvious reasons, avoided. The murderer is called "Husband," his chief victim "Wife," and so with the lesser characters, except christian-names for the servants. The construction of the piece is skilful. It opens effectively with an increasingly ominous conversation among the servants as to their master's condition. He has just returned from

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London to Yorkshire after spending his last resources at the gaming-table, and in a state bordering on criminal lunacy. From his first entrance we perceive that his mind is wrought to the extreme verge; he hovers on the brink of insanity. The incoherent brutality of his first utterance plunges us into the inmost whirlpool of his passions, till we see the ground-mud:

> A pox of the last throwⁿ; it made
> Five hundred angels vanish from my sight.
> I'm damned, I'm damned; the angels have forsook me.
> Nay, 'tis certainly time, for he that has no coyn
> Is damned in this world; he is gone, he is gone.

His wife is almost more patient than Griselda herself, but more naturally so. Instead of resenting Calverly's conduct and complaining to her relations, she does all she can to mitigate it, and obtains from her uncle the promise for him of an appointment at Court. At this stage the author shows his power, in sacrificing an obvious dramatic opportunity to his working out of the husband's character. The obvious course would be that he should have already murdered his children before hearing from his wife the chance of rehabilitating his fortunes, and that she should return from her uncle's just too late to thwart his desperate mood. This is the arrangement that a writer with an eye to obvious stage effects would probably adopt. Instead of this, the only incident in the wife's absence is a duel between Calverly and "a gentleman," who reproaches him with his treatment of his wife, and whom he thereupon accuses of being her lover. The gentleman then draws on the husband: they fight, and the latter is wounded. This misfortune further exasperates him, and, when his wife returns overjoyed at her news, he showers abuse upon her, swears he will never be an underling at Court or anywhere, and finally unsheathes his dagger. At this stage a visitor is announced, and the husband so far masters himself as to receive him with politeness and outward calm. It is the Master of a college at the University where Calverly's brother is in residence, who has come to inform him that his brother is in

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prison for debts incurred on Calverly's behalf. He receives the Master's outspoken censure of his conduct with apparent acquiescence, professes his intention of taking immediate steps to repair the situation, and leaves the stage. His real purpose is quite otherwise. After an incoherent indictment of providence and the world in general, comparable to, though wholly different from, that of King Lear on the Heath, he murders his two children, wounds his wife and a servant, who tries to stop him, and rides off to find his third and youngest child, an infant out at nurse. The wounded servant gives the alarm, Calverly's horse founders and he is overtaken. His exclamation on being thrown from his horse contains a cleverly introduced reminiscence of the besetting thought. After cursing the horse, he exclaims:

> To throw me now, within a flight of the town,
> In such plain even ground.
> S'foot, a man may dice upon it and throw away
> The Meadows.

Calverly's wife is still attached to him in spite of his crimes. When she recovers consciousness from her wound, instead of resenting his conduct she merely casts about plaintively for an explanation of it.

> What is it hath beguiled him of all grace
> And stole away humanity from his breast
> To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,
> And spoil his servants?

A modern author would probably answer that there was an hereditary taint of insanity in his family, and take some opportunity of informing the reader that one of his great-uncles had shown unmistakably homicidal tendencies. We are here, on the contrary, informed by "a gentleman" that nothing of the kind had been known in the family before:

> That ever he took stock and natural being
> From such an honoured stock and fair descent
> Till this black minute without stain or blemish!

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When captured he is defiant, and his words on being removed to prison are:

> My glory 'tis to have my action known.
> I grieve for nothing but I missed of one.

The introduction of the undergraduate brother and the Master of his college looks as if the playwright had access to some pamphlet or other record of the trial now lost, but Stowe's mention of Calverly's stubborn silence and subjection to the *peine forte et dure*, then and long afterwards the usual consequence of refusal to plead to a criminal charge, may well have given the hint for attributing his conduct to distinct lunacy. At this time lunacy still connoted demoniac possession. Though the age of Elizabeth had its "philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless," the mediæval beliefs on the subject of insanity were still general enough to enable an author to dispense, if he chose, with all natural explanation of sudden fits of depravity; such could always be represented as the direct outcome of a supernatural intervention which displaced all the ordinary workings of the human mind. The same process held good for equally sudden invasions of remorse. There was no need to look for human motives: the evil spirit departed, leaving the person on whom it had laid its hands in his right mind. This is the attitude of the Greek dramatists towards insanity. The Ajax of Sophocles, the mother and sister of Pentheus, were objects of divine anger which darkened their intellect for a season and suffered the light to return so soon as they had wrought irreparable mischief. How far to the mind of the Attic tragedians these deities were the poetic personification of abstract and impersonal forces is a question bound up with the whole problem of Hellenic religion.

In the sixteenth century this view had not been theoretically displaced, but was largely neutralised in its application by the strong belief in free will and the power of every man to work out his own destinies which permeated the thought

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of that age. "Every man at some time was master of his fate," and "the fault was not in their stars but in themselves if they were underlings." The Elizabethans gloried in a brief apotheosis of the human will; it had almost freed itself from the yoke of astrology and predestination, and did not yet believe itself the thrall of heredity and environment. Calverly's criminal lunacy is the quite natural outcome of a prolonged yielding to what was worst in his nature; the process of degeneration has been gradual, and, although it is complete when the play opens, we can retrace the course it has followed back to a quite natural and explicable beginning, an inordinate love of money and of the pleasures and advantages money procures; a belief "in just the vile of life."

Not so Calverly's repentance. It is brought on so suddenly by the sight of his wounded wife that we can scarcely account for it by natural causes. We are almost driven to accept his own explanation, which, as insanity in those days procured no immunity from punishment, is probably intended to be sincere.

> I did my murders roughly, out of hand,
> Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devised
> A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my eyes
> Seven wounds a piece; now glides the devil from me;
> Departs at every joint, heaves up my nails,
> O catch him new torments!

Calverly is shown the bodies of his slaughtered children, and exclaims:

> Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
> O, were it lawful that your pretty souls
> Might look from heaven into your father's eyes
> Then should you see the penitent glasses melt
> And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks.
> But you are playing in the angels' laps
> And will not look on me,
> Who void of grace killed you in beggary.

A final prayer by his wife that he may be forgiven closes the play.

J. Slingsby Roberts.

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RHODESIA AND THE CHARTER

SINCE Rhodesia was bereft of Mr. Rhodes, it has declined somewhat in the public interest. From being the cynosure of all eyes, because it was the child and first care of the foremost Imperial statesman of the time, whose name was a household word throughout two hemispheres, it has sunk to the status of simply one of the smaller component parts of the British Empire, and a rather troublesome part at that. It is heard of no oftener than British Guiana, the Straits Settlements, or New Guinea. But its area has not diminished; its 800,000 square miles, crying out for population, are still there, mile for mile. Its great railways have not been swallowed up by the tall grasses of the veld. Its silver and its gold, part of which went to make the Temple of Solomon the wonder of his age, its coal and its copper, await the miner's pick just as patiently; its pasture is just as sweet for stock, its soil just as fertile for corn, and cotton and tobacco; its Kaffirs are just as numerous, just as somnolent; the many problems and difficulties with which its flower is set about are just as perplexing and urgent as heretofore. Its problems are just as perplexing and urgent—rather are they all the more perplexing, all the more urgent, now that the illuminative brain which rejoiced in difficulties, looking upon them but as incentives to a more strenuous and a more joyful effort, and holding that to every problem there exists a key, is no longer present to watch over its own creation. For Mr. Rhodes is no longer here, and his works seem in grave danger of following

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him. It is as if the electric force that drives the motor-car had suddenly come to an end, and the car, still impelled forward by the momentum it had gained, was yet slowing down minute by minute, as no fresh force came to give it a fresh impetus. That such a brilliant undertaking, so brilliantly executed during its first years, should come practically to a standstill, would be most deeply to be regretted; but that progress is painfully slow, that strong discontent over the present state of affairs exists, not only in Rhodesia itself but among the shareholders at home, is no longer to be gainsaid, since it culminated this autumn in the abortive embassage of the Rhodesian people to the Chartered Board, and the extremely tepid enthusiasm evinced by the Chartered shareholders at their annual meeting, an enthusiasm which flickered out in the end in a burst of anger. There is but one thing on which the Rhodesian people, the Rhodesian shareholders, and the Rhodesian Board of Directors are unanimous, and that one thing is, that this present unsatisfactory position would never have been reached had Mr. Rhodes himself remained at the helm, and that, to quote Mr. Rochfort Maguire, "we may all go to our graves before we look upon his like again." But such a unanimity brings us no nearer any solution of the present difficulties, and on other points, where every one is clamorous for his own rights, any satisfactory settlement recedes into the dimmest distance.

In order to come to some understanding of the problem, it may be as well to examine it first from the point of view of the Rhodesian people themselves, a people, it may be, somewhat floating in character, but tending day by day as the country develops to become more and more stable. All South Africa is in a state of flux. The Johannesburgers, when we espoused their cause against President Kruger, were pre-eminently migratory, but we made that no reason to stay our hand; and now in Rhodesia, more significant than the new names continually becoming attached to the old grievances, is the fact that these old grievances tend to recur again and again, whatever the names attached to them. First and foremost of all

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grievances, so much in advance of all others that it indirectly is the cause and propagator of all others, is the trouble that this young colony of Englishmen is governed by a body of men established six thousand miles away. That this is inevitable, and no more to be avoided than the drying up of their rivers in the dry season, makes it none the less a grievance. What trouble in life was ever mitigated by the realisation of its inevitability? For Rhodesia is not a tropical country governed in the interest of coloured men by a small body of whites. It was occupied in the first instance because of its suitability for colonisation by families of white men; and since the day when the Boston patriots emptied the tea-chests into the sea, Englishmen have been very adverse to government from a distance. Englishmen are, indeed, about the most inveterate political grumblers in the world, and when parts of South Africa, managing their own affairs, have yet been able to speak so hostilely of interference from Downing Street, it is not surprising that Rhodesia, with only representative institutions and no final say in its own business, should look with suspicion on government from London Wall, suspicion aggravated by the circumstance that that government is not primarily political but commercial, and therefore exposed to the constant temptation of exploiting the country for the benefit only of the pockets of its shareholders. When to this complication of a commercial character it is added that Rhodesia is a particularly vigorous child, nourished from infancy on high ideals of Empire and Liberty, whose parent took perhaps a surreptitious pride in each proof it gave of its sturdiness, healthiness, and strong individuality of character, difficulty is added to difficulty; but that, because under such circumstances a certain amount of discontent is bound to be generated, is no reason for allowing it to grow to such proportions, nor for sitting down, accepting the situation, and awaiting the *débâcle*.

While Mr. Rhodes was in and out among us these troubles never came to a head. The confidence in him was such that the settlers trusted him blindly, secure that he would ever

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hold the balance even between them and the Company. Indeed, of the Chartered shareholders they were never jealous, but, on the contrary, poured out what movements of jealousy they had upon the Cape, which also shared in the treasure of his close attention, a feeling that was varied from time to time by an outburst of jealousy on the part of the Cape against Rhodesia. Mr. Rhodes, I say, was able to keep any discontent well within bounds simply by his periodical visits; but Mr. Rhodes was an exceptional man, whose utter absorption in his work enabled him to undertake double the labour that lesser mortals, with more personal cravings to satisfy, could fulfil, and because of these capabilities of his he was able to show himself the exception that proves many a rule, and "we shall never look upon his like again." But it was not only Mr. Rhodes who went among the colonists and was personally accessible to all their complaints. When Dr. Jameson, the Administrator, was withdrawn from Rhodesia on account of the Raid, and while that country was still sufficiently novel to evoke enthusiasm, Earl Grey himself assumed the duties of the Administratorship and lived in the midst of the people throughout the stirring times of '96, '97, and '98; and during that time, when the question of the Charter was in the balance and Rhodesia almost reverted to the Crown, the Rhodesians were emphatic in declaring themselves in favour of the Chartered Company's rule, and in rejecting, as far as with them lay, all suggestion of a change of government.

When Mr. Rhodes laid down his sceptre the colonists at once took alarm. They had been accustomed to an overseer who, they shrewdly suspected, cared more about Rhodesia than they themselves did, who knew the country like an open book, and who was the personal friend of any man who was willing to adventure in that new land; and they feared the installation of managers who would be acquainted with their home and ways only from the outside, and who would be interested in them only from a mercenary point of view. They clamoured for the admission to the Board of Directors

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of Dr. Jameson, as a man who knew them personally and who had their own interests at heart, and they wisely were given their way. But they made another request beside; they asked that a director, the Doctor if possible, should take up his residence in the country, that some one man of those who governed them should be directly among them, to be intimate with the land and its possibilities and needs, to see for himself month by month how the laws worked, in what ways the growth of the colony was unnecessarily impeded, in what ways it could best be advanced, to be always at hand to hear and discuss difficulties as they arose. But to this the directors were unheeding. Those whom Mr. Rhodes left behind attempted to continue unchanged what it had taken all his unusual powers to carry on successfully, and what could only be carried on successfully by men of unusual powers. Periodical visits were still all that were to be paid to their vast dependency, and these visits were held to be sufficient to satisfy all the requirements of that blossoming land. A party of directors, namely, the Doctor, Mr. Beit, Sir Lewis Michell, and the secretary of the Company, soon made a tour of Matabeleland and Mashonaland. They went up to Bulawayo, across to Salisbury *viâ* Gwelo, down to Umtali, and thus to Beira, and where they halted they received deputations and discussed grievances. And so, having completed the trip, they took ship and returned home. They left fairly complacent faces behind, for they had made some concessions which were welcome. The fifty per cent. clause had been reduced to thirty per cent., and had been lifted entirely from the shoulders of the small mine-owners; the heavily-pressing railway rates had been reduced, and the hope of still further reductions held out.

But these pleasant things being once digested, hunger began to rise again and the Rhodesians to raise their voices anew. Railway rates remained troublingly high, labour could not be obtained, the thirty per cent. clause was only a mitigation of the fifty per cent. and still burdensome. In short, the

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price of everything was extremely costly, and living was as difficult as ever. No results seemed to come of their complaints, many turned their backs on the country, and those that remained began to feel neglected. Young people and countries are rather exacting, according to Mr. Rhodes, but the grumbling now grew more insistent than he had ever heard or thought of hearing. It began to be said that the settlers had been forgotten, that rule by a Charter was a failure and always bound to be a failure, that it was time for the colonists to get rid of the Charter and to manage their own affairs, that it would be better, if necessary, to come directly under the Crown than to go on under the present *régime*. A general wave of discouragement was sweeping over every one, progress was coming to a standstill, and the contagion of this political discontent spread rapidly over the whole country and found vent in words more and more unmistakable. Then, like a rainbow upon this gloomy scene, came the news that Sir George Goldie had been invited to come to Rhodesia to investigate grievances and to suggest remedies. It was rumoured that he was permanently to join the Governing Board, and that he intended even taking up his residence among the settlers, and not simply paying them a meagre visit. This news had an immense effect upon the depressed people. It was wonderful how hopes rose as if by magic, how denunciations of the Company's rule lost their violence, how half the causes of grumbling seemed to disappear at this earnest of sympathy and redress! But Sir George Goldie came, he made the usual tour of the country, and having made the tour, he also took ship and was gone. The Rhodesians were left to themselves again, deprived once more of an ear to which they could appeal in any way except by cable at so many shillings a word. To them while in this mood were handed Sir George's proposals, which he had come out to formulate, proposals which contained no concessions for themselves, but which the rather advised, so they considered, large concessions on their part towards a Company which, so they also considered, looked

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upon them only as so many potential dividend-winners. Their indignation reached a pitch it had never attained before; they put his proposals in the fire and appealed to Lord Milner.

It was at this crisis that Dr. Jameson put forward a suggestion that the settlers, if they were to choose certain of their number to represent them and to visit England on their behalf, might advantageously open negotiations with the Chartered Company, and his advice was quickly adopted. But public opinion was now in a very exasperated state and little inclined to meet half-way any offers that might be made by the other side; and, considering their unconciliatory temper, it is not surprising that the ensuing conference led to no results. Undoubtedly some of the demands put forward by the Rhodesians were unreasonable (those who feel neglected are apt to be unreasonable and to lose sight of all claims except their own), but that these Rhodesians should have reached such a frame of mind must lie at the door of the Charter. The proposals which Sir George Goldie had made were that Southern Rhodesia should assume a debt of seven and a half million pounds sterling, expenditure made by the Company in developing the country, of which two-thirds should be refunded to the Company in settlement of its claim, and the two and a half million pounds remaining be administered by it as a trust fund to be spent in the public interest. The principal demands made by the delegates were: First, the elimination of the thirty per cent. clause and the substitution of a system of royalties or a tax on profits; secondly, the acknowledgment that all unalienated land was the property of the country and not of the Company; thirdly, the immediate statement by the Company of the value it placed on all its assets south of the Zambesi, that the people might take them over at that price whenever they so desired; and fourthly, the waiving of any claim by the Company to reimbursement for past expenditure on the country.

Such demands unmodified were naturally impossible of acceptance; but the deadlock which followed and still remains

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did not mark the nadir of the Rhodesian troubles. Another blow was yet to fall on them in the retirement of Earl Grey from the directorate in order that he might assume the Governor-Generalship of Canada. With the exception of Doctor Jameson, now fully occupied elsewhere, Earl Grey was the most intimate with Rhodesia, its people and its needs, and, without exception, the most active in promoting its welfare, of the Board. To him is due the agitation for the reduction of burdensome freights which, with the railway rates, make living so preposterously expensive in that land. To him is due the fostering of the infant tobacco-growing industry, which bids fair to become an important item in the country's good fortunes, and the encouragement of the Salvation Army in its admirable scheme for the establishment of one of its farm colonies in Rhodesia. His outlook, too, is broad, and he realises that the Chartered Company is not only commercial, but Imperial, in character. His loss is felt throughout the land, and with every day it is more and more deeply to be regretted that, unlike Lord Milner, he did not see his way to remain by his ship until he had brought it safely into port, whence it is at present far off. Governor-Generalships may bring in a more immediate glory, but the glory of settling a new country on a stable, prosperous, Imperial and material basis is the more lasting, and only that glory which endures the test of time is worth a thought.

All this is the Rhodesian settlers' view of what has most emphatically two sides, and the grievances of the British South Africa shareholders, though less lengthy in the recital, are none the less weighty. They have invested great sums in gaining this territory, and for fifteen years they have waited patiently, and fruitlessly, for some return on their investments, while the hope of dividends recedes more and more into the far horizon with every year. They have lost their ablest and most trusted director, and their second has just left them. It seems to them that there is little enough to show for all the outlay they have authorised, and they in their turn have also grown to feel

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neglected. It is small wonder that they should have grown impatient—impatient with the settlers for their often unreasonable demands and with the directors for their lack of earnestness.

And which of the grievances on either side are remediable? As regards dividends, the prospect of any such reward must be small as long as the administrative work is mixed up with the commercial; nor are they altogether to be desired. That dividends should be extracted from the land by those who govern it would inevitably excite a whirlwind of indignation among the governed. All chance of a return has always depended and must depend on the fifty per cent. interest in the vendor scrip of all mining companies in Rhodesia which the Chartered Company possessed, and now that that interest has been reduced by nearly one-half, its efficacy is reduced by the same amount; but as possessors of the land, with a right to one-third of the vendor scrip in its minerals, the shareholders will still be in a strong position, and that dividends will come in comfortably when once the Company has become purely commercial is easily to be anticipated. It is for this reason that the demand for the elimination of this thirty per cent. clause, with which Mr. Rhodes never allowed any tampering, is unreasonable of the Rhodesian people, because it is the one thing by which the shareholders can expect any return under present conditions, and because the labourer is worthy of his hire. Mr. Rhodes puts the matter very clearly when he says:

> You may ask what prospects you have, as shareholders, of a return. Well, I will say frankly that it depends on the result of the minerals in the territory. My experience of the past is that just as *qua* Government, so *qua* a company—we cannot expect to do more than balance revenue and expenditure from land, customs, and assisting in other matters connected with developing the general natural resources of the country. Therefore, when we created the Charter, we had to consider by what means a return could be given to the shareholders, and I remember thinking out the various ways of making a return to those who had risked their capital in the undertaking. It has always struck me that if it were possible for the Government of the country to share in the discover

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of the minerals, a very fair return would accrue. . . . We thought we would try it in Mashonaland, and it is the law of the country that fifty per cent. of the vendor scrip goes to the Charter. I may say in a parenthesis that the Charter had an extra reason beyond what an ordinary Government could give for asking this, because, besides being the Government of the country, it is also the possessor of the mineral wealth.

And in another speech he says:

This interest in the vendors' scrip is fair; it is not an excessive interest for you to claim, and it does not affect the interests of any one. It is often said that you want one-half the gold, that you take one-half the gold. Nothing of the kind. You have the right to half-interest in the vendors' scrip.

The other point in which the labourer is worthy of his hire is in regard to the large sums of money which have been laid out in developing the country. The return of some proportion of this is eminently just, nor has the justice of it been seriously gainsaid until the immediate past, though the proposition has been public for many years. Englishmen may be good at bargains, but it is they who have also coined the proverb "Fair play is a jewel"; and this sudden repudiation of their debt by the Rhodesians (it is a fair supposition) is due rather to a fit of anger—anger for which they are little to blame—than to a long-settled intention.

But if, as regards these two points, the Chartered Company are in the right, the same cannot be said of others, less sweeping in scope, but of a continually irritating character, which soon tends to colour the whole outlook. It is generally insisted that railway rates are excessive, and that they are largely the cause of the almost prohibitive prices of everything in Rhodesia. Because freights are to blame in part for this is no reason why railways should follow suit, and then join issue with them on the question of blackness, like the pot and the kettle. Of course it is the business of railways to pay their way, but, especially in young and growing communities, reduction of rates generally bring in their train an increased volume of trade which more than counterbalances the initial loss. Again—and though this is not mentioned in the eight

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demands of the Rhodesian delegates, it has long been a subject of discontent—more, much more, might be done to induce immigration. At the last shareholders' meeting an intention was expressed of encouraging the advent of small farmers, but before any such immigration can be a success drastic steps must be taken to reduce the present abnormal cost of living, and for action in this direction every one looks to the Government.

There still remains the dissatisfaction of the shareholders as to the expenditure of their money.

There also remains the unfulfilled request of Rhodesia, made two and a-half years ago, for a resident director.

Some account of the grievances on both sides has now been given. There still remains the one remedy that has been put forward to be discussed. Of late it has been suggested, and in Rhodesia openly considered and advocated, that the only way for the colonists out of their difficulties is after all to get rid of the Charter, and as they are not yet strong enough to stand alone, to be perforce metamorphosed into a Crown Colony. Against this it has to be borne in mind that the Charter has still another ten years to run before it can be abrogated without its own consent, and that it is of no good to talk of abruptly putting an end to the British South Africa Company as a governing body unless it agrees to its own extinction. But if discontent increases in Rhodesia by leaps and bounds, as it is doing, and if popular clamour (to which we are told no heed should be paid) grows deafening—if, in short, a dead set is made against the Chartered Company's rule by its own settlers, with all the stagnation of business and the paralysing of progress which political agitation involves, would the Imperial Government stand out against this pressure of agitation, so injurious for South Africa at this time, and not attempt to buy out the corporation to which it has delegated its powers? To get rid of its administrative functions at a fair price may be a good thing for the Company from a commercial point of view, and from that point of view

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solely; but the Imperial Government can on occasion drive a very hard bargain, as those connected with Rhodesia have found out more than once, and may they not find it out once again if this state of affairs comes to pass? Again, the goal of all South Africa at present is federation, and that blessing may come upon us at any time. It is no longer a question of how far off federation may be, but of how near it may not be; and when that time comes Rhodesia must take its place in the Union as a self-governing State. It is therefore inadvisable, looking towards the close realisation of this dream of federation, to alter the system of government more often than is absolutely needful. To chop and change about in governments, as in anything else, is a handicap to any country, and to avoid this misfortune it is preferable to put up with Chartered rule, whatever its mistakes, for the short time that need elapse before Rhodesia becomes strong enough to take over the management of its own affairs. And yet again; the Charter, whatever its mistakes, has certainly done more for the country than ever the Imperial Government would have done. Under the Crown the progress of new colonies is notoriously slow, and Bechuanaland will be sufficient to serve as an example—Bechuanaland, which is six years older than Rhodesia, and yet is to-day simply the highway to Rhodesia and nothing more; the Suez Canal towards that country, to adapt an old simile to a new use. No, an interval of Crown Colony government pending federation is not to be desired in the interests of either side. As to the other suggestion, that Rhodesia should be annexed to the Transvaal, it is as impossible as the old one of its annexation to the Cape. Rhodesian interests are distinct from the Transvaal's interests, and not to be swamped in them; nor is it to be imagined that a community which has proved so restive under Chartered control would for long suffer the domination of Johannesburg.

Is it not possible to meet the unfulfilled wish of the Rhodesian people, so long expressed, so long ungratified, and to establish a resident director in Salisbury or Bulawayo? Such a

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step would be an assurance to the shareholders on this side that their affairs were to receive the closest and most prolonged personal attention which they need, and to the settlers in that far land that their controllers are not careless of their welfare as distinct from their value as dividend-earners. The present exasperation and unreconcilable temper of these latter are due to the uncongenial system of government under which they live—uncongenial to all Englishmen—and to the suspicions which such a system fosters, unless most wisely managed, of neglect and indifference; for, however efficient the officials may be, the fact yet remains that they are but the paid servants of the Company which rules the land, and which has its headquarters six thousand miles away. But these suspicions would be greatly obviated by the continual calming presence among the Rhodesians of one of their responsible heads, who would live their life with them, accessible at all times for all reasons, seeing and judging for himself at first hand on all questions. All the weaknesses of a government by charter will be still more exposed when the drastic measures of retrenchment promised to the shareholders have been put in force, and unless some such step be taken, with the proof of sympathy and interest it gives, worse trouble may be looked for in the near future as inevitable. The suggestion is a very obvious one, so obvious that it is apt to be overlooked; it is but a palliative at least, a means of tiding over a rough passage which lies before Rhodesia and the Charter ere either of them can make a peaceful haven. Under the quieting, reassuring influence of a resident director the country may yet regain a considerate frame of mind, when it will be possible for it and the Company to discuss a settlement in a right spirit of give and take, and to appreciate each the claims of the other, for there is no mood so unreasonable, so unmanageable, as that of the man who feels himself neglected. Such a feeling, even though it were proved to be unfounded, exists, and the presence of a resident director would go far to assuage it.

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In all this there is no suggestion that it is the place of Doctor Jameson to devote himself to Rhodesia. When he took up his work in Cape Colony he acted wisely, for he is the only man in that Colony who is fitted for the task to be accomplished. To Cape Colony Doctor Jameson is at present the Necessary Man, but which of the other directors is necessary—necessary with a big N—to the land in which he lives? There is one country which has a place vacant for a Necessary Man, and none can fill this place save one of those who are responsible for its governance. Should residence in such a land be looked upon as exile by those who are responsible for its fortunes? Even if it were exile, the sacrifice of personal feeling is worth while, when it is of so temporary a character (a few years at most), and when the issues at stake are so great. It is no paltry thing, no inconsiderable ambition, to be the pilot to guide that vast territory in these years of its youth, a task which even Mr. Rhodes held worthy of his eager aims and energy.

A *point d'appui* from whence to work towards a reconciliation may well be found in the question of the importation of Chinese labour, a question on which both shareholders and settlers are at one. Community of aim and effort in even one particular tends to bring about a friendliness of feeling which, if wisely nursed, may be spread over the whole field of controversy. But any co-operation, to be successful now, requires most skilful and painstaking handling, for there is irritation on both sides, unreasonableness on both sides, just as there are rights on both sides and an equal claim to be heard. Then let both sides strive after that fairness of judgment without which no equitable bargain was ever struck, and surely an inequitable one is not desired by the one or the other. The moderation for which this plea is made, which is a necessity in the most ordinary business transactions, becomes an urgent duty when subjects of Imperial concern are involved. The matter is worthy of patience, and tolerance, and enthusiasm, for, to end up as I began, the wonderful land is still there, mile for mile,

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as fair as ever it was. The land is there, and it is fertile; the land is there, and it is rich in metals; the land is there, the blessed, empty land for which our over-populated islands, our poverty-stricken slums, are crying out, and it is the joint inheritance of the Chartered Company and the Rhodesian settlers to make of it one of the strongest and most prosperous links in an Imperial Federation.

I. DOBBIE.

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THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY

"THE noblest monument in the world relating to our old English history," as that ardent antiquary, Stukeley, styled the stitchwork of Bayeux, has a whole literature of its own, a literature that now covers nearly two centuries. In the first appendix to the third volume of his "History of the Norman Conquest," Mr. Freeman traced briefly and well the story of the long controversy as to its origin and its date down to the appearance of his own work in 1875.[1] And in the opening words of that dissertation he nailed his colours to the mast:

> It will be seen that throughout this volume I accept the witness of the Bayeux tapestry as one of my highest authorities. I do not hesitate to say that I look on it as holding the first place among the authorities on the Norman side. That it is a contemporary work I have no doubt whatever, and I have just as little doubt as to its being a work fully entitled to our general confidence. I believe that the tapestry was made for Bishop Odo, and that it was most likely designed by him as an ornament for his newly rebuilt cathedral church of Bayeux.

And this profession of his faith does not stand alone; more than once he insists on "the primary importance" of the tapestry, and he ends his dissertation by asserting that no one could look on the work itself without feeling that it was "traced out by one who had himself seen the scenes which he thus handed down to later ages."

[1] I refer throughout to the second edition, revised, of vol. iii. Appendix A (pp. 563–575) is devoted to "The Authority of the Bayeux Tapestry."

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When it is remembered that Mr. Freeman spoke not only after long study of the subject, but also with full knowledge of all that others had written, it must be admitted that his conclusions carry considerable weight. Nor, with the odd exception of which I shall speak below, has any one in England, so far as I know, subsequently challenged the early date or the independent authority of the famous "stitchwork."[1] Mr. F. Rede Fowke, who wrote just after him, and who republished his observations six years ago,[2] similarly arrived, on his own account, at the conclusion that it was a "contemporary work in which Queen Matilda had no part, and that it was probably ordered for his cathedral by Bishop Odo, and made by Norman workpeople at Bayeux."

In France, however, the question of the tapestry's age and authority, which had been looked upon there also as, for practical purposes, settled, has been suddenly and sharply reopened. The appearance, not long ago, of M. Marignan's "Tapisserie de Bayeux"[3] gave rise to a vigorous discussion of very considerable interest. For it is from the standpoint not of the historian, but of the student of archæology and art that M. Marignan approaches the problem and challenges the authenticity of the work as a contemporary and unique record of the life of the Conqueror's day. It is hardly possible here or in France to write on the development of art or architecture, of costume or heraldry, of arms or armour, of other details of mediæval life in peace and war, without reproducing or describing the evidence of the Bayeux tapestry. If, therefore, the work has been assigned to so early a date in error, all the conclusions based upon its evidence in these departments of research would obviously need revision.

[1] The tapestry, as has often been explained, is not really tapestry at all, but a band of linen on which the scenes are worked with a needle in worsteds of various colours.

[2] "The Bayeux Tapestry: a History and Description." Bell. 1898. It contains photographs of the work in a handy form.

[3] Publiée sous la direction de M. Kaemfen, directeur des Musées Nationaux. 1902. Leroux.

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M. Marignan explains that he found himself compelled to face the question of the "tapestry" and the date of its execution by its position as "a monument of the highest importance for the history of Western art." Having been led by his studies to conclude that in Italy, Germany, and France certain frescoes, sculptures, and other works of art had been seriously ante-dated, he found the accepted belief as to the date of the stitchwork [1] a formidable obstacle in his path. For where so much is conjectural a "fixed point" is priceless.

Even his critics have frankly admitted that his book will have a useful effect. M. Gaston Paris, in attacking his conclusions, observes that:

> Il y présente beaucoup de remarques dignes d'attention, et j'espère que sa critique excitera les archéologues à s'efforcer, comme il leur demande à bon droit, d'apporter un peu plus de précision dans le classement et la datation des monuments figurés des xie–xiie siècles.

And M. Lanore has similarly found in this the merit of his work:

> Que l'on admette ou non les conclusions de M. M., on s'accordera à le féliciter d'avoir troublé la quiétude des archéologues à l'endroit de cette œuvre célèbre et primordiale, et d'exiger d'eux pour la datation des monuments, des precédés de critique rigoureux. On le louera enfin d'avoir fait preuve d'une connaissance approfondie et rare des monuments.

If French scholars can write thus, what shall be said of the present condition of archæology in this country? For in France it is at least a serious study, accorded an honourable position and pursued on scientific lines; but here it is still, I fear, associated in the public mind with the dilettante ramblings of the so-called "antiquarian," and is treated with contemptuous tolerance as a source of harmless amusement. To those who are striving to raise the standard of English archæology it is disheartening to find their study disparaged by these associations and to see the fantasies of the dabbler or the "crank"

[1] He takes this accepted date as 1070–1080.

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placed on a level with their own efforts. As Mr. Barron is fond of reminding us:

> We come to insist upon the worthiness and dignity of the side of archæology with which we deal as a work without which history itself cannot live. We find a noble study which asks for the best energy of scholars still esteemed a pastime for the elderly and incompetent. The believer in the flatness of the earth does not find his work seriously discussed among geographers; the enthusiast who traces the English race down many-coloured charts from the lost tribes of Israel is not received as a brother by the ethnological societies. But popular archæology has been allowed to flourish freely on southern slopes where never wind blows loudly.[1]

The close inter-relation of archæology and history is one of the lessons we may learn from M. Marignan's book, and it is as a sign of the growing interest in the study of the subjects with which it deals that its appearance deserves notice in this country also.

As illustrating this inter-relation we may take a matter on which, oddly enough, neither M. Marignan nor his critics have even touched. "The great master of military architecture," as Mr. G. T. Clark was termed by Professor Freeman, evolved a theory on the origin and development of our oldest castles which gradually received the sanction of historians, and even won the ardent commendation of Professor Oman in his "Art of War." This theory was first questioned in an article of mine on "English Castles," published in the *Quarterly Review*, and has since been assailed by Mr. Neilson, Mrs. Armitage, and Mr. St. John Hope.[2] We hold, and claim to have established, that the strongholds which played so large a part in the Norman Conquest of England were moated mounds crowned by a timber palisade; and it is one of our chief arguments that when the Bayeux tapestry wishes to indicate a fortress, it shows us a stronghold of this description. Moreover, it even depicts the Normans throwing up such a mound at Hastings,

[1] "The Ancestor," vii. 269.

[2] See my paper on "The Castles of the Conquest" (*Archæologia*, vol. lviii.), and that of Mr. St. John Hope on "The Fortresses of the 10th and 11th centuries." (*Archæological Journal*, lx. 72–90).

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as the *castellum* that Duke William hastened to raise there. The importance of the tapestry's evidence and, therefore, of ascertaining its date, is shown by this instance; and, conversely, the artist's adoption of this type is strongly opposed to the view advanced by M. Marignan. For if it was designed, as he thinks, between the years 1170 and 1180,[1] we should have expected in it castles represented by the well-known rectangular type distinctive of that epoch. It is now known that the keep of Newcastle belongs to 1172–1177, and the advance of our archæological knowledge enables us to assert that during the century and more that elapsed between the building of the Tower of London and that of the stately keep of Dover Castle (1187) these great stone towers were a more favoured type than the primitive moated mound which had the advantage, in the days when the Conquest was yet young, of needing neither time for its construction, nor stone, nor skilled labour.

M. Marignan might have been better advised if he had decided to impugn the date assigned to the tapestry on considerations, primarily, of archæology and art. Instead of this, he has treated them merely as confirming his main contention, which is based on historical criticism. That contention, upon which he insists with the utmost confidence, is that the designer of the tapestry can be shown to have followed Wace's "Roman de Rou," and that, therefore, the execution of the stitchwork must be later than the date at which that poem was published:

> Demandons-nous tout d'abord où l'artiste a puisé tous les renseignements qu'il nous donne sur la conquête. . . . Il faut arriver à Wace, l'auteur du "Roman de Rou," pour trouver un poème capable d'inspirer à un artiste une œuvre aussi longue. . . C'est un point qui me paraît solidement établi.
>
> Le poème de Wace a donc été composé vers 1170 et la tapisserie a vu le jour quelques années après.

Having thus expressed his conviction at the outset, M. Marignan closes his arguments with renewed insistence on the point:

[1] M. Gaston Paris held him to imply that the work could not have been executed before 1175.

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L'idée directrice de tous les développements qui précédent, c'est que l'auteur à suivi Wace pas à pas, qu'il ne s'est pas préoccupé, cela va sans dire, des sources où ce poète avait puisé. C'est un point qui nous paraît désormais acquis. . . . C'est donc le point capital de ce travail, c'est la base et la raison même de la longue et minutieuse démonstration que j'ai tentée.

Before proceeding to examine M. Marignan's theory, which rests on a comparison, in parallel columns, between the "Roman" and the stitchwork, one may say something of his critics,

M. Gaston Paris, whose lamented death, some months ago, was a grave loss not only to French, but to European scholarship, was bound to reply to M. Marignan, for it was recognised by both that the date of the famous "Chanson de Roland" was a question raised at once by that of the Bayeux tapestry. Now the great French scholar had held, in opposition to M. Suchier of the University of Halle, that the "Chanson" was anterior to the first crusade, and must even be dated as early as *circ.* 1080. M. Marignan devoted a lengthy appendix to assailing this conclusion on archæological grounds, and would like to assign the poem to 1140–1150, the date of the Oxford manuscript. He admits, however, that the fact of Conrad having made a translation of it, in Germany, in 1183–1189, has compelled scholars to place it earlier, and he finally decides in favour of the year 1125. In *Romania*, his own learned organ, M. Gaston Paris has vigorously rejected M. Marignan's conclusions on the "tapestry" as well as on the "Chanson."[1] Recognising "l'accord frappant qui existe entre la tenture et la 'Chanson,'" M. Paris justly observed that, as to the connection between the "tapestry" and Wace's "Roman de Rou," "C'est une thèse d'histoire littéraire, de critique des sources, et non d'archéologie." Dealing with it, therefore, as such, he dismissed the parallel columns, in which it was attempted to show that the tapestry was based on Wace, with the almost contemptuous words, "Ce tableau, qui doit établir sa thèse, suffit à la détruire."

[1] *Romania*, xxxi. 404–417. 1902.

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But the new heresy was too flagrant and too confidently advanced to escape further criticism. The arguments on which it rested were examined and rejected anew, in another learned organ, by M. Lanore.[1] To each of them, historical or archæological, there was, he held, a sufficient answer. His own conclusion is that, as Mr. Freeman held, the so-called "tapestry" is itself an independent authority, that, in any case, it is "altogether independent of Wace," and that although its exact date has not at present been determined, it probably lies between 1080 and 1095.

For my part, I look on M. Marignan's proof that the designer of the "tapestry" took his history from Wace's "Roman de Rou" as an instance of that power of self-deception possessed by the writer who sees facts in the light only of his own theory, and who makes them fit that theory whether they support it or not. For, even if one admitted the alleged striking concordance between the scenes in the stitchwork and the text of Wace's poem, it would obviously admit of the explanation that, instead of the designer following the poet, it was, on the contrary, Wace himself who, being as a canon of Bayeux familiar with the pictured story, included it among the sources from which he freely drew.

But, as both his critics have pointed out, the alleged concordance breaks down. With my knowledge of the "sources" I cannot even admit, as does M. Lanore, that M. Marignan has discussed his subject "avec une loyauté parfaite, puisque son ouvrage fournit, avec une certaine abondance, les arguments mêmes qui permettent de le discuter." A single instance is enough to condemn him on this point; his treatment of William's landing is decisive. Mr. Freeman justly observed that the words on the stitchwork, "Venit ad Pevenesæ," are in strict accordance with William of Poitiers and William of Jumièges, both of whom assert that William landed at Pevensey; and he added that

[1] "La Tapisserie de Bayeux." Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes (Jan. 1903), lxiv. 83–93.

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William of Malmesbury says carelessly, "Placide cursu Hastingas appulerunt." So Wace, who altogether reverses the geography, making the army land at Hastings and go to Pevensey afterwards.[1]

This, I may mention, is among the proofs that I have adduced for my contention that William of Malmesbury was one of the "sources" used by Wace. The point here, however, is that, so far from following Wace, the "tapestry" flatly contradicts him, and is, moreover, right. And yet M. Marignan does not hesitate to print their versions side by side, as if the agreement were complete. It is only a close scrutiny that reveals the fact that to do this he has coolly transposed the lines in which Wace speaks of Pevensey and of Hastings.

On the archæological side the arguments of M. Marignan are, in the instance I shall now give, exposed to no less crushing retort. Mr. Freeman cited with approval Dr. Bruce's just remark[2] that Wace speaks of the horse of William FitzOsborn as "all covered with iron" ["son cheval tot covert de fer"],[3] while not a single horse in the "tapestry" is protected by armour, that practice not being known at the time of its execution. This, of course, is strong evidence, not only for its early date, but against its having been based on Wace's work. Yet M. Marignan is silent on the subject of Wace's anachronism and of the striking contrast it presents to the Bayeux tapestry. Nay, to prove his point, he has had to go further and to argue that the absence on the "tapestry" of defensive armour for the horse only proves that it is previous to the thirteenth century:

Je ferai indiquer que les chevaux . . . ne sont pas couverts, ce qui indique que ce monument ne saurait appartenir au xiiie siècle; mais j'ai souvent constaté dans mes études sur l'art du moyen âge qu'aussi bien sur les sculptures que sur les vitraux, les chevaux ne sont pas couverts avant le commencement du xiiie siècle.

To this conclusion the words of the "Roman" (which he assigns

[1] "Norman Conquest" (2nd ed.), iii. 402.

[2] In "The Bayeux Tapestry Elucidated." 1856.

[3] "Roman de Rou." Ed. Andresen, l. 7512.

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to 1170) are no less fatal than they are to his theory that the "tapestry" was designed from Wace's text.

That the archæological discussion has a useful and a stimulating effect I have already urged at the outset; but M. Marignan is so determined to view the evidence through his own spectacles that we have to check his arguments at every step by the facts. As to the mode of using the lance, he tells us that at the late date to which he assigns the stitchwork, the knight charged lance in rest—"le chevalier tenait la lance appuyée 'sur la partie feutrée' de la selle, *la lance sur la feutre*, disent les poètes." But in the "tapestry" we see the Normans, on the contrary, armed, in Mr. Freeman's words, "with long lances, which, when the moment for the charge came, were not laid in rest as in the equipment of the later chivalry, but lifted high in air over the bearer's shoulder." They differ little in appearance, when used overhand, from the javelins of the English warriors, and I am by no means sure that they were not sometimes hurled. Lastly, as to the argument from heraldry, M. Marignan insists in three places (pp. 29, 87 and 88) on the arms of the Counts of Boulogne appearing on a banner borne, it would seem, by Count Eustace as "l'attestation évidente" of the tapestry's age. But I do not admit that the arms of the counts are represented on the banner, or, indeed, that the banners in the stitchwork are really armorial at all.[1]

The question of the age and the authority that we ought to assign to the tapestry was raised among ourselves in a curious way some nine or ten years ago. Stothard, Amyot, and Collingwood-Bruce all argued ably in favour of its early date, and Mr. Freeman, who insisted on its position as a "contemporary" authority, had dismissed as merely "grotesque" the view of Mr. Bolton Corney that it was executed

[1] A cross between four annulets, as the banner would have to be blazoned, is an entirely distinct coat from the "or, three roundles gules" of the Boulogne arms. And the prevalence of annulets on the banners shows that they cannot have been intended to represent heraldic charges.

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after the loss of Normandy (1204). But when I came forward to assail the existence of the now famous "palisade" which plays so large and so important a part in Mr. Freeman's narrative of the great battle, it was one of the arguments on which I relied that there was not to be found in the Bayeux tapestry, his own supreme authority, the slightest trace of its existence. Nor can this be explained away as merely negative evidence, for the stitchwork, which shows itself in another place perfectly able to depict a wooden palisade, shows us the Normans charging the English at the very outset of the battle in a manner that precludes the existence of any palisade. Moreover, it makes a remarkable effort to portray that "wall of shields" from which, as I hold, by misconception was evolved the idea of a palisade.

This has a most direct bearing on M. Marignan's theory. But let us first see how the question stands as regards Mr. Freeman himself. The matter is so simple that it will not detain us long. For his "palisade" Mr. Freeman relied partly on a passage in "Henry of Huntingdon" and partly on Wace's "Roman de Rou." The former, it is now admitted, says, as I pointed out, nothing whatever of a palisade; the evidence, therefore, must be sought in Wace, and in Wace alone. Of the now famous passage in Wace, which has been the subject of so much discussion, I need only repeat what I have written in another place.[1]

In his first edition, writing, we believe, under the influence of Taylor's version, Mr. Freeman gave these lines in a foot-note to his narrative of the battle, and appears to have then looked on them as describing his palisade. But in his "second edition, revised," in preparing which he went "minutely through every line, and corrected or improved whatever seemed to need correction or improvement," he transferred these lines to his appendix on the battle, where he wrote concerning them as follows.

[(At Maldon) the English stood, *as at Senlac*, in the array common to them and their enemies—a strong line, or rather wedge, of infantry forming a wall with their shields (i. 271).]

[1] "Feudal England," pp. 34–5–6.

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Of the array of the shield-wall we have often heard already, as at Maldon (see vol. i. p. 271), but it is at Senlac that we get the fullest descriptions of it [*sic*] all the better for coming in the mouths of enemies. Wace gives his description, 12941 :

'Fet orent devant els escuz
De fenestres è d'altres fuz ;
Devant els les orent levez.

. . . . . .

Et s'il se fussent bien tenu
Ja ne fussent li jor vencu.

So William of Malmsbury, 241 : "Pedites omnes cum bipennibus, conserta ante se scutorum testudine impenetrabilem cuneum faciunt; quod profecto illis ea die saluti fuisset, nisi Normanni simulatâ fugâ more suo confertos manipulos laxassent." So at the Battle of the Standard, according to Æthelred of Rievaux (343): "Scutis scuta junguntur, lateribus latera conseruntur" (vol. iii. pp. 763–4).

The unquestionable meaning of Mr. Freeman's words is that Wace's lines (like the other passages) describe the time-honoured shield-wall, "The fortress of shields, so often sung of alike in English and in Scandinavian minstrelsy" (vol. iii. pp. 763–4).

So far, then, as Mr. Freeman is concerned, the one passage on which rests the existence of his palisade has been finally and definitely pronounced by him to describe (*not* a palisade, but) "the array of the shield-wall," that array of which the Bayeux tapestry remains a priceless record. He thus destroyed with his own pen, unconsciously no doubt, the sole evidence for that palisade without which his story of the battle would have to be entirely rewritten.

Entirely distinct, of course, from the question of Mr. Freeman's personal consistency and treatment of the evidence before him, is that which may fairly be raised, of whether, leaving his conclusions aside, the evidence as a whole is or is not in favour of a palisade. Unfortunately, his champions and friends persistently mixed the two questions, coming forward, as they avowedly did, to vindicate his authority and accuracy, and yet claiming not only to repudiate his final interpretation of Wace's words, but even to reject his acceptance

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of the Bayeux tapestry's authority because they perceived that, as I urged, the evidence of the stitchwork was incompatible with the challenged "palisade."

The result was one of the queerest positions in the whole range of historical controversy. While professing to prove that Mr. Freeman was absolutely right in his conclusions, Mr. Archer was coolly dismissing, without a hint that he was doing so, his most cherished convictions.[1] To prove this I had merely to print, in parallel columns, what Mr. Freeman had said of the tapestry and his champion's utter rejection of all that the Professor held.[2] Here I have only space to quote the sharp conflict of opinion on the all-important question as to whether the stitchwork was wrought for Bishop Odo of Bayeux. Mr. Freeman insisted that it was.

I believe that the tapestry was made for Bishop Odo . . . Mr. Amyot's arguments seem to me distinctly to prove that the work was a contemporary one, and one made for Bishop Odo and the church of Bayeux. . . . It was plainly a gift from Odo to his own newly built church . . . there is every reason to connect it with Odo. . . . It is plain that it was wrought by order of Bishop Odo, and was given by him to his cathedral church at Bayeux. . . . That it was made for Odo and for Bayeux is plain . . . was made very shortly after the time by order of Bishop Odo for his church at Bayeux.[3]

And yet his would-be champion writes:

I would here remark that, in my opinion, those who regard the tapestry as worked by Bishop Odo's orders, and by so doing turn it into a semi-official account of the battle, go much beyond their evidence.[4]

But the contradiction was sharper than this. Mr. Freeman had insisted on two points: (1) that the tapestry was "contemporary"; (2) that it was a "primary" and independent authority. His champion confidently denied that it was either contemporary or primary. The historian had asserted that

The work must be a contemporary one. . . . That it is a contemporary work I have no doubt whatever . . . abundant evidence to establish the con-

[1] *English Historical Review*, ix. 27–9.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 219–25.
[3] *Ibid.* pp. 221–2.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 28.

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temporary date . . . the earliest and most trustworthy witness on the Norman side, the contemporary tapestry . . . [itis] a work which throughout breathes the spirit of the earliest days of the Conquest.[1]

Mr. Archer assured us that "no one nowadays supposes it to belong to the earliest days of the Conquest, that it might have been executed at any time before 1210, and that, apart from its age, he himself looked on it as comparatively weak evidence."[2]

Mr. Archer, however, went further and anticipated M. Marignan in assuming that the stitchwork, so far from being a primary, or independent authority, must have been based on a popular "story current on every lip." He could not "insist too strongly on the fact that it is to the popularity which a story has thus obtained that we owe its transfusion into colour"; and he summed up the matter thus:

The historic worth of the Bayeux tapestry depends on that of the "Chanson" history, or tradition underlying it.[3] Till this is found we cannot know the value of the facts it has preserved.

We cannot, consequently, say more than that "it may be fairly good evidence for the archæological notions of the women who worked it, and for the contents of the ballad history or legend on which it was founded."[4] He does not, indeed, venture to claim that the ballad history was that of Wace; but his assumption is no less destructive to the value of what Mr. Freeman termed this "precious monument" than is that of M. Marignan himself.

Let us see, then, what is the verdict of the latest French critics on the fundamental assumption common to both writers. M. Gaston Paris, to whose authority Mr. Archer himself has triumphantly appealed, rejects their view absolutely:

La question est, en effet, non pas de savoir à quelle source a puisé l'auteur de ce plan, mais de savoir s'il est lui-même une source indépendante. Or c'est là ce qu'il y a de plus probable, la tenture . . . a toutes les apparences

[1] *English Historical Review*, ix. 220–221, 223; "Feudal England," p. 351.

[2] *English Historical Review*, ix. 219.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 29. The italics are Mr. Archer's own.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 27.

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d'être un témoignage indépendant. . . . *A priori*, elle a tout l'air d'un document contemporain des événements, ou de bien peu postérieur.[1]

M. Lanore[2] is no less emphatic:

On peut lui répondre surtout que son hypothèse exclut *a priori* le cas où la tenture serait indépendante des récits écrits et constituerait elle-même une source. Or, cette dernière opinion est la plus vraisemblable.

La tenture de Bayeux . . semble fait pour un milieu qui n'avait pas besoin pour la comprendre qu'on lui en expliquât le sens. Or, ce milieu, très au courant non seulement des faits principaux mais de circonstances tout-à-fait accessoires et spéciales, ne pouvait se retrouver qu'à une époque très voisine de la conquête ou, plus tard, au moment de la vogue d'une œuvre littéraire qui en eût rendu familiers les épisodes tels qu'ils sont figurés sur la tenture. Mais, encore une fois, nous n'avons nul trace de cette œuvre littéraire; rien absolument ne nous autorise à en conjecturer l'existence.

M. Marignan, who finds the tapestry in the way of his archæological theories, sees the difficulty of postulating the lost *chanson* required, and accordingly tries to force the "Roman de Rou" into his service. Mr. Archer, who finds the tapestry in the way of his belief in a palisade, sees the difficulty of forcing it into harmony with Wace, and prefers to postulate a lost *chanson*, "of which we have not," as M. Lanore observes, "the slightest reason to suppose the existence."

Mr. Archer's attack on our "precious monument" fails, we have seen, to receive any support from these critics, and has served only to make it clear how deadly he deems its evidence in the matter of the palisade.

M. Marignan avoids the difficulty by passing over in silence the passage in Wace alleged to denote the palisade, and citing only the lines "a pie furent serreement. . . . Engleis se sunt tenu serre." Of these he says, comparing the tapestry:

L'artiste . . . a suivi à la lettre le récit de Wace . . . Ils sont là fortement serrés, formant un peloton compact.

[1] *Romania*, xxxi. 406.

[2] Both these critics assume, naturally, that the tapestry was *designed* by a competent man and not left to the "notions of the women who worked it."

[3] Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes, lxiv. 84, 86.

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Of this close order there is certainly no question. As I have elsewhere observed:

> No feature of the great battle is more absolutely beyond dispute. It was the denseness of the English ranks that most vividly struck their foes "Shield to shield, and shoulder to shoulder," as Æthelred describes them at the Battle of the Standard, they wedged themselves together so tightly that the wounded could not move, nor even the corpses drop. And so they stood together, the living and the dead.[1]

The singular unanimity of the various authorities on this one point is echoed by modern writers. Since I established our *consensus* in the pages of "Feudal England" (pp. 354–8), Sir James Ramsay has observed in his history that

> The English, as we take it, established themselves in very dense formation. On this latter point all the writers are agreed. . . . The front rank was formed of mail-clad warriors, their shields closely locked.[2]

In denying the fact of this close array Mr. Archer remains in eccentric solitude.

But the tapestry does more than depict a close array; it shows us the English, as Mr. Freeman put it in his very latest study of the battle, fighting "on foot in the close array *of the shield-wall*." This ancient national formation, which to Mr. Archer is anathema, is always described by Mr. Freeman as that in which the English axemen fought. The evident pains which the artist took to indicate, even in the cumbrous stitch-work, this peculiar formation proves that, in Mr. Freeman's words, "the Bayeux tapestry shows Harold's army at Senlac as Harold's army really was." Wace, on the contrary (*pace* M. Marignan), writing at a later date, had probably never beheld, and therefore could not understand, this English formation. We have already seen that the alleged palisade rests, in the last resort, on his authority alone; but I do not leave the matter there. I have taken the famous disputed passage in which Mr. Freeman first discovered the description

[1] "Feudal England," p. 358.

[2] "Foundations of England," ii. 26.

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of a palisade, and afterwards recognised a description, on the contrary, of "the array of the shield-wall," and by analysing Wace's sources, have traced it clearly to his misapprehension of a passage in which William of Malmesbury describes the English axemen as forming the shield-wall—"conserta ante se scutorum testudine." Wace's metrical and somewhat confused adaptation of this passage shows that he did not understand the character of the "closture," which he says the English formed with their "escuz."[1] Such misapprehensions have sometimes been the source of error. Mr. Freeman traced elsewhere in Wace "a misconception of the words of William of Jumièges," and it is now known that a passage in the Latin *Itinerarium*, which baffled Dr. Stubbs, is the result of the translator misunderstanding his French original.

At the time of the controversy on the "palisade" in the *English Historical Review*, the late editor decided to submit the disputed passage in Wace to M. Gaston Paris and M. Paul Meyer without, he admitted, their seeing my arguments, and, above all, without my evidence that Wace's "source" was here the passage in William of Malmesbury. The agreement of these two eminent scholars was not complete as to the meaning of this confused passage, but a snap verdict was obtained.[2] M. Meyer, however, guarded himself by adding that it was only provisional, owing to his absence from all his books and the impossibility of his consulting the "Latin sources," from which Wace drew.[3] He was subsequently good enough to promise me that my evidence should be examined, and that M. Gaston Paris should reconsider the matter in the light of my discovery of Wace's "source."[4] But the lamented death of his distinguished colleague has prevented this being done.

[1] "Feudal England," pp. 409–418. [3] *Ibid.* pp. 401–2.

[2] Je suis en ce moment, pour quelques jours, loin de tous mes livres . . . Je n'ai pas non plus les sources latines de Wace, *qui doivent sûrement être prises en considération.*—*English Historical Review*, ix. 260.

[4] "Feudal England," pp. 409–418.

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To sum up the whole discussion, the result of M. Marignan's attack and of his critics' replies has been the vindication of the tapestry's position as a genuine relic of the eleventh century and almost certainly of the days of the Conqueror himself. Mr. Freeman's conclusion to that effect has been reinforced by the remark of M. Gaston Paris, that the philological evidence favours its traditional antiquity.[1] He is at one, moreover, with M. Lanore in considering (as others have done before them) the old English final letter which has crept into the name of Gyrth, together with such forms as "Ælfgyva," as proof of its execution in England or at least by English fingers. For my own part I should here compare the evidence of William's charters, the earliest of which are sometimes written in Anglo-Saxon or contain characters from that tongue.[2]

It is doubtful if the fascinating problem of the purpose for which the tapestry was worked or of the person who ordered its execution will ever be definitely solved. M. Marignan suggests in his second appendix, on "The Nave of Bayeux Cathedral," that it was really intended not for a church but for the walls of a palace chamber, like that which dealt with the same subject and which Abbot Baudri has described for us in detail as he saw it on the chamber walls of the Conqueror's daughter, Adela. Of its close association from the first with Bishop Odo and his knights there is absolutely no question; but, oddly enough, French scholars hardly seem to have grasped clearly that Turold, Wadard, and Vitalis, who figure by name on the stitchwork, were actual followers of Odo who held fiefs of him in England. Mr. Freeman insisted upon this fact, which had been detected by Amyot and Lingard, as further evidence of early date, the more so, I may add, as Turold was dead before Domesday.

[1] Je me permettrai d'ajouter une remarque philologique qui confirme pleinement l'opinion traditionelle sur l'antiquité de la tenture: la dentale médiale y est constamment conservée dans les noms propres.

[2] Compare "Feudal England," pp. 421–3, 427; *English Historical Review*, xi. 740; and William's charter to the Londoners.

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It is not till the fifteenth century that the tapestry first meets us in records, and we then hear of it as displayed at festivals round the nave of Bayeux Cathedral. That Napoleon in far later days carried it off to Paris in order to stir his people to a fresh conquest of England is a fairly well-known fact; but that it served in its Norman home to keep alive, throughout the Middle Ages, the proud traditions of the Duchy is suggested by the tale of an earlier enterprise. In 1339, by formal treaty with their sovereign, the Norman people, through their representatives, agreed to conquer England anew in return for a charter confirming their peculiar privileges and liberties. Four thousand men-at-arms and twenty thousand footmen were deemed sufficient for the job, and careful provision was made for dividing the spoils. Keen bargainers then as now, the Normans stipulated that the charter, bearing the King's seal, should be given them before they started. They duly got their charter; but they did not conquer England. From the ports of the Duchy, a year later, there sailed as great a fleet as that which William had assembled, but only to meet its fate at the hands of the English King in the smashing victory of Sluys.[1]

J. Horace Round.

[1] For this curious episode in Norman history, see Coville's "Les États de Normandie" (1894), pp. 47–52

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LIBERAL CLUBS AND THE LIBERAL PARTY

IN the August number of the *Nineteenth Century* I endeavoured to prove how much better the Tory party is served by its Press than is the Liberal party by the organs that do battle for it. In this article I propose to show that in another important sphere of political activity—namely, the party clubs—Liberals are at a scarcely less considerable disadvantage. It will be found, I think, that the same causes that have contributed for some years past to a lessened efficiency of the Liberal Press are also responsible for the club as a political instrument having become weaker in the hands of the Liberals than in those of the Tories. These causes are: divided counsels in the party, and a neglect on the part of those to whom the rank and file look for initiative and guidance to stimulate the social side of politics. It may also be urged that the clubable spirit is not so general among Liberals as among Conservatives; but probably a sounder explanation as to the undoubted preponderance of Conservative over Liberal clubs is that the Conservative rank and file have more money to spend on clubs than the Liberal rank and file.

In London there are eight principal clubs devoted to the furtherance of the Conservative cause, against six—including Brooks's, which, however, is Liberal by tradition rather than by constitution—which exist for the promotion of Liberalism.

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But in membership the Tory clubs have an even greater superiority, as the following list will show. The Conservative eight comprise the Carlton, the oldest of them all, with a permitted membership of 1800; the Junior Carlton, with 2100 members; the City Carlton, with 1000; the Conservative, with 1300; the Constitutional, with 6500; the Junior Constitutional and the Junior Conservative, with 5500 each; and the Primrose (though some may dispute its right to inclusion among the principal clubs), with 5000; or a total membership of 28,700. The Carlton (established in 1832), the fount and inspiration of the Tory party, has, like Brooks's, no word in its constitution as to the politics to be professed by its members, and the rules of the Conservative Club (founded eight years later) are equally innocent of any political allusion. In the case of the younger clubs, however, there is no room for doubt as to the object of their foundation. The Junior Carlton, for example, is described as "a political club in strict connection with the Conservative party, and designed to promote its objects," and it is added: "The only persons eligible for admission are those who profess Conservative principles, and acknowledge the recognised leaders of the Conservative party." The City Carlton is described as "a club in connection with the Conservative party, and designed to promote its objects," and its members must pledge themselves to support "Conservative and sound Constitutional principles"; while, the better to carry out its political objects, its rules provide for the compulsory retirement of any member who is proved to have "acted in opposition to the principles upon which the club has been established." The Constitutional and the Junior Constitutional make equally precise profession of their political faith.

Against this phalanx the half-dozen principal London Liberal clubs—and for the moment I exclude the local and suburban clubs—can only set a nominal membership of 10,850; and even this figure is not actually reached, the largest of the clubs—the National Liberal—being under its

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complement by a few hundreds. The Liberal clubs are: Brooks's (the oldest of all political clubs, its foundation dating back to 1764), with a membership of 650; the Reform, with 1400 members; the Devonshire, with 1200 (nominal); the City Liberal, with 900; the National Liberal, with a permitted membership of 6000; and the Eighty (which, however, has no club-house), with some 700.

It will be seen that in mere weight of numbers London Liberalism stands at about the same disadvantage towards its Tory rival in its club organisation as it does in its Press. And as the Conservative Press of the metropolis is not only numerically greater but more cohesive than the Liberal Press, so are the Conservative clubs—notwithstanding the present division of the Tory party on the fiscal question—more united in their political aim than those of the opposite school of thought. The reason, of course, is not far to seek, the unfortunate split of 1886 having, without a single exception, divided each Liberal club against itself. The division has happily become fainter of recent years, has indeed, so far as its original bitterness is concerned, ceased to exist; but it has left behind it an anomalous condition of things that renders it possible for members of Liberal clubs—some of them occupying the position of Vice-President or Trustee—not only to sit on the Tory benches of the House of Commons, but to be active members of the Conservative Government, to fight constituencies in the "Unionist" interest, and perhaps even to contest a seat in Parliament against a fellow-member of a club having Liberalism as its root-principle.

I desire, as far as possible, to say nothing in this article calculated to wound the feelings of gentlemen who find themselves members of clubs which nominally exist for the furtherance of principles which these members feel constrained to oppose in the country and in Parliament. But such a state of things, it is obvious, is destructive of all party discipline. It reduces one of the two great parties in the State to the condition of an army in the field which is partly composed of

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men and officers from the enemy's camp. Let us take as an example the two clubs that offer the most conspicuous evidence of this—the Reform and the Devonshire—the political influence of both of which, and notably of the latter, has been almost completely destroyed during the past twenty years, owing to their members being allowed, so long as they do not dub themselves Conservatives, but assume the label of Liberal Unionists, to oppose Liberals—and, as I have said, possibly fellow-members—at the polls, to sit on the Ministerial benches of the House of Commons, to act on all occasions with the Government, and even, as at the present moment, to hold high and lucrative posts in the most reactionary Tory Administration of modern times. The plain man, with no previous knowledge of the circumstances that gave rise to this tragi-farcical situation, would probably denounce it as a discreditable scandal, and might have even harsher things to say of the gentlemen who continue to enjoy the amenities provided by the club of their earlier choice, while rendering political services to, and perhaps taking emoluments from, the opposite side. But it is not difficult to find excuses for the politicians thus peculiarly situated. They have paid a substantial entrance fee and have presumably become attached to their club, and they have the sanction, explicit or implicit, of that club for their Jekyll and Hyde political existence. It was, I believe, confidently anticipated, even by those who took the gloomiest view of the revolt in 1886, that the breach would gradually close up, as its cause receded into the background and the original seceders died or retired from public life. Instead of this, "Liberal Unionism" has year by year become a more complete Parliamentary organisation, growing in numbers and in influence, and practically indistinguishable from Toryism. There is, of course, nothing immoral in any number of Parliamentarians changing their political allegiance when their motives are as honest as those which prompted the Duke of Devonshire and his followers to leave the Liberal camp. The mistake has been in allowing the abnormal state of things thus created to

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continue without making any real effort to unclasp the hand that was choking Liberalism.

Blame cannot justly be imputed to the governing bodies of the Liberal clubs for deciding that a member's views on Home Rule should not be allowed to prejudice his membership. So long as the Liberal Unionist M.P.s remained a quasi-independent body, co-operating with their former political friends whenever questions of Liberal principle were at stake, there was always some hope that the chasm might be bridged. The respective Club Committees, therefore, cannot, as I say, be blamed for letting things drift in the early days of the secession, even though they cannot have failed to see that with each succeeding Session of Parliament the prospect of reunion became fainter. It must, indeed, have been obvious to every politician, after the fall of the Rosebery Cabinet in 1895, that all hope of the Liberal Unionists rejoining the Liberal party as a body must be abandoned. And yet, in the intervening nine years, no attempt has been made by the Liberal clubs to regain their former freedom of action.

After all, with the exception of Brooks's, which, as already noted, is silent in its constitution on the question of politics, all the five remaining principal London Liberal clubs explicitly state their attachment to the Liberal cause. Let us take the next oldest to Brooks's—the Reform. Founded in 1837, the Reform, in its written constitution, lays down that its members must be "Reformers," equivalent, in the political language of the time, to saying that they must be Liberals, since the party divisions in the first reformed House of Commons (1833) were Tories, Reformers (who comprised some three-fifths of the whole House), Radicals, and Repealers (Irish), the description "Liberal," though it had come into use some years before, having been applied to those whose Parliamentary attitude was one of independence. One of the rules of the Reform Club—no doubt a subsequent interpolation—also provides for the selected election of candidates "who have proved their attachment to the Liberal cause by marked and obvious

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services rendered to it." But the fact that members of the Reform Club are not required to subscribe to any special political formula, since as a party expression the term "Reformer" has become meaningless, may seem to tie the hands of the governing body in prohibiting members of the club from serving the party to which the club has always stood in official opposition. A similar condition of affairs, however, did not prevent the late Mr. Gladstone, after he had turned his back on Toryism, but was still a member of the Carlton, from having his expulsion from the club moved by an embittered Tory nobleman, though the club, I believe, declined to take action. At the same time he was made to feel that his continued presence was undesirable, and, on one occasion, in 1852, it is said that certain hot-headed young members used insulting language to him and vowed that he ought to be pitched headlong out of window into the Reform. Happily for their own credit and that of the club, the threat was not executed, and Mr. Gladstone resigned his membership in 1859.

It would be presumptuous of me to suggest, in the pages of this Review, how its former usefulness and importance should be reacquired by what was the first, and should still be the most influential, centre of Liberal political activity; but it is obvious that so long as its governing body includes gentlemen who are acting in complete union with a Conservative Government, the Reform is doomed to political sterility.

But if there is anomaly at the Reform, there is confusion worse confounded at the Devonshire, which, moreover, in the first of its rules, announces that the club is "in strict connection with, and designed to promote the objects of, the Liberal party. Those persons only are eligible for admission who, entertaining Liberal principles, recognise individual freedom of political opinion, combined with unity in party action." Even the qualification that the club is founded "on a broad basis" seems inadequate to justify so many of its members holding high office in the present Government, where it can

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hardly be their intention, whatever may be the result of their Parliamentary acts, "to promote the objects of the Liberal party." I do not believe that any Conservative club would tolerate for one moment a condition of things that renders it possible for any two of its members to oppose one another at the polls, or to sit on opposite sides of the House, each in complete loyalty to the two great parties of the State. The views of the non-Parliamentary member, or the member with no Parliamentary aspiration, may perhaps be ignored, but it is obvious that no political club can retain a vestige of usefulness if it admits to its innermost counsels members of the party to which it is officially opposed, or suffers them to stand as "Unionists" against Liberal candidates who may be—and in any case are politically eligible to become—members of the same club.

The "individual freedom of political opinion" gravely extended to its members by the Devonshire Club is exercised, though to a much less extent, by the members of the City Liberal Club and the National Liberal Club, and—to a still smaller extent—by the adherents of the Eighty Club, the finest fighting force that the Liberal Party possesses. The City Liberal, however, has, in spite of the immense number of "Liberal Unionists" among its members, never ceased to count as a valuable Liberal asset, thanks, in a great measure, to Lord Rosebery's close connection with it. The National Liberal, as beseems a club that hallows the name of Gladstone, though it did not pass scathless through the fiery ordeal of 1886, has remained the great rallying-ground for the younger generation of Liberals and Radicals, and it is of incalculable benefit to the party at large. Its educative effect is considerable, and though its numbers—considerable though they be—are fewer than its great Conservative rivals in Northumberland Avenue and Piccadilly, its influence is probably farther reaching, as its political earnestness is undoubtedly greater. But the real missionary work of the Liberal party is done by the homeless Eighty Club, a body with which the Tories have

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nothing to compare, though an attempt is now being made, under the name of the Compatriots' Club, to create a rival organisation. The object of the Eighty Club is, briefly stated, "the promotion of the Liberal cause in the House of Commons and at Parliamentary Elections," and with over eighty of its seven hundred members with seats in the House of Commons, and nearly two hundred of them candidates for Parliament, it cannot be reproached with being untrue to its professions. Ready at all times to send out speakers and workers, particularly at bye-elections, and admirably organised, it would not be easy to exaggerate the value of the Eighty Club to the Liberal party.

In the foregoing I have dealt exclusively with the London Liberal clubs of standing and of settled existence. To these may perhaps be added the New Reform Club, which, though of very recent growth, may yet become a useful addition to the Liberal forces of the metropolis. Originating in the divisions caused by the South African War in the ranks of the Liberal party, the New Reform Club directs its energies especially against aggression abroad and militarism at home. In its propaganda, which is carried on with considerable vigour, it is sectional rather than comprehensive, and perhaps as a result its condition at the time of writing is one of some financial embarrassment. A recent appeal, indeed, made it clear that unless funds were more liberally forthcoming its work would have to cease.

Needless to say, there are in addition several hundred political clubs attached to both parties scattered throughout the Parliamentary divisions of London and the provinces. Among the number are a few that approximate, in local importance and social standing, to some of the London clubs, and notably the Liverpool Reform, the Manchester Reform, and the Scottish Liberal. But, for the most part, the local or provincial political club, whether Liberal or Conservative, is a modest concern, usually with a nominal subscription; and the reproach is often—and not always unjustly—levelled against it

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that it is little better than an unlicensed drinking-house. Certainly neither side has made the best use of this material, nor is free from responsibility for the undesirable state of many of these so-called political clubs. In the majority of cases they are nominally controlled by the local political association, when there is one; but, owing to the absence of real authority exercised by the latter, not infrequently the clubs are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Liberals. The Conservative and Constitutional clubs are, to some extent, controlled and helped by the Association of Conservative Clubs; but although a few Liberal and Radical clubs are affiliated to the National Liberal Federation, which entitles them to send each a delegate to the annual conference, the clubs themselves are under no official control or supervision from headquarters. This absence of direct relationship may have contributed somewhat to cause the disparity in numbers between the clubs of the two parties, which, so far as can be gathered from imperfect data, is much the same in the provinces as it is in the metropolis. One cause that has undoubtedly checked their numerical development on the Liberal side is the very strong objection entertained by many leading local Liberals to the sale of intoxicating liquors in them. Some few provincial Liberal clubs contrive, it is true, to exist on strict teetotal lines, but apparently they do not grow in numbers or influence, and candour compels the admission that in the vast majority of instances the local members or the wealthier local Liberals have to be laid under contribution to keep them alive. No such disability seems to attach to the lesser Conservative clubs; and it is worthy of note that in most English provincial towns in which only one political club exists, that club is found to be Conservative, even though there may be no great disproportion in the local strength of the two political parties. It is, indeed, not to be disputed that the Conservatives have utilised for party ends, to a far greater extent than the Liberals, man's natural gregariousness, though in such educational work as is done by both sides—

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unimportant as this is in extent—the advantage certainly lies with the Liberals. But no one can have familiarised himself with the working of the average local political club without being struck by its ineffectiveness. What should be a centre of political activity is too frequently a lounge—better than the public-house certainly, but filling no higher place in men's lives—where the drink is probably better, even if it is not cheaper, and cards, billiards, and smoking concerts are the chief attractions. It is, at present, open to any few residents to start a political club without reference to the leaders of the party and without giving any pledge to act in communion with them.

This is a matter that calls urgently for reform. The good work that such clubs could do under proper guidance is incalculable. Too often, at present, clubs that have been formed in a wave of Liberal enthusiasm have, from want of a guiding hand, drifted into a condition of political uselessness, and become mere unlicensed rivals to the local public-houses. This reproach might easily be removed if Parliament Street could arrange to exercise constant supervision over all clubs calling themselves Liberal or Radical. It should insist upon an annual return of receipts and expenditure, and of political work done, and should refuse recognition to those clubs which have no proved political utility. The work of supervision and local control could be best done by county committees, who would act under the central authority. The clubs themselves —those of them, that is to say, that are worth anything—would, I am convinced, welcome the establishment of closer relations with London, and, this accomplished, it would be an easy matter to arrange for political lectures and debates that would give these organisations what they now almost entirely lack, namely, a real educational value.

W. J. Fisher.
(Late Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.)

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MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS

ANOTHER fine summer, though broken by spells of storm and snow, has, we fear, been mostly barren, except for accidents. As usual, the number of these has been greatly exaggerated. It must always be remembered that, in some foreign newspapers, the "butcher's bill" of the Alps plays the *rôle* of the gigantic gooseberry in our own "silly season." The craze for exaggeration has, in late years, reached colossal dimensions, the record being held at present by the *Journal de Bex*, which in 1899 announced six hundred and fifty-three deaths in the Alps! No such preposterous claim on the credulity of readers has, so far as we are aware, been made this year, but a statement that over three hundred persons have perished in the pursuit of mountaineering has found its way into the English Press. A careful examination of the official records of the Swiss, German, Austrian and French clubs shows that the true tale is very different. If we take the whole year, including the winter months, and if we allow as mountaineering accidents the loss of life on cliffs which, like the fatal Raxalpe, are under six thousand feet in height, the death-roll scarcely exceeds a hundred. Even from this lower figure there are substantial deductions to be made before we arrive at the tally of mountaineering accidents, properly so-called, accidents, that is, not necessarily on the high mountains, but to people endeavouring to climb some sort of a peak or ridge, or traverse some sort of a mountain pass. The number of these that we have to

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exclude is really considerable. There are falls on safe and frequented mule-paths, and even in the vicinity of carriage-roads. There are slips of strollers, of botanists, of geologists, of edelweiss gatherers—this last class includes unfortunately many native children—of farm hands, and of soldiers leaving safe paths to make short cuts to their destination. Lastly, there are the most fatuous accidents of all, when perfectly ignorant trippers go playing about on a glacier, fall into a crevasse, and are killed or frozen to death. These really belong to the same category as street accidents in London. But, after all such have been eliminated, we think it is clearly established that the sport of climbing has this year been responsible for some sixty or seventy deaths, counting those which occurred last month. An enormous majority of these are signalled from the mountainous districts of Bavaria, Tirol, and Styria, loosely designated as the Eastern Alps. Very few occurred among the snow mountains at all. Not a dozen guides have been killed, a fact which by itself is eloquent. In fact, the climbers, who lost their lives, in the High Alps were less than twenty in number. Chief among these fatalities were those which occurred on the Doldenhorn, the Vorder Selbsanft, the Tödi, the Cimon della Pala, in the Laaser group of the Ortler, on the Gabelhorn, and the Grand Paradis. Practically all the other deaths occurred on minor peaks, at heights ranging from four to eight thousand feet, and, in an immense majority of cases, to solitary, unroped, or guideless climbers.

The most striking accidents were those of the Gabelhorn and the Grand Paradis. In the former case a German professor, with an excellent guide from the Sulden Thal, was climbing by the usual route from Zermatt. The rocks are not hard, though there are a few slabs or platten to be negotiated on the left-hand side of the arête, near the top. The guide followed some easier-looking rocks on the right hand, which turned out to be rotten. One of these came away, and both he and his Herr lost their lives. Though ignorance of local

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conditions may have contributed, such an accident may fairly be regarded as ill-luck. We fear that we cannot say the same of the catastrophe on the Grand Paradis. This, the most terrible accident of the year, happened on September 2nd, to four guideless Englishmen, who all lost their lives. The party consisted of Messrs. Clay, Wright, Winterbotham, and Meryon. None of them were novices—we believe two were members of the English Club—and the leader, Mr. Clay, had many years' experience. The mountain, which is the culminating-point of the Graians, the group of elegant peaks which dominate Victor Emmanuel's famous ibex "forest," is not difficult. Under normal conditions, with the snow in good order, the ascent from the Val Savaranche is one that might reasonably be undertaken by a well-found party of amateurs. They had slept at the Victor Emmanuel Hut, at the south-west foot of the mountain, and started at 4 A.M. by the ordinary route, skirting the Roc du Grand Paradis. They gained the top, which is a moderately steep snow-crest, in good time. They did not, however, return by the same route, but started down the north arête, evidently bent on traversing the ridge which joins the Grand to the Petit Paradis. The smaller peak is only about five hundred feet lower than the higher, and the Col, or lowest point of the ridge between the two peaks, is not very deep. This was safely reached, and the party commenced the ascent of the Petit Paradis. They were seen on this ridge through a telescope from Cogne, and all seemed going well. After a certain time it was noticed that they had turned back and were descending again. They got back to the Col and recommenced the ascent of the steeper ridge to the top of the Grand Paradis. About half an hour from the summit they disappeared from view. Their bodies were found on the southern arm of the Lavetiau Glacier, about fifteen hundred feet below. As is commonly the case with ridges of this character, it is not practicable always to keep along the crest, but in places it is safer to cut steps a few feet on one side or the other. Apparently it was during a

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traverse of this character, and at a spot where the ice-slope below falls sharply away, that they must have fallen. They had slipped right down the ice-slope and across some broken rocks, the bodies jumping the bergschrund and coming to rest on the ice, then covered with comparatively fresh snow. They were wearing crampons, were roped, and had cut steps in descending the arête two hours before.

It is, of course, impossible to speak positively of the immediate cause of this catastrophe. But the turning back when they were nearing the top of the Petit Paradis indicates that they had found the snow in a dangerous condition. In view of what the weather had been it could hardly have been otherwise. A month's long spell of hot and cloudless weather, that turned the rock mountains black, and made many snow slopes icy, had come to an end about ten days before. From August 20, when the break occurred, snow fell intermittently for two or three days. On the 26th it turned fair again; hot days succeeded, and the snow melted rapidly. But on the night of the 31st a great storm of rain, sleet, and snow burst over the Graians. Snow fell rapidly to the depth of ten inches or more on both sides of the Alps. At the height of the Paradis ridge this snow must have been powdery on September 2nd. Indeed, owing to the insufficient frosts, it remained at this height, "like sawdust," as late as the 7th of the month, or, where it lay on ice, had turned to a crust. Such snow on an icy ridge is exceedingly dangerous, and steps, to be safe, have to be cut right through into the hard surface below—a slow and laborious process which human nature is inclined to shirk. Two hours earlier, on that fatal morning, when they descended the ridge, there may have been just frost enough, on the western side, where the accident happened, to make the snow hold without deep cutting. Two hours later, when they re-ascended, the sun may have just melted it to the slipping-point and turned the staircase into a death-trap. It is in matters like this, in gauging the safety of the snow, or reading the signs of the weather, that the judgment of an experienced

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guide, even if he be only second-rate, is more valuable than that of any amateur. After all, the amateur is only learning, for some six weeks or so, in those years in which he can climb steadily. The guide is at it for at least sixteen weeks in every summer, and in every year from his boyhood on. Even the winter teaches him something about snow.

Of late years a chapter or schedule of accidents has become an annual feature in most Alpine journals, although since 1900, the year of Mr. Cockin's death on the Weisshorn, this useful practice has been abandoned by the English Club. We have, however, tolerably complete records from 1860 to 1899 inclusive; nor do we find that the other sources of information available indicate any marked change during the last five years, either in the proportion of mountaineering fatalities, or in the causes of those fatalities, most of them having befallen guideless or unroped climbers. Exact statistics are wanting, but, subject to necessary qualifications, the following figures are approximately true:

In the twenty seasons from 1860 to 1879 (inclusive) there were sixty-five fatal mountaineering accidents; in the twenty seasons from 1880 to 1899 (inclusive) there were a hundred and seventy. The due proportion is remarkable because, in the earlier years of the first period, laws—which we now regard as axiomatic—were not universally accepted even by guides. Thus, in 1860, four lives were lost on the Col du Géant owing to the rope being held in the hands instead of tied round the bodies of the guides; while in 1862, Bennen (Tyndall's famous guide) was smothered by an avalanche on the Haut de Cry, through the party's wading across a steep slope of loose winter snow, and so letting the upper layer slide over the lower. Such accidents, we may say, are no longer possible. The average for the earlier period is, moreover, made abnormally high by the accidents which were largely due to bad weather. One such occurred in 1860 on Mont Blanc, when Captain Arkwright's party were swept away on the "Ancien passage," which, as Mr. Matthews puts it, is, in bad weather, "the play-

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ground of avalanches." Again, in 1870, eleven persons were frozen to death in a snowstorm, near the grand plateau. In fact, to three years of broken weather, in this period, eighteen out of the sixty-five deaths belong. One other fact is to be noted: only nine guideless climbers came to their deaths during this period.

When we come to the years from 1880 to 1899, not only does the death-rate rise, speaking roughly, from three to eight per annum for the whole period, but the years of bad weather, taken as a whole, are not the most fatal, and this though the period includes 1890, the year of storms, during which eleven men of the guide class lost their lives. But the accidents to guideless climbers have multiplied exceedingly. In 1895, of fourteen parties which met with fatal accidents, ten were without guides. In 1896, out of eight accidents five befell guideless parties. In 1897 six guideless climbers and in 1898 twenty-three came to their deaths, and the same cause accounts for fourteen fatalities in 1899. To these must be added the deaths due to the neglect of the rope, which, though fewer, are too numerous. The result of our inquiry is that, in the first half of the forty years under review, guideless climbing was responsible for barely one-fifth of the accidents, in the second half it was responsible for three-fifths. The facts speak for themselves.

Yet it must not be supposed that climbing without guides (of which solitary climbing is the most dangerous form) may not be perfectly reasonable. It is simply a question of competence. The pioneers of the practice were exceptional men, and they had been through a thorough apprenticeship under first-rate guides. The English section of them, at any rate, worked strictly within their powers. They were specially prudent in regard to the weather. So, too, the first solitary climbers were men of great experience and took extraordinary care. Of course it will not be denied that there have been, and are, amateurs as skilful as third-rate, or possibly as second-rate guides; yet as a body they have not been fortunate

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Dr. Emil Czigmondy was one of the best; he was killed on the Meije. M. Thorant was another brilliant climber, who alone had forced the Mauvais Pas on the southern Aiguille d'Arves; he was also killed, with a friend, on the Meije. Herr Winkler, the conqueror of the Cina della Madonna, was second to no cragsman in the Dolomites. In August 1888 he started for the Weisshorn from Zinal. He has never returned. If there has been this heavy death-roll among these highly qualified and exceptional climbers, is it surprising that among their heedless and ignorant imitators it should be more heavy still? It is a commonplace that a youth who has paid one or two visits to Switzerland, knows all that is worth knowing about it. If, with one guide in front and another behind, he has been up a big mountain or two, he knows more than all about it, though, in fact, wholly incapable of cutting a way up an elementary ice-fall, or finding a good line of descent down an easy broken cliff. It is his omniscience that the Alps make fun of. He goes out to play a game with the mountains, but they give no points, so he is beaten and killed. It is really a form of suicide, and if these cases of suicide be subtracted from the sum total, it will be found that the ratio of accidents to expeditions is little larger than formerly. It is only reasonable to expect some slight increase, having regard to the many factors that make for it.

Of course the enormously increased vogue of mountaineering counts for much. Climbing is no longer confined to those who love it, or have some aptitude for it. It is largely a fashion, and to picnic among seracs is *chic*. Then the multiplication of huts greatly encourages guideless parties, particularly Swiss and Germans. In fine weather they do exceedingly well, dodging from one hut to another over well-marked tracks; but occasionally they get caught, as on the terrible occasion on the Jungfrau, when six young Swiss perished on the Roththal Sattel. There is also the pernicious practice, long established in the Tirol, but now making its way in Switzerland, of marking the route up mountains or to the edge of a glacier,

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by dabs of red paint. It is noteworthy that in the Eastern Alps, where this marking is customary, the accidents to guideless, and particularly to solitary climbers, are most numerous; and, in fact, it will be found that quite thirty per cent. of these last occur on mountains which are *markirt*.

It is somewhat shocking to find ourselves in the present year of grace, with the Jubilee of the Alpine Club approaching, discussing the exact proportion which catastrophes in the Alps bear to Alpine expeditions. There was some excuse for the climbers forty years back, there is none for the climbers to-day. Then the rules of mountaineering had barely been accepted; they have, long since, become as well known and indisputable as the Ten Commandments. Yet a few years back Mr. C. E. Matthews, the most experienced amateur living, declared, that, of one hundred and fifty accidents, the details of which he had examined, nearly every one was traceable "to ignorance, rashness, and carelessness, or the culpable neglect of well-known precautions." This means that the rules of mountaineering had been systematically broken. Mountaineers, and those who are not mountaineers also, do well to admire the dash and skill exhibited by the modern school of climbers. A real advance has been made in the cragsman's art. Ice-craft has been more systematised, and this knowledge is more widely developed, though mostly among guides. But the modern climber seems to fail to take sufficiently to heart the golden maxim that the good climber is the safe climber. The notion that, nowadays, the dangers of mountaineering are materially lessened, or do not exist, is the most foolish and dangerous of paradoxes. Stones and ice-enamelled rocks, and avalanches, and tottering seracs, have still to be counted with as in the early days of mountaineering, and thin crusts of snow on sheets of ice still require care in the afternoon.

That climbing is attended with a certain amount of risk is undeniable; no amount of skill or daring can do away with this stubborn fact. All the grandest sports contain some element of danger. It is part of their charm. But prudence

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and knowledge can reduce it to very small dimensions, and this is their justification. Still, as mountaineering is essentially a sport like hunting or polo, the limits of legitimate risk are easily reached. To be always taking your life in your hand for the fun of the thing, is worse than immoral—it is vulgar.

REGINALD HUGHES.

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THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE

SOME years ago a picture appeared in *Punch*, headed "Ibsen in Brixton," depicting a gaunt and unattractive lady leaving her home in that neighbourhood with all her luggage, while informing her diminutive husband (who has collapsed on a chair) that, after considering the situation carefully, she is resolved to be his "doll and dicky-bird" no longer. At the present time such an incident might not perhaps seem impossible, if the artist had selected rather different models; but if the picture had appeared forty years ago, and one of Mr. Leech's young ladies was seen leaving her whiskered husband on similar grounds, we should at once recognise an absurdity that was no longer even plausible. For this there may be a reason less obvious than the fact that Ibsen and similar writers were not read in the period in question. Seed cannot germinate in the wrong soil; and Ibsen's most caustic satires on the position of a middle-class married woman could hardly have induced even the lady at Brixton to desert her husband if she had to leave her luggage and her parrot behind, and remain away while he collected and spent her income. As the inhabitants of remoter places than Brixton have realised, the legal relations of husband and wife as regards property have been materially altered during the nineteenth century; but the legislative revolution in this respect has, perhaps, not yet been fully understood. In fact, so different are the marriage con-

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tracts of now and a hundred years ago that it would require a fair casuist to defend their moral consistency.

This needs further explanation, for the outward indications of it are not very apparent. We see that even now husbands and wives usually contrive to live together in amity; and though a woman may have more voice in the disposition of her property than formerly, she could always have had a settlement insuring that she received her own income. Nor has the ideal founded on the Ecclesiastical Law of the permanent union of one man to one woman been abrogated. Provisions contemplating a future separation are still unlawful in ante-nuptial contracts; and an Englishman might give the same answer to an inquirer now as a hundred or a thousand years ago when catechised as to his domestic relations. He would say that his system was founded on the ancient law of Christendom; and he would probably use the word "monogamy" if his vocabulary contained it.

He would speak in good faith; but, to clear up misconception, it must be pointed out that the word "monogamy" merely misleads, for it has no exact meaning. To prove this, let us conceive of two states where different laws of marriage prevail. Suppose that in the first there is an enforceable and enforced law that conjugal unfaithfulness is punished by death, that widows and widowers are not allowed to remarry, and that all ante-nuptial immorality (we are apt to lose sight of the fact that this is a fundamental violation of any marriage law) is sternly suppressed by the same penalty; and that in the second nation immorality is not punished (which might almost be said to be the case in England, when both offenders are unmarried), and that, though a man may only marry one wife at a time, the marriage can instantly be dissolved at the wish of both parties, or even of either. To an inhabitant of the latter state, who called his law "monogamic," an Englishman might reply with some justice that "promiscuity" was an apter term for relations so elastic; but the dweller under the former laws might equally point out to our countryman some of his com-

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patriots with one present and more than one former wife, all living, in addition to those with whom irregular unions might have been formed before or between the marriages, and insist that, whatever other word might be applicable to our marriage laws and customs, "monogamy" was not appropriate. It will thus be seen that between the strictest monogamy possible and the loosest to which the term can be applied there is so much difference that the word ceases to have any significance, except that it forbids one individual to have simultaneous contracts. If a man could marry one day and be divorced the next, it is hardly too much to say that he would be unfettered; and if a man can marry once a year, or oftener (as theoretically and in appropriate circumstances he can in England), we may mark a considerable step from a rigid and inflexible principle. As to what system is the best is for the moralist to determine by theory and the statesman (apparently) by experiment; the present object is merely to show the trend of modern legislation and the results that have accrued from grafting it on the ancient law.

Another point to be observed in considering different marriage laws (as we may briefly, if not quite accurately call the legal relations between husband and wife after the ceremony has been performed), is that any inequality or inconsistency in the restrictions imposed, logical neither from the point of view of the strict moralist nor the advocate of freedom, is often attended with results that are similarly unsatisfactory. If, for instance, a man could not lawfully insist on his wife living with him, but in no circumstances could deprive her of her right of support if she chose to come back, he might justly complain of a law which allowed a false friend to await his marriage, run away with his wife and leave her when he had tired of her with an undiminished right to her husband's society and protection. In this case the law-abiding man would be punished, the law-breaker rewarded; similarly, if the wife was bound and the husband free, and with no duty to support her, the position would be intolerable.

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We can now investigate the changes in our English law more closely. A hundred years age a wealthy lady usually made a settlement of her property before marriage, and the device of the "restraint on anticipation" which arose at the beginning of the nineteenth century ensured that she received her income herself—or at least that she had power to do so after she had lost confidence in her husband. But for one reason or another a settlement was not always possible; and if a wife came into property after marriage not settled to her "separate use" the husband received it. He was always bound to support her: but the measure of support being left to his own discretion, he might have spent a small fraction of her income on the joint establishment and gambled the rest away if he were so minded. If she objected to such treatment and left him she was liable to imprisonment; and, apart from this, as he received her income she became destitute if she deserted him so long as he was not guilty of such gross cruelty or misconduct as to bring him within the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Furthermore, it was generally supposed that he was entitled to restrain his wife's liberty if she contemplated leaving him; and well within the nineteenth century a gentleman was held perfectly within his rights in acting on this supposition. And in the eighteenth century a husband who promised his wife to allow her to live apart from him was not even bound to fulfil his promise, for deeds of separation were only beginning to be recognised as enforceable by law at about the beginning of the nineteenth.

A few gross instances of abuse led Parliament to recognise that these laws often dealt injustice to women and occasionally to men; the consequence being that the various Divorce and Married Women's Property Acts were passed, modifying the nuptial contract to that now prevailing. To understand the significance of the changes, let us now refer back to Mr. Punch's heroine, who read "Ibsen," and consider her position as a woman married at the end of the nineteenth or beginning of the twentieth century.

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A lady sufficiently advanced to read Norwegian drama would, no doubt, be well acquainted with the "Clitheroe Case"; and she therefore knows that she has a perfect right to leave her husband whenever she likes without any lawful interference by him. The parrot and portmanteau being her separate property, she lawfully takes with her. In the usual case that would conclude the situation; but we will suppose that the injured husband, remembering that there is no wrong without a remedy, goes to the Divorce Court to obtain one. Such as it is, it is forthcoming; and, armed with a decree for the "Restitution of Conjugal Rights," he has renewed hopes of making things unpleasant for his errant partner. But, alas! he can no longer have her put into prison; he cannot get a divorce for simple desertion; and when he tries to console himself for her loss by an order giving him a slice of her income, he finds that she has been prudent rather than precipitate in her departure, and has had it all settled on herself without allowing her to anticipate it, so that he cannot touch a penny. Whereupon he doubtless goes to the United States of America, gets domiciled and a lightning divorce in that enterprising republic, and eventually settles down in Turkey, where dicky-birds stay in their cages and dolls have no access to Scandinavian literature.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that a husband can now desert his wife without being liable to go to prison if he will not return to her; but as she can at once get him deprived of a substantial portion of his income in her own favour—sometimes even of one-half—the law seems to ensure that he shall leave her for some better reason than mere caprice.

Now, the chief purposes of marriage, which are stated straightforwardly in the "Service for the Solemnisation of Matrimony" in our Prayer-books, and are recognised as such even if the ceremony is a civil one, are impossible of fulfilment if the parties live apart and never see each other, so that it is not too much to say that the contract is broken when this

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happens. Hence we arrive at the conclusion that in an ordinary case a woman can now put an end to her marriage vows at any time she pleases, and while "faithful" to her husband (using this word in the narrow Divorce Court sense) can live apart from him indefinitely without inconvenient legal consequences; and that if she does go away the husband is left a widower, who may not remarry.

Before nineteenth-century legislation (which surely forms a graceful monument of chivalry to our masculine legislators), the fundamental conception underlying the legal aspect of marriage was the right of the husband to his wife's company in consideration of that of the wife to his support and protection. The former right was amply, or perhaps excessively, safeguarded by his powers over her unsettled property and ability to compel her to live with him by force, or even under fear of imprisonment. The wife's right to support, though not so well secured as her husband's rights over her, could not, however, be absolutely disregarded by him with impunity.

At the present time the safeguards of the husband's right to his wife's society have so completely vanished that the right may be said to be non-existent. But the wife's right to her husband's support is always enforceable so long as she does not voluntarily forfeit it.

We are thus left with an arrangement where one party is bound and the other is free, which, applied to other transactions, is sometimes called an "option." It may be said that legally the wife has an option to her husband's support if and so long as she fulfils the condition of living with him. The husband (in the case put) continues under liability as long as she pleases, but has no rights after she ceases to fulfil the condition.

At this point is it not justifiable to say that our law is not at present a strictly logical one, and that either we have gone too far in freedom or not far enough? The union of one man to one woman for better or for worse till death parts them is intelligible in logic and principle, and was fairly well ensured by the English laws of the eighteenth century, though in some

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bygone ages and other climes the adulterer and adulteress and even the incontinent suffered far heavier punishment than we have ever meted out to them since we have become a civilised nation. But the essence of that law is that the parties must fulfil their duties to each other, and that one party must not be allowed at will to break so solemn a contract while the other remains ready and willing to perform it. Starting from such premises, it follows that the obvious difficulties of enforcing the specific performance of the marriage contract, and the repugnance of modern humanity to compel a woman to live with a man for whom she has ceased to feel affection, should not be allowed to override and defeat justice. If a husband is ready to fulfil the duties he has undertaken on marriage, and has done nothing to forfeit his rights, it seems reasonable that he should be able to enforce them. For this purpose, statutory power for him to receive the whole of her income if and so long as she ceases to reside with him might be effective, if less far-reaching than his former rights over her property. The ruling in the "Clitheroe Case" should be reversed by legislation if necessary; and for a very contumacious lady whose friends aided her in her transgression the power of imprisonment might be revived. A husband who left his wife or shut his door against her should be liable to imprisonment, as well as his present possibility of loss of income; and a covenant for mutual separation, which, of course, is only enforced by the law when one party is unwilling to keep it and desires reconciliation (putting aside legal fencing for alimony), should not be recognised. If two prize-fighters are not allowed to bargain away to each other their immunity from violence, on what grounds are the life-long rights of matrimony less sacred than the right to keep a quickly healing cuticle unabraded for a day or two?

Our divorce laws are inconsistent with our ancient ideals, and, if we are to preserve the latter, should be repealed. A court of law, where a man of average honour finds perjury more honourable than the truth, or even silence, can hardly be reckoned a very successful tribunal of justice. The disappear-

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ance of scandalous newspaper reports would not seem the least of the gains to the moralist. With the power of divorce gone, adultery would, perhaps, more logically be treated as a criminal offence as well as a civil wrong, and the law should be given greater powers to deal with immorality.

An alteration of our present law on these lines might inflict considerable hardship in a few instances, though perhaps in not so many as some might expect. But any law which enforces contracts must recognise that its fixed principles must not be violated because in single instances they may cause hardship. And, on the principle that persons who marry have no right to contemplate any severance of their union, the proper legal consequences should follow. The mutual duty of husband and wife concerns not only themselves, but the nation; and the fact that one spouse illicitly violates his or her obligations is no sufficient reason why the other should be given a licence similarly to break a settled and fundamental principle by re-marrying in the other's lifetime. Even the hardship of deprivation, which the action of the guilty spouse may have caused, is not sufficient to set free the wife of a felon condemned to penal servitude for life, or the husband of an incurable lunatic; it should be reckoned as one of the inevitable risks which both parties face when they undertake their duties.

But, on the other hand, if the Ecclesiastical Law has been found in practice too strict for our modern requirements, would it not be better and more honest to acknowledge the facts and to sweep away fetters which now seem to have little terror for the lawless, and chiefly to inflict hardship on the honourable and law-abiding? If a man can marry a new wife once a year on the ground of unfaithfulness, why not once a fortnight for the same reason, or even on a solemn declaration of intended unfaithfulness, which would save much time in the Divorce Court, and possibly, on principles which all bishops who have uttered their "nolo episcopari" will understand, might eventually be subscribed by my virtuous lady and then abolished? And when the law has once sanctioned divorce in such a manner,

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and furthermore allows a wife to leave her husband when she likes, is not divorce by mutual consent, or even at the desire of one of the parties, within measurable distance, regard being had, of course, in granting such a divorce, to provisions for the issue, or a wife with no means, on the lines of the present practice?

Revolutionary as such a system might seem, the English law is not so far off as it might be imagined, and the American law in many States approximates even more closely. It is probable that neither the loosest nor the strictest law would make the slightest difference to the great majority who live together without finding any special difficulty or inconvenience in doing so; for instance, the ladies of England did not generally follow the example of the late Mrs. Jackson, and walk out of their stately homes on her justification. For another reason, a very small minority could hardly be demoralised by this greater freedom—those who find that our present law puts so little restraint on their liberty that they can afford to ignore it when it suits them to do so. An easy law properly administered would probably tend to more wholesome discipline in the latter cases than our own now ensures. And when the majority who would gladly observe the strictest laws, and the small minority who would disregard the loosest if they could do so with impunity, have been eliminated, there remain the few who are the crux of the problem—those anxious to obey the law, yet unable to do so without extreme misery, the hopelessly incompatible. At present we have the singular paradox that a man in such a position is more blessed with a faithless than a virtuous wife if he cannot agree with her. In the latter case she can condemn him to a perpetual celibacy at any moment she pleases; in the former the law releases him, and he is allowed to tempt fortune with a fresh experiment.

Our law being thus rather nicely balanced between the two extremes, few changes would be needful either to tighten it or to loosen it on the lines suggested. It would be no great revolution to repeal a small Act of Parliament passed in 1884 and give a judge a discretion to send a contumaciously obsti-

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nate gentleman or lady to prison, more especially as the power, though useful in reserve, would hardly ever be exercised in practice. To make an adulterer liable to imprisonment merely puts him on the same footing as a man who steals another's umbrella; and to deprive a woman who deserts her husband of her income would ensure a thorough trial on her part of any matrimonial experiment without gross injustice to her. It would, perhaps, be difficult now to repeal the divorce laws; but a longer interval between the decrees nisi and absolute might pave the way to this end. If a man had to wait five years instead of six months before he could remarry, a divorce might not be very attractive to him.

Taking the other view, if a decree of judicial separation (which can in effect be obtained for desertion only) was given the validity of a divorce, there would at once be a contract easily determinable, and without such disgrace as now attaches to one of the parties; in fact, very little more would be necessary to give a large degree of freedom. A long term of penal servitude or incurable insanity would be made sufficient reasons; and for a woman's freedom one other matter would be vital. The ancient law, logically and rightly applying its principles, used all means to keep a woman to her husband, including her love for her children, a divorced woman even now being seldom legally allowed access to them. On the new principles this method of compulsion would no longer be justifiable, therefore no woman would be denied access to her children. Antenuptial provisions for separation and divorce are probably still repugnant to our sense of delicacy as well as our laws; but all who marry now must know that an implied condition of their contract makes them amenable to the divorce laws, so that divorce is always possible. And if it is permissible and not disgraceful there seems no reason why it should not be provided for.

There is one matter that calls for reform, whichever view of our marriage law is taken. The "restraint on anticipation," usually attaching to a married woman's income, has survived from the eighteenth century, when its expediency

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was unquestionable. As long as a husband had such large powers over his wife's person and her unsettled property she needed every protection against his extravagance and selfishness that the law could afford her, and the restraint served its purpose in not allowing him to cajole or intimidate her into parting with her income once for all, making the process of obtaining it troublesome when she was under his influence and impossible when she was not. But times have changed, and the proverbial club of the domestic tyrant is now as likely to be in Albemarle Street or Dover Street as in Piccadilly or St. James's. The "restraint on anticipation," an obedient and docile child of equity in the early part of the nineteenth century, has assimilated modern tendencies and revolted from its parent, becoming quite unmanageable in the process, though a few half-hearted sections in Acts of Parliament have attempted to deal with it. Created to defend married women against their husbands, it has fulfilled that duty with so much zeal that it not only deprives the latter of their last right in the wife's property, but enables un unscrupulous woman to defraud her own creditors or conspire with her husband to defraud his, as she pleases. If the marriage tie is to become looser, the time is ripe for the abolition of this anomalous fetter; if tighter, means should be found to prevent it becoming an engine of fraud or interfering with the just rights of the husband.

While the nineteenth century has added so largely to a married woman's freedom and independence, she has practically lost one prerogative that even those who think that the law has gone too far in her favour might willingly restore her. Her right of dower could, no doubt, be barred very long ago by appropriate methods; but the tendency of modern law has so contracted this anciently valuable right that she can no longer place any reliance on it as a provision for her widowhood. The freedom of a man of large fortune to leave his wife and family entirely unprovided for, while he leaves all his property to persons whose claims on him are remote, or even scandalous, is a liberty that has often been grossly misused and might reason-

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ably be modified. Another right which sometimes leads to undesirable results is that of leaving a large income, which abates or ceases entirely on remarriage. A man's natural disinclination to put a stranger in his place is now so treated by the law that it indulges him at the expense of a virtuous woman and assists an unscrupulous one, offering her a direct premium to dispense with the marriage ceremony. It may be urged, in answer to the above objections to our present law, that while it is impossible under modern conditions to revert to the sterner law of the eighteenth century and repeal the legislation of the nineteenth, on the other hand we are not ready for a law which, pushed to a hard-and-fast conclusion, might break up family life and lead to a freedom of selection which would now seem intolerable (so far as any thing may be intolerable to a people which tolerates our West-End street pavements).[1] That the subject bristles with difficulties is a truism; but that greater liberty necessarily means licence (on the supposition that we cannot go back to the ancient law, however good and logical) may be open to doubt. Within very broad limits we have now the liberty of the Press, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, all formerly mistrusted and hated, as our ancient Statute-book would show us; and though Press censors and Test Acts are abolished, we have got means to deal with printed sedition or indecency and blasphemy. Similarly it must be possible to deal with the present anomalies in our marriage law without relieving men and women of their just responsibility to their spouses and to their children (the interests of the latter being hardly recognised in our present law) or giving undue freedom to those who would abuse liberty. The Ecclesiastical Law, which has stood the test of ages, may be a just and wholesome one; the theories of our modern agnostic philosophers may be sound in principle and right in application; but as the Ecclesiastical Law and modern agnostic philosophy are founded on entirely different views of life and human nature, it is not surprising that their fusion is not always satisfactory.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

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ON THE LINE

THE world of novels nowadays is somewhat of a wilderness. In a wide expanse of barrenness we come across comparatively few—comparatively very few—works of fiction which do not bear the marks of hasty writing and inadequate thought. We are, therefore, all the more anxious to draw attention to **The Tavern Knight** (by Rafael Sabatini. Richards. 6*s.*), which is a very fine exciting romance of the stirring Stuart days; an admirably-constructed story, written in English so nervous and expressive that this author with the Italian name could teach many modern British novelists a lesson in the use of their language. Sir Crispin Galliard, the Tavern Knight, when the curtain of this story rises, is a cynical ne'er-do-well, gamester and desperado, who has sold his sword to the cause of the second Charles, and is able by pluck and splendid loyalty—his primary redeeming feature—to save the King from capture after the defeat at Worcester. The adventures of that night—as stirring and original a series of events, with some bonny fighting, as is to be found anywhere since the novels of Dumas—cement the union between Sir Crispin and his faint-hearted squire, Kenneth, and bring the ruffling knight to the home of the lad's ladylove, Cynthia Ashburn. There he meets, not for the first time, love and treachery, and faces ordeals which bring out the best and worst in his nature. It would be an ill-service to author and reader to give in detail more of the story, for as it proceeds it constantly bears out the truth of the dictum, "C'est toujours l'inattendu qui arrive."

The unexpected, though never the impossible, is constantly

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happening here. While we successfully resist the inclination to describe, we must indulge another desire and quote one of numerous well-told exciting scenes. A Cavalier is narrating an experience to a group of carousing comrades:

> There we stood on Red Hill, trapped as ever fish in a net, with the whole of Lilburne's men rising out of the ground to enclose and destroy us. A living wall of steel it was, and on every hand the call to surrender. There was dismay in the heart of every man of us, and I make little doubt, gentlemen, that with but scant pressing we had thrown down our arms, so disheartened were we by that ambush. Then of a sudden there arose above the clatter of steel and Puritan cries a loud clear defiant shout of "Hey for Cavaliers!"
>
> I turned, and there in his stirrups stood that mad man, Galliard, waving his sword and holding his company together with the power of his will, his courage, and his voice. The sight of him was like wine to our blood. "Into them, gentlemen! follow me!" he roared. And then, with a hurricane of oaths, he hurled his company against the pikemen The blow was irresistible and above the din of it came that voice of his again, "Up, Cavaliers! Slash the cuckolds to ribbons, gentlemen!" The crop-ears gave way, and like a river that has burst its dam, we poured through the opening in their ranks and headed back for Worcester.

Not the least quality of this romance is the skilful way in which it is put together. The interest is sustained throughout, the excitement grows to the very end; not until the last page is the reader out of his pleasant suspense. "The Tavern Knight" deserves to be widely popular.

Letters of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford. Edited by Wm. Holden Hutton, B.D. (London: Constable, 1904.)—Bishop Stubbs's letters, collected and well edited by Mr. W. H. Hutton, reveal something of the man, his warm heart and temper, his capacity for friendship, his humour and cleverness, his practical wisdom and sagacity, his caustic yet kindly wit. If Stubbs could be formidable to impertinence and unattractive to stupidity, he was to his friends the most genial of companions, a philosopher of whom it was hard to say whether he should be described as laughing or weeping; for human life and the record of it was in his view more full of sorrow than joy, and yet he lighted up all with flashes of wit and

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humour, disconcerting sometimes to plain folk, who thought a Bishop should be always gaitered.

Stubbs was not a master of letter-writing, having, as it would seem, something of a contempt for that kind of composition, though when he set himself to it he could write an admirable letter, and his correspondence with J. R. Green, Freeman, and Church is another chapter in the history of friendship; hence this book will not, as collections of letters sometimes do, take the place of a biography. Mr. Hutton's "interchapters" are so excellent that we hope he may himself undertake a fuller biography of the enigmatic Bishop than that which can be seen by glimpses through and between the letters. It would not be an easy book to write; but, if done in the right spirit, it would be more entertaining than the "Constitutional History of England," the Lectures or the Letters, and it would tell us what we want to know, more about Stubbs's life in the country and at Chester and Oxford, about his historical work both as a writer and the founder of a school, and his position among the great lights of a century pre-eminently fruitful in historians.

These letters impress us, quite as much as his histories and historical lectures, with the immensity of Stubbs's learning. Whatever the subject in hand may be, whether it is to fix the date of Becket's chancellorship, or to estimate the character of Dunstan, or to call attention to Lord Coleridge's imperfect acquaintance with mediæval Church law, he has it perfectly in hand, or, if he needs authorities, knows exactly where to find them; having the rare capacity of combining knowledge of facts with the knowledge of their relations to each other and to the sum of historical knowledge. This is the capacity which Charles Darwin claimed as his own, and it is essential to the character of a learned man.

Besides this, the letters tell us, and Mr. Hutton's additions help to complete the story, how greatly the Church of England was benefited by having such a man as Stubbs on the bench of Bishops. "What a good layman I should have made!" he sighed; but he must have known that his lay characteristics

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were not the last among those which made him invaluable as a bishop. He had a plain answer and a clear course of action in every crisis; he esteemed trifles as trifles and knew the weight of important things, no small praise in a cleric; his common sense was as trustworthy as his learning: and though in politics and theology he was and described himself as "a party man," his political and theological sympathies never made him unfair or intolerant.

To some people Stubbs was something of a profane jester. He certainly took liberties with accredited things and did not always express himself clerically. "Don't give up being shocked," he writes, "it is my only recreation." His good things were innumerable. His wit was never ill-natured or flippant, or elaborate; he never posed as a wit, and his wit was always spontaneous. Drollery and fun attracted him, as well as the higher forms of wit; and to some people no wiser than they should have been it may have looked like buffoonery; but his mind was always serious, notwithstanding "some large jests that he would make."

We conclude this imperfect appreciation of so estimable and lovable a character by again expressing a hope that we may hear more of him yet.

If ever a biography came to set at rest questions about the subject of it arising among friends who took delight in his stimulating conversation, it is the **Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton**, some time Bishop of London. By his Wife. (Longmans, 1904.) Mandell Creighton, bishop, historian, and statesman, was a representative Oxford man: the dialectics of Oxford common rooms fostered in him a love of paradox, whilst his letters reveal that he made it the first object of talk to draw out others and avoid the deep ruts of argument. Hence his friends were often puzzled as to his definite beliefs. But the volumes before us show that as Fellow and Tutor of Merton for ten years, as a candidate for Orders in what Canon Scott Holland names "the bad hour" (1870), *i.e.*, the time of the apparent victory of biblical criticism over

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religion, as country parson for ten years more in Northumberland, and as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge he held Anglican forms and dogmas unquestioningly, and moulded to them his own individual passion for modernity.

In letters written to his wife before their marriage he defines his belief about religion as a standard of life; and this wisdom of conduct is his distinguishing characteristic. When he was called to Peterborough he made the final choice between the two paths of literature and practical life. On the day of his enthronement he made a greater sacrifice of what the world counts happiness than when he left Oxford for his rural Northumbrian parish. He had a brilliant and lucrative career open to him after the publication of his "History of the Popes," as a man of letters who held a canonry. The second volume shows us how the Bishop's power grew whilst building up Northamptonshire shoemakers, lecturing to the middle class, guarding old churches from ruin or too much restoration, and forming life friendships with persons of all ages in secluded rectories of his diocese. When a second call sent him to London, Bishop Creighton, never a politician, showed that a power of statesmanship was already formed in him. His first speech in the House of Lords on the Education Bill proves how apt and ready he was for the summons to determine the historical and actual position of the Church of England in her difficult compromise between old and new. This was at the time of the effort to return to old methods in the prosecution of Ritualists, an attempt which failed greatly on account of his influence.

> Both his reason and his sentiment were absolutely opposed to prosecution . . . often during those weeks he would suddenly exclaim: "That I of all men should be forced to become a persecutor!" . . . He did not vacillate, he waited and observed. . . .

The "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation" was written in the quiet of the Northumberland parish. In the opinion of Mark Pattison, to accomplish such a work away from libraries was an impossible feat. It was a more remarkable feat for an Englishman to write a history of

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the fifteenth-century Popes which Roman Catholic historians did not consider shallow or inadequate. A cardinal spoke of the book as marked by "accuracy in dealing with ecclesiastical matters and by a calm judicial discernment." Lord Acton objected to too great leniency. The question was persecution. Lord Acton thought that Creighton compromised with criminal things by not laying the guilt on the authority permitting them. One of Creighton's replies in this piquant correspondence is:

> I remember that in 1880 I met John Bright at dinner; he was very cross; apparently a Cabinet meeting had disagreed with him. Among other things he said: "If the people knew what sort of men statesmen were, they would rise and hang the whole lot of them." Next day I met a young man who had been talking to Gladstone, who urged him to Parliamentary life, saying: "Statesmanship is the noblest way to serve mankind." I am sufficient of a Hegelian to be able to combine both judgments. . . . You judge the whole question of persecution more rigorously than I do. . . . The men who conscientiously thought heresy a crime may be accused of an intellectual mistake, not necessarily of a moral crime. I can rarely follow the actions of contemporary statesmen with much moral satisfaction. In the past I find myself regarding them with pity. Surely they knew not what they did?

The portrait so truly drawn in Mrs. Creighton's important book is that of a preacher, lecturer, and intimate talker, who reached more hearts and brains than it is given to many men to do. Killed by work in the full vigour of his life, he had yet to fulfil the certain promise of even greater things. His natural impulses were as modern and living as ever, but controlled by that wisdom of conduct which was his genius.

A comprehensive and well-written little book of 198 pages, **Canada and the Empire** has been compiled by Messrs. Montague and Herbert, two young Englishmen who paid a brief visit to the Dominion of Canada, with the avowed object of searching for evidence of a strong anti-preferential party. There is a certain naïveté in the way in which they confirm their deeply-rooted belief that Canada does not wish for preferential reciprocity within the Empire, and persist in the theory that the preference given to British products by the

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Liberal Government under Sir Wilfrid Laurier was merely a "step nearer free trade"; ignoring the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave what was tantamount to a refusal to open the question of reciprocity with the United States, which, from their point of view, would have undoubtedly meant a great impetus towards free trade in Canada.

These two young writers take themselves quite seriously, and appear satisfied that the opinions elicited from men of all classes within the Dominion were given without the influence of that curious hypersensitiveness which makes the average Canadian strive to impress upon travellers seeking information in Canada that she is perfectly well able to develop her export trade without the aid of the Motherland. Those who are familiar with the temperament of her people are perfectly well aware that, had Messrs. Montague and Herbert come from the United States on a similar mission, they would have left Canadian shores with a totally different impression. Canadians will read with some surprise, that among the enormous lists of those "interviewed" by the authors were members of the Government, for any one with the slightest experience of political life in the Dominion is aware that members of the Government are not inclined to give, almost on the eve of a General Election, definite opinions on a policy which is hardly as yet a live issue in Canadian politics. (The last General Election was fought mainly on the policy of building a new transcontinental line of railway.) It is also stated that opinions were given to the writers on this subject by "Deputy Ministers, Government officials and even Judges," of whom the two latter classes are not supposed to express opinions on subjects connected with a Government policy.

"Lawyers, soldiers, representative men connected with practically every large industrial concern in Eastern and Central Canada, officers of many of the Chambers of Commerce, manufacturers' associations, &c., heads of the largest wholesale importing and exporting firms, railway men, shipowners, timber merchants, engineers, university professors, stockbrokers, divines, doctors, and artisans." Truly a formid-

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able list! and the reader who has studied carefully the utterances of men who represent the manufacturers' associations and Chambers of Commerce will marvel that the writers took the trouble to interview members of bodies which have given such unmistakable evidences of their views on the subject.

And the wonder grows—among those who know something of the conversational powers of the Canadians comprising the classes enumerated by the authors—that they had sufficient vitality left after their exhausting experiences to compile what is in truth a valuable addition to emigration literature, all the more valuable from the fact that, for the first time in his life, Lord Rosebery has made a practical effort to help the emigration schemes of the Motherland by contributing a charming preface to the work, which, however, appears to the careful reader to have been written before the book was compiled, and stored away like the obituary notices of daily journals, awaiting the occasion for which it might be required!

The whole summary of the part which deals with the question of Preferential Tariffs within the Empire is based upon a deliberate misreading of the resolution submitted by the Premiers of the Colonies at the Conference held in London in 1902, which runs as follows:

> That the Prime Ministers of the Colonies respectfully urge on his Majesty's Government the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies, either by exemption from, or reduction of, duties now or hereafter imposed.

The authors undertake to point out that "the Colonies do not suggest the imposition of new duties with a view to reducing them for the benefit of the Colonies," and the lucid wording of the paragraph is not sufficient to indicate, according to their ideas, that the reduction of a duty which does not exist would "be a reductio ad absurdum"; they take it for granted that, had a genuine desire for preferential tariffs within the Empire existed, the Colonial Premiers would have taken upon themselves to propose to the Imperial Government the exact duties they desired to see imposed on foreign countries; while at the same time they assert that the mass of the Canadian people are

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content that the Imperial Government should work out the details of the policy suggested on lines which would best suit the forty millions within the British Isles. There was a clear and definite proposition put before the Conference. Canada had already formulated and carried out a policy of preference in favour of the Motherland, and it was found that, unless that preference was in some degree reciprocal, its results would be inadequate and might possibly be mischievous. But it was neither fitting nor proper that the Colonies should do more than suggest upon what lines Great Britain should proceed to formulate a Tariff Reform which would meet the requirements of her own people and self-governing Colonies. The speeches of statesmen in every part of the Empire, and in particular the utterances of the Finance Minister of Canada, leave not a shadow of doubt that, as far as the Imperial Government have outlined their Tariff Reform policy, they have the sympathy of the Colonies. Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance in Canada, represents the Maritime Provinces, and the victory of the Liberal Party at the late General Election has been without precedent, particularly so in that portion of Canada represented by Mr. Fielding.

The word "friction" is constantly held up as a bugbear in connection with a readjustment of tariffs within the Empire; but Canada has achieved the notable feat of consolidation of an enormous area and diverse populations, two millions of whom are of the Latin race, and does not regard possible or even probable friction with the same dread as do the authors of "Canada and the Empire."

The history of legislation in Canada has been a constant adjustment and readjustment of her tariff, and there is a certain adaptability and pliability in colonial legislation which meets with admirable precision the exigencies of changing situations. As for the Imperial "Dole," which is also continually to the fore in Messrs. Montague and Herbert's work, intelligent Canadians are aware that the Imperial Government does not mete out "doles" to any of her Colonies at the expense of her forty millions in Great Britain. The British

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are essentially a businesslike people, and self-interest actuates in a large measure their Colonial policy. Canadians of British origin have the same characteristics, and while undoubtedly fervent in their loyalty to the person of the British Sovereign, the choice they make in consolidating their interests with the British people is not actuated by sentiment alone. At this juncture in her history Canada looks for a wider expansion for her trade and produce. She is most tenacious of her political autonomy, and thoughtful men who have studied the question can easily perceive that if this expansion of trade is not directed towards the East it is bound to flow towards the South, which means political union with the United States. Once secure as an integral part of the British Empire, united by those so-called "sordid" ties of close commercial union, as well as sentiment and government, Canada will be in a much better position to dictate terms to the eighty million people in the United States. There is much more fear of absorption by a giant republic separated by a mere line on the map, than by a people of forty millions separated from her by some four thousand miles of ocean. The time has come when the United States is evolving an Imperialistic sentiment, and either by force of arms or purchase will undoubtedly strive to acquire new territory. Were Canadians to shirk the responsibility of Imperial Defence, and allow gradual absorption by the United States as a result of closer commercial union, they would probably find themselves involved in wars of a more or less fratricidal character; for the great struggle which is bound to arise between capital and labour, and the terrific "negro" problem, both point towards sanguinary conflicts in the not distant future. Great Britain is not likely to call upon her Colonies to assist her in wars unless in cases of dire necessity, and that would mean that the Colonies would fight from motives of self-interest as well as loyalty to the heart of the Empire.

Messrs. Montague and Herbert again and again use the word "sordid" in speaking of the forging of commercial ties between the Motherland and her Colonies, and in so doing

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deride one of the greatest and most potent factors in modern civilisation, and stigmatise millions of loyal and patriotic citizens as being actuated by motives of self-interest and greed.

The writers have also made the mistake of traducing the great railway companies, who have performed such signal service in the consolidation of the Empire, for in speaking of the effects of the preferential policy on the morals of the people they write:

> When Imperial preferences were formerly tried by Great Britain we know that smuggling in order to obtain the preference was extensive. If it was possible in 1842 to ship timber from Norway to Canada and back to England as Canadian timber, in 1904 it would be simple to smuggle United States produce over any part of the 4000 miles of frontier, to the great advantage of the railway companies concerned.

The "railway companies concerned" would, of course, be mainly the Government lines, the Intercolonial and the two great Transcontinental lines which will stretch along the boundary between Canada and the United States. The directors and managers of these lines will hardly appreciate the suggestion.

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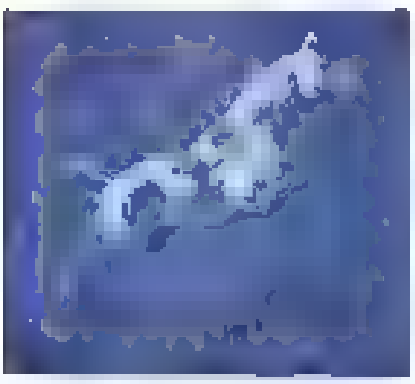
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